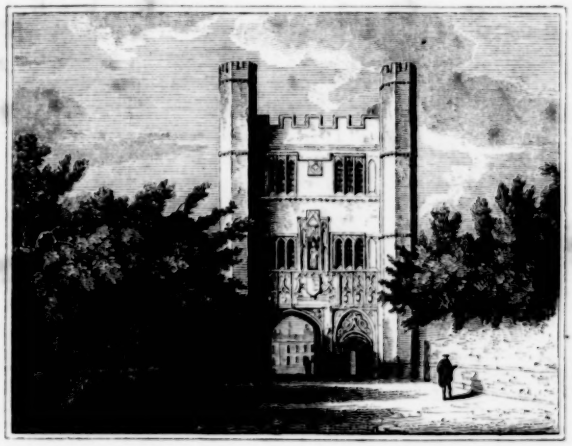
THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. X.



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Retrospective Review.

Vol. X. Part I.

Art. I.—*An Historical and Architectural Account of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster, &c. &c. In a Letter to the Lord Bishop of Rochester, from Sir Christopher Wren. London*, 1713.

"No one of the many enigmas which vex the spirit of the antiquary," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "has elicited a greater diversity of opinions than the questions involved in the theories which have been promulgated, in attempting to discover the origin of *Gothic* architecture. All the conflicting parties now agree, that neither the Ostrogoths, nor the Visogoths, nor the Mœsogoths, nor any other of the old tribes of the great Scythian family, had any real share in discovering the pointed style, and therefore we may safely use the term *Gothic*, incorrect as it sounds to critical ears, without prejudice to the cause of truth: knowing that it was formed according to an erroneous hypothesis, it ceases to convey an erroneous idea, and becomes correct by its conventional application. The toleration of etymological inaccuracy by which a derivative becomes a radical, and obtains a new primitive meaning, is one of the most ordinary processes of the formation of language." This is true enough. The term *Gothic*, as applied to the sublime ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages, originated in an absurd opinion we have out-grown; but to what opinions we have *grown up*, that is to say, what is the received "theory" on this subject, at the present day, is an enigma, almost as perplexing as the ori-

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gin of the style itself. It is a question, however, deserving a moment's thought. It is one that will always have its interest among a great body of men; with all that delight in art itself, or in tracing the progress of mind as evidenced by art; and has a particular one at the present moment, when so many of the new churches projected, or building, are to be of this revived "order." Accordingly, a more than usual attention has of late been given to it: new theories have been circulated, and old theories revived. The term "English Architecture," which Dr. Milner, and the late John Carter, and the Antiquarian Society itself, so sedulously endeavoured to introduce, is being quietly abandoned; it is declared to be equally erroneous, though not so contemptuous; and the palm of priority is being transferred to our continental neighbours, on authorities, to us at least, not quite conclusive. Still this is a question open to discussion.

But let us consider for a moment what are the opinions of most weight that have been circulated on the subject; and both by priority of time, and superiority of ability, that of Sir Christopher Wren, given in the letter prefixed to this article, demands precedence.—

"This we now call the Gothic manner of architecture (so the Italians called what was not after the Roman style) though the Goths were rather destroyers than builders: I think it should with more reason be called the Saracen style; for those people wanted neither arts nor learning; and after we in the west had lost both, we borrowed again from them, out of their Arabick books, what they, with great diligence, had translated from the Greeks.

"They were zealots in their religion, and wherever they conquered (which was with amazing rapidity) erected mosques and caravansaras in haste, which obliged them to fall into another way of building; for they built their mosques round, disliking the Christian form of a cross; the old quarries, whence the ancients took their large blocks of marble for whole columns of architraves, were neglected, and they thought both impertinent. Their carriage was by camels; therefore their buildings were fitted for small stones, and columns of their own fancy, consisting of many pieces; and their arches were pointed, without key-stones, which they thought too heavy.

"The reasons were the same in our northern climates, abounding in free-stone, but wanting marble."

Upon this we shall have occasion to observe more particularly hereafter; we, therefore, proceed to Wharton, who may be said to have adopted the opinion of Sir Christopher. Notwithstanding the want of proof which that opinion, thrown out incidentally by Wren, is so lamentably deficient in, Wharton absolutely assumes the question without adding one circum-

stance in support of it; indeed, all the facts and his own admissions prove, as far as they can prove it, that the change from Norman to Gothic architecture was progressive and indeterminate, which it would not have been had Wren's supposition been correct. But we do not wish to anticipate our own arguments, and therefore will merely adduce two or three passages in proof that we are not doing injustice to him by this assertion.

"The style then used was an adulteration, or a rude imitation of the genuine Grecian or Roman manner. This has been named the Saxon style, being the national architecture of our Saxon ancestors before the conquest; for the Normans only extended its proportion and enlarged its scale. Of this style many specimens remain: the transept of Winchester cathedral, built 1080, &c. &c. The most complete monuments of it I can at present recollect are, the church of St. Cross, near Winchester, built by Henry de Blois, 1130, &c. &c. [and in both of these, be it observed, the Gothic arch is to be found.] The style which *succeeded* to this, was *not* the *absolute* Gothic, or Gothic, simply so called; *but a sort of Gothic-Saxon.*"

He then describes this Gothic-Saxon, and gives instances where it may be found; but adds:—

"*Still we have not,* in such edifices of the *improved* or Saxon-Gothic, the ramified window, one distinguishing characteristic of the *absolute* Gothic. IT IS DIFFICULT TO DEFINE THESE GRADATIONS. *The absolute Gothic,* or that which is free from all Saxon mixture, began with ramified windows, of an enlarged dimension, divided into several lights, and branched out at the top into a multiplicity of whimsical shapes and compartments, after the year 1300, &c. &c."

This is quite sufficient to justify what we have said; but to shew how readily Wharton could take a thing for granted, upon this subject, he observes, that "what the same celebrated artist immediately subjoins, [which, by the by, is *not* by the celebrated artist at all, but his son; the celebrated artist knowing better, as appears from his own works] that the use of glass introduced mullions into windows is very probable;" whereas the fact is notorious, that glass was in use four or five hundred years before. Again:—"spires were never used till the Saracen mode took place;—the very notion of a spire was brought from the east, where pyramidical structures were common, and spiral ornaments were the fashionable decorations of their mosques." It would require some nerve, and an unusual daring, in a people not possessing the confiding strength and power of original minds, to magnify spiral ornaments and pyramidical forms into a spire like that at Salisbury, and to place it, as a crowning ornament, to a tower two hundred or more feet

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in height; and as to spires themselves, he had learned from the very author he quotes, that the Saracens used cupolas and not spires. But let any man of taste or feeling look at Salisbury, or any other Gothic cathedral, and tell us if a spire be not essential to the perfect character of the building. We know that a thousand circumstances may prevent the completion of works of such magnitude and cost; but a spire is a thing essentially wanting to the perfectness of the building; and if so, how is it that the Saracens, with whom it is said to have originated, never had them?

Bentham, the next and best of all the writers on the subject, can hardly be considered as discussing the question directly; but then he abounds in facts and circumstances, all of which are confirmative of the opinion we shall hereafter offer. And Grose endeavours to prove that no such style of architecture did then, or, to any extent, ever did, exist among the Saracens; and that what they have, was probaby introduced there during the Christian occupation of the Holy Land; for be it remembered, it is neither the pointed arch, nor the clustered column, nor any other single ornament, but the combination of all these, and a thousand other things, that constitutes Gothic architecture. "If Sir Christopher Wren's supposition be well founded," says Grose, "it seems likely that many ancient buildings of this kind, or at least their remains, would be found in those countries from whence it is said to have been brought; parts of which have, at different times, been visited by several curious travellers, many of whom have made designs of what they thought most remarkable. Whether they overlooked or neglected these buildings, as being in search of those of more remote antiquity, or whether none existed, seems doubtful. Cornelius le Brun, an indefatigable and inquisitive traveller, has published many views of eastern buildings, particularly about the Holy Land; in all these only one Gothic ruin, the church near Acre, and a few pointed arches, occur; *and those built by the Christians*, when in possession of the country. Near Ispahan, in Persia, he gives several buildings with pointed arches [the pointed arch itself is probably the oldest to be met with: it is found in the ruins of the walls of Mitylene]; but these are bridges and caravanseras, whose age cannot be ascertained; consequently, are as likely to have been built after as before the introduction of this style into Europe.

"At Ispahan itself, the Mey Dven, or grand market place, is surrounded by divers magnificent gothic buildings, particularly the royal mosque, and the Talael Ali-kapie, or theatre. The magnificent bridge of Alla-werdie chan, over the river Zenducot, five hundred and forty paces long, and seventeen broad, having

thirty-three pointed arches, is also a Gothic structure; but no mention is made when or by whom these were built. The Chiaer Baeg, a royal garden, is decorated with Gothic buildings; but these were, it is said, built only in the reign of Scha Abbas, who died anno 1629.

"One building, indeed, at first seems as if it would corroborate this assertion, and that the time when it was erected might be in some degree fixed; it is the tomb of Abdulla, one of the apostles of Mahomet, probably him surnamed Abu Beer. If this tomb is supposed to have been built soon after his death, estimating that event to have happened according to the common course of nature, it will place its erection about the middle of the seventh century; but this is by far too conjectural to be much depended on. It also seems as if this was not the common style of building at that time, from the temple of Mecca; where, if any credit is to be given to the prints of it in Sale's *Koran*, the arches are semi-circular. Its general appearance much resembles the east end of the chapel belonging to Ely House, London, except that which is filled up there by the great window in the tomb is an open pointed arch, where, also, the columns, or pinnacles, on each side, are higher in proportion.

"Some have supposed that this kind of architecture was brought into Spain by the Moors (who possessed themselves of a great part of that country in the beginning of the eighth century, which they held to the latter end of the fifteenth); and that from thence, by way of France, it was introduced into England. This, at first, seems plausible; though the only instance which seems to corroborate this hypothesis, or, at least, the only one proved by authentic drawings, is the mosque at Cordova, in Spain; where, according to the views published by Mr. Swinburne, although most of the arches are circular, or horse-shoe fashion, there are some pointed arches, formed by the intersection of two segments of a circle [and so there are in half the Saxon or Norman remains in this country; as an ornament, the walls were often covered with it]. This mosque was, as it is said, began by Abdoulrahman the First, who laid the foundation two years before his death, and was finished by his son Hissem or Iscan, about the year 800. If these arches were part of the original structure, it would be much in favour of the supposition; but as it is also said, that edifice has been more than once altered and enlarged by the Mahometans, before any well-grounded conclusion can be drawn, it is necessary to ascertain the date of the present building.

"There are also several pointed arches in the Moorish palace at Grenada, called the Alambra; but as that was not

built till the year 1273, long after the introduction of pointed arches into Europe, they are as likely to be borrowed by the Moors from the Christians, as by the Christians from the Moors.

"In the drawings of the Moorish buildings, given in *Les Delices de l'Espagne*, said to be faithful representations, there are no traces of the style called Gothic architecture; there, as well as in the Moorish castle at Gibraltar, the arches are all represented circular."

In confirmation of what Grose has observed, we may here remark, that in a hasty examination of the plates in Clarke and Richardson, we find nothing to shake our confidence in his opinion. There is, indeed, in a small vignette prefixed to one of the chapters of the former, an engraving of the grotto at Nazareth, which is of Gothic architecture; but on reference to the age of the building, he observes, "the church and convent of Nazareth, in their present state, exhibit a superstructure *of very recent date;* having been repaired, *or entirely rebuilt, in no very distant period.*" There is also one other, "the Holy Sepulchre, as it existed before its reparation in 1555." Whence this plate is taken is not noticed; but Sandys, who visited the Holy Sepulchre above 200 years ago, takes no notice of any late reparation; on the contrary, speaks of it as the work of Queen Helena, and thus describes it:—"The hinder part being more eminent than the other, is surrounded with ten small pillars adjoining to the wall, and sustaining the cornice. On the top (which is flat) and in the midst thereof, a little cupola, covered with lead, is erected upon six *double* but *small Corinthian* columns of polished porphyry."

Since the publication of Grose's Works, the subject has been more attentively considered; but the information is too widely scattered to be collected here. The most distinguished among the writers is Doctor Milner; who contends not only that it was not introduced here from the Saracens, but that the Gothic arch arose from the perforation of the intersecting round arch; that this led to a long and narrow form of window and arch, and progressively to the cluster columns, &c. &c.; and he agrees with the late John Carter not only in thinking it original, but English.

Against this latter opinion foreigners are, of course, inclined to contend. A work has just fallen into our hands written by Doctor Moller, first architect to the Grand Duke of Hesse, in which he enters his protest against it. The work is ably and elegantly written; and we have great pleasure in noticing it, inasmuch as it is a proof that inquiry is stirring on the Continent; that a reverence for the remains of forgone

ages is awaking there; and an earnest that others will labour, more zealously than heretofore they have done, in conjunction with Englishmen, to preserve, as far as possible, those traces of the mind and power of the middle ages, which, notwithstanding all our endeavours, can now reach to few succeeding generations. For itself, however, it is less valuable. The minds of Englishmen have been so long directed to this subject, so many valuable works have been published in illustration of it, and so many able men have written on it, that English works must long be the source whence foreigners will derive their information; and, with the exception of one or two crude and extraordinary speculations, is the well-head whence Doctor Moller himself has drank. The Doctor, however, comes to the subject with a fine dash of chivalry; and though his countrymen are among the last to enter the field as inquirers, he boldly puts in their claim for precedence as architects, and asks, as of right, that his countrymen shall have the honour conceded to them of founders of the order. This is a dispute we are not able to venture upon. The Germans have done so little to inform foreigners of their right and pretensions, either by writings or engravings, that we should have to combat a shadow. One particular, however, we must notice in this work. As the English Doctor deduces every thing from the arch, so the German Doctor finds the first germ in the high gable; and would establish the claims of his countrymen upon the height and priority of those at Strasburgh and Freiburgh over York Minster. This seems to us a little extravagant; but no matter,—we are glad of his work.

We now revert to the article in the *Quarterly Review*. "Sir Christopher Wren," says that writer, "sought for the origin of Gothic architecture in the east. This hypothesis has been strenuously combated by the English party: it has been ably supported by Lord Aberdeen; and amidst the difficulties which surround us, *this best accords with the history of Gothic architecture.*" This *able* support is to be found in a slight notice prefixed to Mr. Whittington's work, edited by his lordship; Mr. Whittington himself only contending for the prior claims of France, although, if we remember correctly, his lordship intimates that he agreed with him in this opinion. Be it so. Why then, we ask, discuss the question of priority between France and England? If the crusades first brought Europe acquainted with this style, surely England was early and long enough in the field to have learnt as much of eastern architecture as other nations. But we mean to confine ourselves to the opinion "so ably supported" by Lord Aberdeen.

It will be held, we hope, as no proof of a want of reverential feeling for the genius and ability of Sir Christopher Wren,

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if, on this subject, we venture to call his authority in question. Gothic architecture was in his time neither valued nor understood; and when those stupendous works, now so justly the pride of every country where they exist, were stigmatized, in a work written by Evelyn, and dedicated to Sir Christopher himself, as "congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy, monkish piles, without any just proportion, use, or beauty," their origin was hardly worth the fatigue of thought, and patient investigation. Sir Christopher, therefore, threw out his conjecture, that this peculiar style of architecture was introduced by the Crusaders from the East, with comparative indifference to its accuracy; Mr. Evelyn, and himself, and the age, were agreed it was barbarous and worthless; and whether it originated with the Goths or the Saracens, in Europe or in Asia, was barely worth a difference. But, after all the laborious inquiry of the last half century, and when its excellence is understood and acknowledged, it is at least extraordinary that such an opinion should be thought worth reviving. It does, indeed, seem to us, that no unprejudiced man, whatever theory he may start with, can prosecute the inquiry, or endeavour to trace the rise and progress of Gothic architecture, even from the remains existing in this country, and within our own limited knowledge, but must end with a conviction, that it is the progressive advancement of art from rudeness to refinement, unfettered by a knowledge of perfection existing in other countries, and, therefore, left to imagination and genius to create anew. Gothic architecture had the same origin as Greek architecture—the ever-active intelligence of mind, and the eternal passions of the heart. It is the result of the devoted energy of original power, seeking for excellence and unknown perfection; and receiving its first impulse and direction, possibly, but its impulse and direction, *only*, from accident and circumstance. Columns and capitals, and architraves, and piles of stone and mortar, existed before Greece itself had being; but it is the order, the proportion, the arrangement, the intelligent purpose, the pervading mind, the truth of beauty, that has given immortal fame to its architecture. So is it with Gothic architecture. It were as reasonable, in our opinion, to make a mystery of, and to seek in other countries for the original of all the deep feeling, the passion, the poetry, and the almost superhuman excellence of *Lear* and *Othello*, as of Westminster Abbey or York Minster; and, be it remembered, the same age that condemned the one as barbarous, neglected or despised the other. The license with which Shakspeare has been said to have "found not, but created first the stage," is excusable only in poetry: our dramatic literature could boast of names not altogether contemptible, before it had enrolled his greater name; and great

and original as his mind assuredly was, it took a form, and received a colouring, from the labours of his predecessors; and possibly the first germ of that original drama, so justly the pride of this country, must be traced back for centuries; but its perfection is an immortal crown justly due to the native energy of mind and the unfettered genius of that wondrous man. It must have been so in Gothic architecture. *Imitation* and *known excellence* would have made men creep rather than soar; ambitious to follow rather than daring to precede. The genius of other countries may have received its direction from like circumstances, as the earlier Spanish and English drama are said to have great similarity, and the result may be similar; although in this instance, it is hardly just, we think to speak of *other* countries, when one common feeling and an intercommunication of knowledge existed among the religious and learned men all over Europe.

However, let us consider more immediately the opinion of the Earl of Aberdeen, which the writer in the *Quarterly* holds to be so conclusive. "If," says that nobleman, "we could discover in any one country, a gradual alteration of this style, beginning with the form of the arch, and progressively extending to the whole of the ornaments and general design: after which, if we could trace the new fashion slowly making its way, and by degrees adopted by other nations of Europe, the supposition of Mr. Walpole [a bare supposition] would be greatly confirmed. *Nothing of this however is the case.* We find the Gothic style, notwithstanding the richness and variety it afterwards assumed, *appearing at once, with all its distinctive marks and features:* not among one people, but very nearly at the same period of time, received and practised throughout Christendom. How will it be possible to account for this general contemporary adoption of the style, but by the supposition that the taste and knowledge of all on this subject were drawn from a common source: and where can we look for this source but to the East, which, during the Crusades, attracted a portion of the population, and, in a great degree, occupied the attention of the different states of Europe." The line his Lordship has here traced out for the progressive advance of Gothic architecture, is, of course, arbitrary: let us, therefore, take a cathedral itself, and consider it in outline, and in detail; and we feel assured we shall clearly discover this "gradual alteration" of style, from its first rude endeavour, to the utmost perfection it ever attained. A Gothic cathedral has not we think a form or proportion, the nucleus, or first germ, of which is not to be found, and the perfection of which was not progressive with the improvement of the science, and the increasing powers and revenues of the church.

In the first place, the Roman cross, so universally the ground

plan, is not peculiar to it. In whatever it may have originated, it is at least six hundred years older than Gothic architecture. In Mr. Whittington's own work, published by his lordship, instances are given of its use in ecclesiastical buildings as early as the fourth century, and it is acknowledged to have been common in the fifth: and as the Roman Basilicæ is known to have been the model of the first Christian churches, Mr. Whittington endeavours to shew how the cross, as a ground plan, may have been suggested by them. "In these edifices," he observes, "between the semicircular tribune of the judges, and the pluteus or great nave (on each side of which were the porticoes and galleries containing the people) a space was left for the lawyers, which formed a kind of transverse nave, though it did not project beyond the walls of the building. This *navis causidica*, as it has been called, when protracted by the fanciful piety of the Christians, gave to their churches externally as well as internally the figure of a cross."

Now to confine our observations to this country, we may observe, that, as these Basilicæ, or courts of justice, were erected in most of the great cities in the Roman empire, it is reasonable enough to conclude they were erected in Britain. This "fanciful piety," therefore, might as well have first indulged its imagination here as elsewhere; but all that we mean to infer, is briefly, that as the earliest churches remaining here are built in the form of a cross, it is natural to suppose that form was, as in other places, suggested by the Basilicæ. There is indeed a long interval of time, between the abandoning the island by the Romans, and its subjugation by the Normans, and the connecting links are wanting; but there is a wide difference between their absence and their disagreement; and when we find the extremes bearing palpable relation, we must conclude the architecture of the intermediate ages had some similarity to both. Of Saxon architecture we know little, but the truth of this reasoning is strengthened if not proved by the description of the church at Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire, finished in 974, quoted by Bentham. "It appears to have had two towers raised above the roof, one of them at the west end of the church, affording a noble prospect at a distance to them that approached the island; the other which was larger, *supported by four pillars in the middle of the building, which it divided in four parts*, being connected together by arches, which extended to other adjoining arches, to keep them from giving way." From this one may easily collect, that the plan of this new church was a cross, with side-aisles, &c."

As to the magnitude, the material, and the adornment of the Saxon churches, that must have depended on the wealth and the resources of the clergy, and people; but if these were

little, there would be less room for the excursiveness of genius, and what was erected would be in imitation of what existed. As the resources of the country increased, or its revenues were consolidated, and directed to ecclesiastical architecture, magnitude and ornament would follow. When, therefore, we see the general proportions of the Norman buildings preserve a near relation to the first Christian churches of the Romans, it is not mere imagination to trace the one to the other, although a connecting chain of similar buildings cannot be traced in the records of a people who left so few records, or in existing monuments, which not merely neglect and ages contributed to destroy; but the removal of the sees, and the contempt of the conquerors. For the Normans were a sumptuous, magnificent, and splendid people, who by force or fraud possessed themselves of the whole wealth of the kingdom; and such we learn was the daring magnitude of the works they designed, that the people held it impossible they could ever be completed.

But this connection between the form of the Basilicæ and a Gothic cathedral suggests something further.—"The *basilicæ*," says Bentham, "differed from the *templa;* the pillars of these latter being on the outside of the building, and consequently their porticos exposed to the weather; *but the pillars of the former were within, and their porticos open only towards the nave.*" Now it must be evident, without any "fanciful piety," that the side aisles of our cathedrals are nothing more than these porticos; but observe, though Bentham has not noticed it, Whittington does incidentally, that *over* these *porticos* were *galleries*, and these galleries are yet distinguishable in our cathedrals. In York, in Litchfield, in Westminster, and in many others, they extend the whole length of the nave, and frequently beyond it; and indeed there is not, that I remember, a cathedral in England in which these open galleries do not exist, in some part or other, between the centre of the pillared arches and the roof. They necessarily, indeed, differ, both in magnitude and situation; in Winchester, for instance, the splendid windows occupy all that space in the nave, and in Chester, an alley rather than a gallery runs between them; but in the transepts, the *oldest part* of Winchester, they exist somewhat like those in the nave of Chester, and in the choir of Chester they are large and perfect. We are the more inclined to this opinion from observing the extent of the practice, and not comprehending its use. By those that reason *from* results it has been said, that they break the blank spaces of the walls, and give lightness and elegance; and served for the nuns, and ladies of superior rank, to witness the grand ceremonies of the Romish church; but we answer they are discoverable in the earliest remains of our ecclesiastical architecture, when solidity

and not elegance was considered; and that the use of them, if they were so appropriated, was an after thought, the galleries themselves existing in the simplicity of earlier Christianity. Indeed the elder churches more closely followed the form of the Basilicæ, and were, in imitation of them, generally circular at the east end. Again, the roofing of the Basilicæ gave that greater height to the centre over the porticos, that the nave of a cathedral bears to the side aisles. There is indeed no doubt, we think, that the Basilicæ having been accidentally the model of the first Christian churches, had its form and peculiarities sanctified in the religious feelings of the people. In every subsequent building, in every variety of fashion, and through all the progress of the science, the form was subject to variation, but still the original features were kept distinctly visible; and were preserved, with superstitious reverence, long after their origin was forgotten. Thus, accident gave form to our cathedrals, and the great men to whose knowledge and splendid munificence we are indebted for the magnificent structures of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, adapted, what circumstances had made almost essential to a cathedral in the imagination of Christian worshippers, to the purposes of ornament; and with the master hand of genius, gave beauty and use to what was not, for itself, chosen, either for its use or beauty.

It may be objected that the great outline of a Gothic cathedral does not constitute Gothic architecture; and we answer, nor the minute details. Clustered columns do not exclusively belong to it; they are to be found in Egyptian architecture, as may be seen in the plates to Pocock; in Norman architecture; and possibly in every other in the world, where architecture was not established on certain and universally received principles; nor is the pointed arch peculiar to it, as we have shewn;—to the perfection of Gothic architecture the union of all its forms and parts is essentially wanting. At any rate, we think it must be admitted, that with the grand outline of a cathedral, its aisle, side aisles, and their relative proportions, its tower, its choir, its transepts, its galleries, the Saracens can have nothing to do; *their* mosques were not formed from the basilicæ; *their* piety could not stretch out the *navis causidica;* no superstitious reverence of *theirs* could have preserved, or even given, to *their* mosques, those forms which distinguish our cathedrals. *Spires* they had *not*—clustered columns, and pointed arches, *if* they had them, of which proof is so absolutely wanting, that we ought to presume they had them *not*, were not their peculiars, and what then remains of Gothic architecture will amount to very little. Of this little, however, and of the details of our cathedral architecture, we must say something; and if we cannot prove a negative, and that they did

not come from the Saracens, we shall, we hope, be admitted to have proved enough, if we shew how they might and probably did originate. And first, of the pointed arch.

" We have remarked," says Doctor Milner, " that the Normans, affecting height in their churches no less than length, were accustomed to pile arches and pillars upon each other, sometimes to the height of three stories, as we see in Halkelin's work in Winchester cathedral. They frequently imitated these arches and pillars in the masonry of their plain walls, and, by way of ornament and variety, they sometimes caused these plain round arches to intersect each other, as we behold in the said Prelate's work, on the upper part of the south transept of that cathedral, being probably the earliest instance of this interesting ornament to be met with in the kingdom [only because it is the earliest *remaining* instance]. They were, probably, not then aware of the happy effect of this intersection, in forming the pointed arch, until De Blois, having resolved to ornament the whole sanctuary of the church at present under consideration, with these intersecting semi-circles, after richly embellishing them with mouldings and pellet ornaments, conceived the idea of opening them by way of windows, to the number of four over the altar, and of eight on each side of the choir, which at once produced a series of highly pointed arches."

Now, without offering any thing in confirmation of this opinion, we may be allowed to observe that it is sufficient to shew the possible origin of the lancet arch, in this country. There is no occasion, therefore, to travel farther. Whether it really had this origin, or became pointed from the irregularity in the width of the columns, when it was necessary to have the centre of the arches at an equal elevation, by which it appears certainly to have been produced in some foreign churches, will make little difference; it is one of the most striking details of Gothic architecture accounted for without reference to the east. Another circumstance well deserving consideration, and tending, we think, to confirm Dr. Milner's conjecture, is, that had Gothic architecture been introduced from any other country, where it was previously established, the *strength* and capabilities of the pointed arch would have been known; whereas, nothing is more certain, than that the architects seem in the first instance to have been suspicious of its durability; they deviated in a very trifling degree from the semicircle, and not till long afterwards were they more hazardous, when any *great weight* was to be sustained; although, at the same time, and in the same building, where the arch was *merely ornamental*, it was pointed more than at any after period, and to an unpleasant excess.

But, to proceed: Dr. Milner observes, these windows, " being in general very narrow, at the first discovery of the

pointed arch, as we see in the ruins of Hyde Abbey, built within thirty years after St. Cross; in the refectory of Beaulieu, raised by King John; and in the inside of Winchester tower, built by De Blois himself; it became necessary sometimes to place two of these windows close to each other, which not unfrequently stood under one common arch, as may be discovered in different parts of De Lucy's work in Winchester cathedral, executed in the reign of King John, and in the lower tire of the windows in the church of Netley Abbey. This disposition of two lights occasioning a dead space between their heads, a trefoil or quatrefoil, one of the simplest and most ancient kind of ornaments, [yet existing in the *Norman* circular window at Barfreston] was introduced between them, as in the porch of Beaulieu, in the ancient part of the Lady Chapel, Winton, and the west door of the present church of St. Cross." This is progressive and, therefore, natural; and to continue the speculation, we may add, that to lancet arches, so enclosed, having their proportions lightened, and their ornaments increased, we trace, not merely the first idea, but the outline and all the distinguishing excellence of the great east window at Lincoln, and so up to the most magnificent display of mullions and tracery peculiar to the perfection of the art. The rose window too, though not strictly in agreement with the principles of Gothic architecture, is so often met with, and is in itself so beautiful, that it deserves a moment's consideration. "The trefoil," says Dr. Milner, "by an easy addition, became a cinquefoil, and being made use of in circles and squares, produced fans and Catherine's wheels." This may be, but to us they are clearly nothing but the improvement of genius and wealth, on the Norman circular window, as yet existing at Barfreston church in Kent; for the heavy Norman or Saxon division, with its rude ornaments, the lighter proportion of the Gothic are substituted; these are more numerous of course; but in every essential particular they are the same, and possibly the little trefoil ornament in the one, suggested the minuter division in the others.

Again, from the simple crypt at Winchester, to the splendid roof of the choir at Gloucester, the progress is distinct and visible; there is nothing of novelty in the latter, but to those ignorant of the progress of the art. The roofs of our earlier cathedrals, though always at the same proportionate elevation to the aisles, were formed of wooden rafters, and it was not probably till the middle of the thirteenth century that stone vaulting was introduced. This had at first almost the naked simplicity of the crypt; plain ribs, with the addition of a keystone, as at Chichester, the intervals being filled up with a lighter material. In progress of time these ribs became ornamented, and the simplicity of the form broken, by smaller ones

branching out from the main ribs, and intersecting each other as at York, until they eventually overspread the roof as in Henry the Seventh's chapel,

> Where elfin sculptors with fantastic clue
> O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew.

Of the cluster column, Dr. Milner observes, "wherever the pointed arch was first produced, its gradual ascent naturally led to a long and narrow form of window and arch, instead of the broad circular ones which had hitherto obtained; and these required that the pillars on which they rested, or which were placed at their sides by way of ornament, should be proportionably tall and slender. Hence it became necessary to choose a material of firm texture for composing them, which occasioned the general adoption of Purbeck marble for this purpose. But even this substance being found too weak to support the incumbent weight, occasioned the shafts to be multiplied, and thus produced the cluster column." Throughout these speculations, we think, Dr. Milner is too much accustomed to attribute originality to the details of Gothic architecture, and he has vast potency in his art; but we who are accustomed, and "'tis our vocation," to look into "the dark backward and abysm of time," see much more of adaptation and taste, than of actual creation. "The body or trunk of the vast massive pillars of the Normans," says Bentham, "were usually plain cylinders, or *sett off only with small half-columns united with them.*" These latter are to be found in Durham, and many other places, where a whole line of round arches, in the basement story of the north front, spring from half circles of clustered Norman pilastres, and there are isolated columns, wholly encircled, in the interior; nor is there any doubt in our mind, that the arches in the nave of Chichester cathedral did the same. Notwithstanding the early and innumerable alterations there, a part of the cluster at the west end, on the side nearer the aisle, remains nearly perfect; each front has a large central half column, and there are three smaller between each front; if, therefore, the whole pier were thus encircled, there was a cluster of not less than sixteen half columns as closely together as the large heads of the Norman pillars would admit; and the column on the south side is deserving particular attention, *being itself subdivided, two half columns under one head;* serving to shew the progressive love of lighter and more elegant parts, and minuter division, and *the slow approach made towards what they desired.*

We hope the reader is now as much surprised as we were to learn that the "Gothic style, notwithstanding the richness

and variety it afterwards assumed, *appeared at once with all its distinctive marks and features.*" After throwing aside some of the minuter delicacies, and geometrical forms, which it afterwards assumed, and which his lordship honourably leaves out of the consideration, we have, we believe, left little to which his lordship's observations can be applied. Towers, we have shewn, are old enough, and they occupied the same situation in the earlier as in the later buildings. Buttresses are no more peculiar to Gothic architecture than stone and mortar; and in what, we ask, do those old Norman ones, at the west end and north front of Durham, differ from those at Winchester, but in lightness and ornament? And at Lincoln, indeed, those on the west side of the great transept have, by decoration and greater elevation, been actually converted from the earlier into the richer Gothic, while those on the east side remain as at first.

"But," says the reviewer, "if the pointed style was formed by the gradual developement of the Norman style, there would be many distinct instances of the *transition style.*" Many distinct *traces* of it we have shewn there are—they are every where apparent—and considering it was the ambition, and direct purpose of every succeeding architect, employed either to repair or beautify, to remove all trace of them, and the long interval that separates our age from theirs, it is only extraordinary that so many still exist. But the reviewer seems to expect a series of entire cathedrals in this "transition style." If so, he is rather unconscionable. Gothic architecture, we repeat, is the production of original mind, and mind does not take centuries in developing itself. The most extraordinary change in the literature of this country, perhaps of the world, took place in the 15th century; from comparative darkness, it burst into the full blaze of its meridian glory. A steady and attentive observer will, indeed, perceive the dark clouds, that, in the beginning, lay congregated in huge masses, seeming to sleep in eternal quiet, separating gradually, pierced through by some gleam of the coming light, until the whole were swallowed up and gone; but there is no neutral moment between darkness and light, when ignorance and knowledge sported together in fellowship. So was it with architecture in the 12th and 13th centuries. The advance of knowledge, and the progress of intelligence, are here and there discoverable;—not in a "transition style," for a *style* necessarily supposes something consistent and accordant; but in *the want of style;* in fluctuation and uncertainty;—not in the character, but the want of character, that is peculiar to such periods;—until the round and cumbrous architecture, with its horizontal lines of ornament, gave way before the genius of the age, and Gothic archi-

tecture was perfected and established by the master genius, possibly, of some great man. If a "transition style" were really the characteristic of an age, which in its very nature wants the determined purpose that can alone give character, we might expect to find it in our literature, where all that ever did exist, exists now; not in architecture, where every passing century bears with it some "rich-proud cost of out-worn buried age."

But this subject is usually considered too much in detail, "too curiously," as Horatio says. The men most skilful, are not always the best to take an enlarged and philosophical view of it. It is not, as we have before observed, the separate parts that compose a cathedral, that make up Gothic architecture; there is the mind that is apparent in piling these together; and as we would rather bid the student, that should inquire in what consisted the excellence of Shakspeare, to open the volume, than write volumes to give inadequate notions of him; so to the same inquiries about Gothic architecture, we would answer, go and see. Its foundation, we repeat, was in original mind; and the direction of that mind was given by the genius of the age. The genius of the architect expanded and enlarged, because it was protected and encouraged; and the grander proportions and the minuter divisions of his work, its multitude of ornaments, the division of its windows, their mullions and tracery, were but the natural progress of science so encouraged, and wealth still increasing, till it ended in the gem-like chapels of the 15th and 16th centuries; and we must here observe, that these chapels differ more from the earlier specimens of Gothic architecture, than the latter do from the Anglo-Norman, that preceded them: if, therefore, we are content to have imported the one, we must seek out another crusade, and a new eastern world, whence we brought back the other.

But it is clear we did not import the one; it did *not* "appear at once, with all its distinctive marks and features;"—it was slow, though not creeping in its progress, subject to experiment, and adopted from success; all the works of the 13th century are full of variety;—there seems to have been no known standard, no determinate end, no heard-of perfection, which there would have been had models existed any where; but every separate architect availed himself of all that was previously known, and sought for no further excellence. To this purpose is a passage in *Mr. Wild's description of Lincoln*, a work that, like his *Worcester*, lately published, cannot be too highly commended.*

* In looking over these works lately, we were struck with their

" In the earlier examples selected from this cathedral the gradual advancement of architecture is rather marked by the improvement of taste, than by any distinctive alteration of style ; but in the present, [the Presbytery] although the antecedent characteristics are retained, they are blended with much novelty of design and decoration. Thus the buttresses have their use and solidity in some measure disguised by ornaments, the pedimental terminations being decorated with crockets, creepers, and finials ; the angles with clusters of slender columns, and the faces with brackets and canopies, for the reception of statues. The windows which were *before* of single lights, are here divided into several, by mullions and tracery of geometrical forms, *an invention peculiar to pointed architecture*, and of the highest importance, as it enabled architects to increase the size of their windows to any dimensions required, and thus to render them important features in their designs. In short, in every particular a greater degree of lightness and elegance may be observed. The mouldings, *although they retain the forms before used*, are smaller and more numerous—and in the ornamental parts considerable improvement is also apparent, the foliage, so tastefully and profusely introduced, being in no small degree imitative of the variety and luxuriance of nature."

This is the progress of art in every thing. That the advance of Gothic architecture was rapid and surprising, almost beyond credibility, to an age and people, among whom *three* centuries have produced only *one* cathedral, is easily enough understood ; but it is only so from a want of imagination to transport ourselves back to those ages, when such buildings were undertaken by individuals, and from not remembering that probably more cathedrals than now exist in all Europe, were then erected in less than three centuries. Besides, it is easy enough to account for "the general and contemporary adoption of the style," without his lordship's supposition. The Quarterly Reviewer, indeed, says, " The intercourse between the various states of Europe was then hazardous, desultory, and unfriendly ;" but, in reference to the present subject, this is entirely erroneous. The clergy were a distinct body of people, in constant communication, and Rome was to them all a common home, to and from which, they were in constant progress ;—the temporalities and spiritual dignities of all the churches in Europe, were within the grasp of the Pope ; foreigners, therefore, were not unfrequently appointed to sees

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extraordinary beauty ; and could not but wonder at the progress that has been made in all illustrative architectural works within the last half century. Some of the plates, both in the *Lincoln* and *Worcester*, are perfect pictures, and have about the same relation to the engravings in Grose and Pennant, that the plates in the *Gentleman's Magazine* have to works of art. Mr. Britton's works are also beautiful.

and benefices in Britain, and Englishmen as often obtained ecclesiastical preferment abroad;—these things tended to the "simultaneous" communication of knowledge; but, if any further explanation be wanting, we have it in the certainty, that foreigners were not unfrequently engaged here as architects, and that some of the most celebrated foreign ecclesiastical structures were the works of Englishmen. And let us add, that, after all, the general and contemporary adoption is no more extraordinary, than the general and contemporary abandonment, which seems to have excited no astonishment, and to be barely remembered. Similar causes were, we think, operative on both occasions. The power, the riches, the magnificence of the Romish religion and clergy were, in the one instance, flourishing and increasing, in the other, declining, and on the eve of a revolution that eventually swept away the pomp and splendour of its being, and tore from the universal church some of the fairest and wealthiest of its votaries. Europe was soon engaged in theological discussion, and controversial divinity; the mitred prelates found it politic to conceal, rather than make ostentatious display of their wealth and power; and even in those countries where the Pope's authority and the Catholic religion still prevailed, they were both "shorn of their beams;" for no man, we think, can doubt that the Reformation had a moral influence from one end of Europe to the other, and awakened speculation and inquiry, where before men's minds were subdued, humble, and confiding.

In the quotation from the Earl of Aberdeen, reference is made to the opinion of Horace Walpole, and what we have said is in confirmation of that opinion; but we must observe, in justice to later writers, that his was an opinion thrown out incidentally, and as far as it rested on authority, was erroneous. He supposed that shrines were the prototypes of Gothic architecture. They were, no doubt, the prototypes of the *florid* Gothic, but where are these shrines antecedent to Gothic architecture itself? They are like Gothic architecture in the east, no where to be met with. We have it in proof, we think, that larger buildings came with the pointed arch, and that, for some time, magnitude and beauty grew together. Shrines came afterwards; their minute proportions were transferred to larger buildings; and sometimes engrafted on old ones; till at length, the passion for ornament took such hold on the imagination, that the age could produce nothing but a shrine, and King's College, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and others, are the evidence.

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ART. II.—*The Adventures of* Alexander the Corrector; *the Third Part. Giving an Account of his wonderful Escape from an Academy at Bethnal Green, by cutting with a Knife the Bedstead to which he was chained: and of the Dissolution of the pretended Court of the Blind Bench, and their designs against the Corrector. And an Account of his Application at St. James's Palace for the Honour of Knighthood, and his conduct at Guildhall as a Candidate for one of the Representatives in Parliament of this great Metropolis. With an Account of his Law Adventures, while he acted the part of a Counsellor, in the King's Bench in Westminster Hall. To which is added, a History of his Love Adventures, with his Letters, and a Declaration of War sent to the amiable Mrs. Whitaker, a Lady of a shining Character and great Revennes. Interspersed with various religious Reflections, shewing the necessity of appointing a Corrector of the People, or of taking some effectual measures for a speedy and thorough Reformation. London: printed for the Author, and sold by* A. Dodd, &c. 1755.

Though divers good and sufficient reasons have hitherto prevented us from figuring amongst the members of the Roxburgh club, yet, in a small way, we delight in the acquisition and collection of scarce and curious books. Many an hour have we spent in town and in the country, in examining the contents of book-stalls, and of those miserable magazines of trumpery, where a few volumes may not unfrequently be found buried amidst heaps of old iron, cordage, earthenware, and the other *vilia scruta*, for which it is astonishing that their grim, unwashed proprietors can find any customers. Nor have our excursions in search of cheap and antiquated literature been confined to this island. We have given a *hog* (six-pence English) for a volume, which an Hibernian bibliopolist on Ormond Quay, Dublin, has, with the modesty characteristic of his countrymen, at the commencement of our negociation, estimated at five shillings—and, on the Quai Malaquais, at Paris, we have purchased for an *ecu*, a *quatro cento*, upon the description of a fellow copy, on which Mr. Dibdin has expended three pages in his Catalogue of Lord Spenser's library. Researches of this kind, it is true, are often very unprofitable, "*Experto crede, Lector benevole.*" But occasionally, like a miner hitting upon a rich vein of metal, we have detected literary curiosities lurking in most unpromising quarters, and at the cost of a shilling have possessed ourselves of a prize, which has for an even-

ing rendered us "the envy and admiration" of a little knot of brother collectors, who have assembled in close divan to inspect our purchase. As an instance of our good luck in this particular, we may be permitted to state, that it was from the profane hands of a minor dealer in salt butter, that we rescued the long-titled pamphlet which we now introduce as a stranger to our readers, and which was written by Alexander Cruden, the compiler of that most elaborate work, *The Concordance to the Old and New Testament.*

This extraordinary man was born in the town of Aberdeen, in the year 1701, and was the second son of William Cruden, "Merchant," of that place. Such of our readers, however, as have not had the good fortune to visit the "Land o' Cakes," must not allow this appellation of "Merchant" to lead them to imagine that the father of our hero had, or professed to have, extensive dealings in foreign parts, or that he possessed half-a-dozen ships, and extensive warehouses well stored with the commodities of the East and West Indies. A Scotch "Merchant," (the word is derived immediately from the French *Marchand*) is no more than a shop-keeper; and if Mr. Baring has ever travelled into Caledonia, his mercantile pride must, on his making his grand *entrée* into Annan, have been wounded on his seeing the title of "Merchant" inscribed in rudely formed characters over many a half door, leading to a room some eight feet by seven, where sits a shrewd pains-taking wight, whose returns from his trading operations do not amount to more than fifty shillings and four-pence per week. Nay, if the said Mr. Baring has beheld on the border, a stout raw-boned chield, walking firmly on beneath the pressure of a portable shop, ycleped a "pack," be it known to him that this chield in Scotland, participates with him in the designation of a "travelling merchant."

That William Cruden, however, was not a "travelling merchant," but what is called a respectable shopkeeper, may be inferred from the fact, that, like the immortalized Jarvie, he served the office of Baillie in the town which he had fixed upon as the seat of his business.

The facility of obtaining a good and useful education, has long been an incalculable advantage to the natives of Scotland. In this respect, the town of Aberdeen possessed superior privileges, of which the father of young Cruden faithfully availed himself for the improvement of his son. He sent him, at an early age, to the grammar school of his native place, where he laid an excellent foundation of classical knowledge, and afterwards entered him as a student in Marischal college. Though the fact cannot be now ascertained, we may perhaps be justified in regarding it as extremely probable, that it was

intended by his father that young Alexander should exhibit his talents in a pulpit. And certain it is, that for the office of a clergyman of the Scottish church he was well fitted, by the exemplariness of his diligence, the piety of his principles, and the kindness—and we will venture to add, without fear of giving offence where no offence is intended—the simplicity of his character. But he had hardly finished his collegiate studies, when his prospects were clouded by manifest symptoms of insanity, which his friends imagined, but evidently erroneously, to be occasioned by the bite of a mad dog. Whilst he laboured under this malady, he fell deeply in love with the daughter of a clergyman, to whom he paid his addresses in form. His suit was of course rejected; but such was the ardour of his passion, that he persevered in his attempts to visit his fair one, and was so violent in his efforts to force his way to her, that her friends were obliged to have recourse to the civil power, and the poor student was sent to expiate his impetuosity by imprisonment in the town jail. Soon after his liberation from "durance vile," his feelings were exquisitely wounded by the discovery that another lover had made too deep an impression on the susceptibility of his *inamorata*, who was suddenly withdrawn from society, and sent away, nobody knew whither, to avoid the shame of the "cutty stool."

This unpleasant incident was, in all probability, the cause of Alexander's quitting Aberdeen; for we find that he left that place in the year 1722, and fixed his residence in London. Here he contrived for some years to gain a subsistence by giving instructions in the classics, as a private tutor. He next appears to have been settled for a short time in the Isle of Man, where he pursued the same employment. Finding this too narrow a sphere for his energies, he returned to London in the year 1732. He now opened a bookseller's shop under the Royal Exchange, and filled up his leisure time, and added to his scanty emolument, by acting as corrector of the press for different printers; an occupation which his varied knowledge, his minute accuracy, and his strict punctuality, enabled him to turn to good account.

During the time of his occupying the shop above-mentioned, a friend called upon him, and proposed to introduce him to one of his countrymen, whose acquaintance, he said, would be both pleasant and profitable to him. Cruden consented to accompany him, to make a call on the individual in question. On their knocking at the door of his residence, it was opened by the *ci-devant* object of Alexander's affections, who, it should seem, had fled to shelter her disgrace in the crowd of the English metropolis. Poor Cruden started with horror at the sight of her who was once so dear to

him, grasped the arm of his friend in agony, exclaiming, "Ah! she has still her fine black eyes!"—turned away, and never saw her more.

About this time it was that he began a work, the execution of which must have been a special antidote to the pangs of disappointed love, or to any other mental uneasiness whatsoever, namely, a *Concordance to the Old and New Testament*. Such of our readers as know what a Concordance is, will duly estimate the pains and labour requisite for the compilation of such a work—and the hitherto uninitiated will form some idea of the toil which this industrious scholar must have bestowed on the book in question, when they are informed, that a Concordance is an index which indicates every passage in which a word of any moment is used in the Holy Scriptures. For example, as honest Cotton says, "if any one remember that he hath heard or read this phrase in the Scriptures, 'He will cast all our sins into the depths of the sea,' and desireth to find it for his future comfort, let him take a Concordance, and search the words *sea*, or *depths*, or *sins*, and at Micah, Ch. vii. v. 19, he shall meet with what he seeks for."

The first edition of Cruden's *Concordance* was published in 1737, and was dedicated to Queen Caroline, who was, as all the world knows, an amateur in theology. Alexander expected to have received from her majesty a handsome gratuity in return for his dedication. Perhaps his expectations were not unreasonable, and possibly they might have been fulfilled, had the queen lived to ascertain the merits of his performance: but the sanguine hopes of the compiler were frustrated by the death of her majesty, which took place a few days after she had received the presentation copy, and before the publication of the work.

To a mind which has a tendency to insanity, a sudden cessation from stated and assiduous labour is a most dangerous crisis. Soon after the publication of the *Concordance*, the mental malady of Cruden recurred with such violence, that his friends deemed it expedient to confine him in a private mad-house, kept by one Matthew Wright, at Bethnal Green. In this receptacle of woe, if we may give credit to his own account, he was, according to the erroneous practice of the medical men of that day, very harshly treated. He had not, however, been long in confinement, before he contrived to make his escape. It is difficult to decide whether the following passage from his *Adventures* alludes to an investigation on a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, or to a private consultation held by his friends and some medical practitioners, on the question of the propriety of his being remanded into seclusion. We transcribe it for the consideration of our readers.

"June 27th, 1738. The London Citizen having understood that the Judges of the Blind Bench were assembled at the bookseller's at the Rose and Crown in the Poultry, he went thither, and attacked the cloudy heads with great resolution and undaunted courage. The Corrector," [this appellation Alexander had assumed in reference to his double office of corrector of the press, and reformer of public morals,] "the Corrector said that they had no business with him or his affairs; and that they were a set of asses, a company of blockheads, and a bench of blind justices. He addressed himself particularly to Dr. Monro, senior, their chairman, and desired him to mind his own business, for that with him he had no concern; which Monro forthwith obeyed, and left the room. From that time the Blind Bench was entirely dissolved, for the other judges soon after followed Monro's example, and never ascended the bench any more."

Exulting in the recollection of his prowess on this important occasion, Alexander remarks,

"It may be supposed that it will be the general opinion of the London citizens, that Alexander the Corrector had as good a right and as full authority to dissolve this Blind Bench in the Poultry, as the great Oliver Cromwell had to dissolve the House of Commons, April 20th, 1653."

Like other sufferers in the cause of freedom, personal and political, Cruden deemed it of high importance that the public should be acquainted with his wrongs. He, accordingly, stated his grievances in a pamphlet, with the following portentous title: *The London Citizen exceedingly injured, giving an Account of his Adventures during the time of his severe and long Campaign at Bethnal Green, for nine Weeks and six Days, the Citizen being sent thither in March,* 1738, *by Robert Wightman, a notoriously conceited whimsical Man, where he was chained, hand-cuffed, strait-waistcoated, and imprisoned; and he would probably have been continued and died under his confinement, had he not most providentially made his escape, by cutting with a Knife the Bedstead to which he was chained. With a History of Wightman's Blind Bench, which was a sort of Court that met in Wightman's room at the Rose and Crown in the Poultry, and unaccountably pretended to pass decrees in relation to the London Citizen: particularly this blundering and illegal Blind Bench decreed that the London Citizen should be removed from Bethnal Green to Bethlehem Hospital, the audacious men thinking by that means to screen Wightman and the Criminals from punishment, for confining the Citizen: but Providence frustrated their designs.*

The punishment to which Cruden alludes at the conclusion of this *lengthy* title, as brother Jonathan would call it, is the penalties which he was confident he should inflict on his supposedpersecutors, by the result of actions for damages, which

he had instituted against Wightman and Monro. His cause against the latter was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, before Lee, Chief Justice, and a verdict given for the defendant. In consequence of the issue of this trial, Cruden's law advisers, to his great displeasure, declined to proceed against Wightman, and he was left to the unavailing vengeance of public remonstrance. His narrative of this transaction is curious and original.—

"Alexander the Corrector brought an action against Wightman in the Court of King's Bench, to be tried in Guildhall. The witnesses were subpœna'd, and attended June 27th, 1739. But it being an afternoon's sitting, and the cause being supposed to be uncommon, and that it would last long, the court inclined to fix a day for trying it, namely, July 23rd, 1739.

"This occasioned the action of Alexander the Corrector against Dr. Monro and other defendants, which was tried before a chief bencher at Westminster-hall, to come on before the other. The bencher spoke in favour of Monro, and even threatened to commit the plaintiff for pleading his own cause; and he also threatened the plaintiff's attorney, whereby he was so much frightened, that he acted most unaccountably; for, without the plaintiff's knowledge or consent, he gave notice to Wightman's attorney, that the cause against Wightman was not to be tried July 23rd. This greatly shocked the Corrector, and he went to the chief bencher's house, and also spoke to Mr. Denison, one of his counsel; but he was not regarded, which was owing, he imagines, to his having lost his cause in the Court of Common Pleas.

"The chief bencher of the Common Pleas greatly favouring Monro, was the true cause that the Corrector had no verdict against the criminals. The chief bencher is not an ignorant man, and wanted the Corrector to consent that the jury should withdraw, and give no verdict; but he refused it with indignation, being fully convinced that he had a right to a verdict, and, therefore, he would not approve of their unjust proceedings. The bencher afterwards directed, or rather commanded, the jury, by saying, '*you are to bring in a verdict for the defendants;*' which they did. The Corrector made a speech in court before the verdict; and after the verdict meekly said, '*I trust in God.*' The chief bencher replied, '*I wish you had trusted more in God, and not have come hither.*'"

Notwithstanding his professed meekness, the Corrector gave vent to his indignation at the issue of this trial, in a pamphlet entitled, "*Mr. Cruden exceedingly injured; or, a Trial between Alexander Cruden, Plaintiff, Bookseller to the late Queen Caroline, and Doctor James Monro, Matthew Wright, John Oswald, and John Davis, Defendants, in the Court of Common Pleas in Westminster-hall, July* 17, 1739, *on an Action of Trespass, Assault, and Imprisonment: the said Plaintiff, though in*

XUM

his right Senses, having been unjustly confined, and barbarously used, in Matthew Wright's private Mad-house at Bethnal Green. To which is added, a surprising Account of several other Persons, who have been most unjustly confined in private Mad-houses. The whole tending to shew the great necessity for the Legislature to regulate private Mad-houses in a more effectual manner than at present."

This pamphlet Cruden dedicated to his Majesty King George the Second. The period of his life immediately subsequent to this transaction was passed in tranquillity. His mind being become tolerably settled, he resumed his occupation of corrector of the press, and superintended the printing of several classic authors, both Greek and Latin; and it is stated, by very competent judges, that he executed this task with great accuracy. His present calm lasted for some years; but in the year 1753 his infirmity again manifested itself in his paying his addresses, with persevering and troublesome importunity, to a widow lady, a zealous dissenter of great fortune, to whom, in his *Adventures*, he gives the fictitious name of Whitaker. On one occasion, having obtained admission into her house, he admonished the lady's steward to behave well, "for he ought to reverence the rising sun." The steward appears to have humoured the unwelcome visitor with much skill. Pointing out to him the extent and beauty of the mansion and its garden, he said to him, "are you not an ambitious man that would have all this?" But Cruden had his answer ready, "it is not," said he, "ambition of riches, but only usefulness that the Corrector aims at." When the lady, upon many applications, refused to see him, and returned his letters, he issued what he styled a declaration of war against her. "It was written," says he, "with red ink; but there was nothing bloody in it except the colour." It is, in truth, nothing but a rambling and incoherent sort of a love-letter. At length his malady recurred to such a degree, that he was again consigned to custody in a private lunatic asylum. On his liberation from thence, he commenced an action against the parties who were instrumental in his confinement; but, as our readers will, no doubt, anticipate, a verdict was given for the defendants. This result of his appeal to the law, Cruden attributed to the "unfaithfulness" of his counsel. In point of fact, finding their ground of action untenable, those learned gentlemen threw up their briefs; which their client shrewdly remarks, was "a new fashioned way of trying causes."

"Perhaps," says he, "some persons may think Alexander did not pay his generals well; therefore he begs leave to mention their pay. Mr. Hume and Sir Richard were his retained counsel. The 1st

of November, 1753, upon the writs being taken out against the defendants, for the cause being important, Alexander secured two generals or barristers that were in esteem, by a golden English piece, which is the common retaining fee; and upon the delivery of the brief, a few days before the trial, each of them had four pieces. Mr. Naires, a younger barrister, who was pitched upon to open the action, which was never done, had three pieces. The Corrector was not for starving the cause, and gave very handsome fees; because the cause was of great importance to him; and he supposed it would have lasted a whole day, as his cause in the Court of Common Pleas did, in July, 1739; but Mr. Hume allowed it to come to an end in two hours time; and if the Corrector had not been present, it had probably been over in one hour."

What the gentlemen of the long robe of the present day will think of the conduct of one of Alexander's counsel upon the unsuccessful issue of his cause, we know not. We shall state the case in Cruden's own words; and leave it to themselves to determine whether, under similar circumstances, they will "go and do likewise."

"The Corrector," says Alexander, "is sincerely inclined to do justice to every man; and, therefore, acquaints his readers that at the end of the trial, Mr. Hume was pleased to return his fee of four pieces to the plaintiff's attorney." "But," continues he, with as much chagrin as his temper was capable of feeling, "was Mr. Hume's returning his fee, an adequate satisfaction for his criminal desertion? If a soldier deserts his captain-general, he is ordered to be shot. What punishment shall be inflicted on a barrister for the desertion of his exceedingly-injured plaintiff?"

Thus persuaded of the infidelity of his law advisers, Cruden determined to take his case into his own management. He accordingly went to the Court of King's Bench, for the purpose of moving for a new trial. On his rising for that purpose, one of the judges told him, that he should be heard after the counsel had made their motions. He accordingly waited till the motions had been gone through, and again presented himself to the notice of the court: but was told, that it was too late in the day, as one of the judges had departed;—"for it may be supposed," says Alexander, "he was not fond to hear his conduct enquired into." After the usual delays, however, the complainant made his motion, which he supported by a long speech. "The Corrector was favoured by Sir Dudley, the chief bencher, with a long hearing, and he thanks Sir Dudley for that liberty; but the chief bencher did not pretend to give an answer to his reasons; but, contrary to his usual custom, barely said, '*I have heard your reasons, and do not think them sufficient to grant a new trial.*' Then the Corrector immediately said, with a loud

voice, '*I appeal to the king in council, or to the House of Lords.*'"

Upon more mature reflection, however, Cruden determined to appeal to a superior tribunal,—the tribunal of public opinion. He accordingly stated his grievances in "*The second Part of the Adventures of Alexander the Corrector.*" The pamphlet he deemed so convincing of the justice of his case, that he determined personally to present it to the king. His presence at St. James's, whither he repaired on sundry levee days, seems to have given no small alarm and annoyance to the retainers of the court, who referred him from one officer to another, till his patience was quite exhausted. In his wrath, he wrote "a smart letter to a person of distinction."—"Those that cause people, in this manner, to come after them from time to time," says he, "may be called fashionable pickpockets; for they injure the person who comes from home on purpose, postponing other business, as much as if they pick his pocket of his money, by making him lose time."

One courtier, however, Alexander excepts from the number of those whom he anathematizes as having on this occasion used him ill, namely, Earl Poulet, the lord of the bed-chamber in waiting, who received his pamphlet with great civility; and, on Alexander's waiting on him to his carriage, after his attendance for the day was finished, spoke to him with politeness, "and did not run away from him, as others were afterwards apt to do." The merit which is thus attributed to this nobleman is, however, rendered somewhat equivocal, by the accompanying remark of the Corrector, that "he was somewhat goutish in his feet."

In his visits to St. James's, of which he has kept an amusing diary, Cruden had an object ulterior to the presentation of his pamphlet, namely, his obtaining the honour of knighthood. Being sensible that his aspiring after this elevation in rank might be laid to the score of ambition, he says, with a mixture of simplicity and cunning, not uncommon in those whose wits are subject to the influence of the moon, "if it should be asked why the Corrector was so desirous of the honour of being a knight, he answers, that *thinking men often seek after titles rather to please others than themselves.*"

Disappointed of obtaining honours from the king, his aspiring thoughts were directed to the people; and, on the 23rd of April, 1734, he declared himself, by a hand-bill, a candidate for the representation of the city of London in parliament; and at the election, which took place on Thursday, April 30th, he was put in nomination. Though he was so firmly convinced of the validity of his claims, that on the day before he "had some dawning hope that his brother candidates

would regard his uncommon motives, and not have opposed his election," he was obliged to demand a poll; and though he appealed to the electors, "whether there were not just grounds to think that God would be pleased to make him an instrument to reform the nation, and to bring the citizens of London to a more religious temper and conduct, he obtained very few votes, and soon withdrew from the contest. On this occasion the religious candidate was treated with great good humour by the aldermen, and other persons on the hustings; and he consoled himself on his defeat, as many a discomfited aspirant after a seat in parliament has done before and since, by the persuasion that the hearts of the people were with him; and, moreover, to his great comfort, "it was said by Betty Young, a pious young woman, that this affair might be looked upon as only a forerunner of what was to come to pass;" on which saying of Betty he makes the following moral and philosophical reflection:—"The Corrector has sometimes thought that persons in low stations, if pious and prudent, think frequently more justly in many things than learned and exalted persons."

Soon after the election Cruden was induced by reports, no doubt extremely false, of the dissipation prevalent in the University of Oxford, to go down to that venerable seat of learning in his capacity of corrector, in hopes that by his admonitions he should be able to work a reformation of manners among the gownsmen. He accordingly frequented the public walks of the city, and boldly reproved those whom, upon the view, he deemed guilty of levity or indecorum; and particularly admonished whomsoever he found amusing themselves, by walking on the sabbath, to go home, and apply their thoughts to more serious concerns. In the execution of this benevolent design, the usual fate of reformers awaited him. The tuft and the tuft hunters united in treating him with contumely, and the ladies unanimously agreed that he was very impertinent. In a short time, therefore, he shook off the dust of his feet against the city and the university of Oxford, and returned to the metropolis, where he tranquilly resumed his usual occupations. In 1761 he was engaged by Woodfall, as corrector of his celebrated journal, *The Public Advertiser*. This employment, requiring constant attention, and strictness of method, had a happy effect upon Cruden's mind; and from this period to the time of his death he continued so far in the possession of his mental faculties, that he was an active and an useful member of society. Notwithstanding his daily and nightly avocations, as corrector of a newspaper, he found leisure to revise his *Concordance*, a new edition of which was published in 1762. To this edition is prefixed a Latin dedication to the Earl of Halifax.

The occasion of this address to his lordship is very creditable to the feelings of Cruden. Happening one day to attend the sessions at the Old Bailey, he heard the trial of one Richard Potter, a seaman, who was arraigned and found guilty of uttering a forged instrument, purporting to be a brother sailor's will. From the demeanour of the culprit, he perceived that he was a very ignorant man, and doubted whether he was at all sensible of the heinousness of the crime which he had committed, and for which he was doomed to forfeit his life. Prompted by the strong feelings of benevolence, which seem to have been inherent in his nature, he visited the wretched prisoner in Newgate, ministered to his bodily and spiritual wants, and, by his instructions and exhortations, so wrought upon him, that he brought him into a state of most humble penitence. He then exerted himself, with his usual perseverance, to procure the unhappy man a pardon; which, notwithstanding the obstacles presented by the peculiar nature of his crime, which is usually, and perhaps necessarily, visited in our courts of law with unrelenting severity, he accomplished by the kind and merciful interposition of Lord Halifax; his petition to whom, on behalf of the culprit, was accompanied by the above-mentioned dedication of the second edition of his *Concordance*. The particulars of this transaction he recorded in a pamphlet, entitled, "*The History of Richard Potter.*"

Encouraged by the success of his efforts in the cause of reformation of morals in the case of Potter, Cruden extended his benevolent attentions to the general body of the prisoners confined in the jail of Newgate, to whom he paid frequent visits, distributing among them religious books, reading and explaining to them the Holy Scriptures, summoning them to the duty of prayer, and strenuously enforcing upon them the great motives to repentance, which are founded on the doctrines of the gospel. Those who are aware what a hell upon earth Newgate was during the greater part of the last century, will not be surprised that he met with so little success, that he soon gave up what he regarded as the hopeless attempt to reclaim the profligate, and amend the vicious, whose mutual association in the miseries of imprisonment only tended to render their hearts more callous and more obdurate. It was reserved for our own times to produce an individual of the gentler sex, prompted by an enthusiasm equal to that of Cruden, but gifted with more good sense than he possessed, to make an impression on the seared consciences of hardened offenders, to reduce the irregular to a sense of the advantages of good order, to melt the obdurate to penitence, and to correct the habits of those who, from their infancy, have been taught to maintain unceasing warfare against the institutions and regulations of society.

Cruden was a devotedly loyal subject of the house of Hanover. In the reign of George the Second he was frequent and loud in his testimony against the false principles and dark designs of the Jacobite Tories, of whom he shrewdly says, in the third part of his *Adventures*,—"the Jacobites and disaffected occasion the continuance of taxes, as a parish is obliged to encrease the number of watchmen, the more loose, disorderly persons live in their neighbourhood." Nor was he less vigilant in guarding the throne when it was attacked by the violence of popular fury. When London and Middlesex were in an unprecedented state of ferment, he launched a spirited pamphlet against that audacious and crafty demagogue John Wilkes; and, with no small danger to himself, he industriously obliterated the signs of John's popularity, by erasing from the walls of the metropolis, with a large sponge, the factious and disloyal inscription of No. 45. Such, indeed, was his delicate attention to the guardianship of public morals, that in his walks through the city he was usually supplied with the implements necessary for the expunction of any writings offensive to modesty, which might appear on the buildings which he passed.

In the year 1769 he visited his native town of Aberdeen. To this journey it should seem that he was impelled, not merely by the interest which mankind usually take in the place of their birth, and the scenes of their early joys and sorrows, but by his zeal for the promotion of the cause of virtue; for during his temporary residence in Aberdeen, he gave a lecture on reformation in the public hall of the university. It is to be feared, however, that he made no more impression on the plebeians of Marischal College, than he had done on the aristocracy of Oxford; and that he experienced the truth of the adage, that "a prophet hath no honour in his own country." The extravagance of his principles, or his manner of enforcing them, excited the laughter of his audience, whose demeanour on this occasion put the placidity of his temper to a severe trial. That he possessed the power of turning the tables on those who ridiculed him, he evinced by a practical repartee which he made to one of his *quizzers*, a conceited young clergyman, to whom he made a present of a little manual, at that time popular in Scotland, entitled, "*The Mother's Catechism, dedicated to the Young and Ignorant.*"

Cruden remained at Aberdeen about a year, and then returned to London, and took lodgings in Camden-street, Islington. Here, having gone to bed on the preceding night, in apparently perfect health, on the morning of the first of November, he was found dead in his chamber, in the attitude of prayer.

Cruden was a man entirely free from vice, and a strict

economist. At no time of his life was he destitute of the means of support; and he even appears to have had always something to spare for the occasional exigencies of life. He was liberal in his donations to the poor. His law adventures, as he called them, must have been somewhat costly; and when he repaired to St. James's to solicit the honour of knighthood, he was provided with a hundred pounds to pay the customary fees. At his death he was possessed of some property, which he bequeathed to his relations, with the exception of an annuity of five pounds per annum, which he devoted to the establishment of a bursary, or exhibition, at Marischal College.

In the history of Alexander Cruden, we behold at once a striking instance of the infirmity of human nature, and of the efficacy of a good education, and the early imbibing of virtuous principles, in alleviating the greatest calamities to which human nature is subject. For, notwithstanding the occasional alienation of his reason, the purity of his views, and the kindness of his feelings, rendered him unobnoxious to others, and cheerful and happy in himself. In the midst of the disappointments which he experienced, in consequence of the failure of his extravagant projects, he was always devoutly submissive to the divine will, and derived great comfort from an unshaken trust in God. The habits of industry which he had acquired in his youth, no doubt, tended to lengthen the intervals of his sanity, and enabled him, notwithstanding the whimsical nature of his designs, to contribute a respectable share to the general stock of knowledge, both in the useful occupation of a private tutor, and as an editor of the works of antiquity. Amongst the clergy of all denominations, his *Concordance* has long been a standard work; and we have occasionally met with powerful extempore preachers, who have been mainly indebted for their reputation, as being "mighty in the scriptures," to their study of the references supplied by that work. On a review of the incidents of his life, it may admit of a question, whether it were, at any time, expedient to put him into harsh and strict confinement? He never appears to have been dangerous to himself or to others; and the dread of danger from a lunatic is, perhaps, in most cases, the only justifiable reason for subjecting him to the severity of restraint in the professed receptacles for patients of this unhappy description. We are persuaded that many persons, slightly affected by insanity, have been totally lost to society, by being consigned to the duress of the strait-waistcoat, who, by due attention, and by gentle treatment, under the superintendance of their friends, might have had their mental complaints alleviated, if not entirely cured. The chances of recovery, however, depend much upon the early habits of the individual patient. Had Cruden been profligate

and debauched in his youthful years, the first attack of his malady would have been decisive of his fate; and his bodily organs, enfeebled by intemperance, would have imparted an equal debility to the powers of his mind. The strictest abstemiousness is most essential to the counteracting of any tendencies to aberration of intellect; and in such cases it is of the first importance that the inclination to brood over some single erroneous notion, which is incident to those who are liable to such a tendency, should be dissipated by the kindness of their friends, and by the cheerfulness superinduced by some easy and pleasant employment. It was once our lot to be acquainted with a man of cultivated mind, who, by a stretch of law, was for a political offence confined, without the use of books or materials for writing, for three months in a solitary cell; and he has often observed in our hearing, that in these circumstances he preserved himself from madness, by working mathematical problems on the boarded floor of his apartment with the point of an iron skewer, which he contrived to conceal from the vigilance of his keepers.

ART. III.—*Arcadia di* M. Jacopo Sanazzaro; *Ora finalmente alla sua vera Lezione ridotta. Padua:* 1723.

It is one of the delights of having devoted ourselves to other cen turies, perhaps our greatest, that while, in unofficial moments, we may indulge in the promise of that felicity which modern exertions are maturing for mankind, our public capacity is exempt from the dissensions incident to disputed tenets, and from the clamour attendant on innovation. Like the traveller at Pompeii, without laying aside the garb of our nation and age, we walk among the mansions of the dead, and excite no observation; we stand unawed in the adyta of their temples, and seat ourselves for contemplation on the very statues of their overthrown gods. Their prisons are crumbled, their guards skeletons, their palaces and paintings cinders and dust. We have nothing to fear or to hope from them; but, while the spirit of inquiry pervades and estimates their public places and their dwellings, respect shall hallow our curiosity. We will remember that they have been wise and ardent in their time; and the rising smile will often be repressed by the consciousness that the same idols, with slight variation of name and worship, are still knelt to; and that we have each some household god in our heart, though we build not altars to it on our hearth.

Our walk is at present through another Arcadia, one of the thousand names given by the creative melancholy of man to the paradise of his own conception, and each crowded with the trees and joys whose odour was most grateful to the earthly tastes of the idealist. The wassail and skulls of Odin, the indefatigable houris of Mahomet, and the good hunting beyond the mountain of death, are, at this moment, the secret heavens of many a orthodox warrior, voluptuary, and country gentleman. There is not a heaven yet described by mortal pen which will unite the suffrages of mankind; imagination, with the passions, the affections, the great globe itself, yea! all which it inherit at its command, cannot collect materials for a home of universal bliss. But this difficulty has not deterred the wisest and best of our race from indulging in such speculations; and it has been their amusement, or, perhaps, alas! their torture under poverty, persecution, or the mere weight of unenjoyed existence, to suffer an ardent longing for a better state of being; and however various the pictures they may have drawn, or the roads whic! they may have chosen, whether their orb of happiness has been entirely fanciful and revolving amidst other spheres, or confined to the perfection of political and moral order in this; whether pure and solitary, or

" With one fair spirit for their minister;"

sin and sorrow have ever been excluded or overcome, and whatever might have been the practical result of their scheme, amelioration was its object. They were the well-wishers if not the benefactors of mankind; and as such, we, the children of their love, and the brethren of their weakness, should dissent from them with caution, and remark on their singularities with respect. It would be an interesting and philosophical enquiry to trace the influence of character, climate, and circumstance, in forming the opinions which have held or hold dominion over man; and to find, perhaps, in the personal history of an adventurous Arab the seeds of that worship which now stultifies the luxuriant East. But ours is an humbler task; the Arcadia of Sanazzaro has had no believers, and few aspirants, and is itself a copy from manners and scenes almost proverbial for insipidity; but the man of genius is distinguishable through the folds of his pastoral disguise, nor does his continued effort at classical rivalry always shut us out from glances at the young and loving Italian. The admiration of Virgil, which produced and moulded his greater works, is conspicuous in this. The desire of fame, the noble mind which sacrificed his fortune to the wants of his patron, and the passionate feeling of beauty which urged him, even when a septuagenarian, to a daily ascent of a por-

tion of Vesuvius, are strongly manifested even in this work of his early age ; and as if his death were to set the seal upon his unfeigned sympathy with the beauties of nature, the glow of foliage, lake, and sky, which gives its prevailing character to the poem, it is attributed to the sudden intelligence of the destruction of his favorite villa, his poetic Mergillina, which perished under the hands of an imperial army (a mob led by a prince). At the age of seventy-two, even hope, the great magician, has but little power of deception left; and if we are condemned then to plant saplings anew, we know their broad shadows must fall on another generation. He lies buried at Posilipo, close to his living residence, and to the tomb of his great master.

" Da sacro cineri flores, hic ille Maroni
Sincerus musa proximus et tumulo."

To his Latin works and his Italian poetry we may devote some future page ; but we must now hasten to the work which stands at the head of this article. It consists of twelve portions of prose and twelve eclogues, arranged alternately; it is preceded by a " proemio," setting forth the advantages of the simple and natural style ; and terminates with an address " Alla Zampogna," consecrating it to the memory of his departed mistress, to melancholy, and to the solitude of the Arcadia, whose simple occupations it has sung. There is no plot, no developement of character; it is a pure pastoral, descriptive of the joys, and amorous sorrows, and employments of the inhabitants in the vicinity of an imaginary Monte Partenio, without any admixture of the heroic ; and if there be any point which is not closely and frequently verbally copied from the models of antiquity, it is the reality of his own affection for Filli, which has more heartiness and sensibility than we meet with in Bucolic love. The reader need scarcely be told, after reading the following extract, that the passion was real and the writer young. Carmosina Bonifazio, the Harmosyne of his Latin, and the Filli of his Italian poetry, had rendered even Naples a desert when she ceased to smile on him; and he retired to France, by absence and study to conquer his conqueror. During the voluntary exile he composed this work ; and thus, in the " Settima Prosa," tells the history of his woes to Carino, under his well-known name of Azzio Sincero.

" In quella città (Napoli) dunque nacqui io, ove non da oscuro sangue, ma, se dirlo non mi si disconviene, secondo che per le più celebri parti d' essa città le insegne de' miei predecessori chiaramente

dimostrano, d'antichissima, e generosa prosapia disceso; era trà gli altri miei coetanei giovani forse non il minimo reputato, e l' avolo di mio padre dalla Cisalpina Gallia, benche, se a principii si riguarda, dalla estrema Hispania prendendo origine, nei quali due luoghi ancor oggi le reliquie della mia famiglia fioriscono, fu oltra alla nobiltà de' maggiori per suoi propri gesti notabilissimo. Il quale capo di molta gente colla lodevole impresa del terzo Carlo nello Ausonico Regno venendo, meritò per sua virtù di possedere l'antica Sinvessa con gran parte de' campi Falerni, e i monti Massici, insieme con la picciola terra sopra posta al lido ove il turbolento Volturno prorompe nel mare, e Linterno, benche solitario niente dimeno famoso per la memoria delle sacrate ceneri del divino Affricano: senza che nella fertile Lucania avea sotto onorato titolo molte terre, e castella delle quali solo avrebbe potuto, secondo che alla sua condizione si richiedeva, vivere abbondantissimamente. Ma la fortuna via più liberale in donare, che sollecita in conservare le mondane prosperità, volse che in decorso di tempo morto il Re Carlo, e il suo legittimo successore Ladislao, rimanesse il vedovo regno in mani di femina, la quale dalla naturale incostanza, e mobilità d'animo incitata, agli altri suoi pessimi questo fatto aggiunse, che coloro, i quali erano stati dal padre, e dal fratello con sommo onore magnificati, ella esterminando, e umiliando annullò, e quasi ad estrema perdizione ricondusse. Oltra di ciò quante, e quali fossero le necessitadi e gli infortuni, che lo avolo, e il padre mio soffersono, longo sarebbe a raccontare. Vegno a me adunque, il quale in quelli estremi anni, che la recolenda memoria del vittorioso Rè Alfonso d' Aragona passò dalle cose mortali a più tranquilli secoli, sotto infelice prodigio di Comete, di Terremoto, di Pestilenzia, di sanguinose battaglie nato, e in povertà, ovvero secondo gli savi, in modesta fortuna nutrito, siccome la mia stella, e i fati volsero, appena aveva otto anni forniti, che le forze di amore a sentire incominciai, e della vaghezza di una picciola fanciulla, ma bella, e leggiadra più che altra, che vedere mi paresse giamai, e da alto sangue discesa innamorato con più diligenza, che ai puerili anni non si conviene questo mio desiderio teneva occulto; per la qual cosa colei, senza punto di cio avvedersi, fanciullescamente meco giocando di giorno in giorno, di ora in ora più con le sue eccessive bellezze le mie tenere midolle accendeva, intanto che cogli anni crescendo l'amore, in più adulta età, e ai caldi desii più inchinata, pervenimmo. Né per tutto cio la solita conversazione cessando, anzi quella ognor più domesticamente restringendosi m'era di maggiore noia cagione. Perche parendomi l'amore, la benevolenza, e l'affezione grandissima da lei portamati non essere a quel fine, che io avrei desiderato, e conoscendo me avere altro nel petto, che di fuori mostrare non mi bisognava, nè avendo ancora ardire di discoprirmele in cosa alcuna per non perdere in un punto quel che in molti anni mi parea aver con industriosa fatica racquistato, in sì fiera melanconia, e dolore entrai, che il consueto cibo, ed il sonno perdendone, più ombra di morte, che ad uom vivo assomigliava. Della qual cosa molte volte da lei domandato qual fosse la cagione, altro, che un sospiro ardentissimo in risposta non le rendea. E quantunque nel letticciulo della mia cammeretta molte cose nella memoria mi proponesse di dirle niente-

dimeno quando in sua presenza era impallidiva, tremava, e diveniva mutolo in maniera che a molti forse che ciò vedevano diedi cagione di sospettare. Ma ella, o che per innata bontà non sene avvedesse giammai, o che fosse di freddo petto, che amore non potesse ricevere, o forse quel che più credibile e che fosse sì savia che meglio di me sel sapesse nascondere in atti, e in parole sopra di ciò semplicissima mi si mostrava. Per la qual cosa io ne di amarla mi sapea distraere, ne dimorare in si misera vita mi giovava. Dunque per ultimo rimedio di più non stare in vita deliberai, e pensando meco del modo, varie, e strane condizioni di morte andai esaminando e veramente, o con lacciò, o con veleno, ovvero con la tagliente spada avrei finiti gli miei tristi giorni, se la dolente anima da non so che viltà sopra presa non fosse divenuta timida di quel che più desiderava. Talche rivolto il fiero proponimento in più regolato consiglio, presi per partito di abandonare Napoli, e le paterne case," &c.

The present bustling age is too apt to consider, with Dame Quickly, the " babble of green fields," as a sign of decaying faculties; and even we ourselves, if confined in our society to shepherds, and in our cogitations to echoing rills, and every shade of every sunset, even we might at length be found among the " molti sopravventi dal sonno;" but, as visitors after an active day, or a long sojourn in the mist of cities, or with a gentlemanly degree of disappointed love, or with a friend, it is delicious to stand in such a cluster as is presented in the opening " Prosa," where

" Son forse dodici, o quindici alberi di tanto strana, ed eccessiva bellezza, che chiunque gli vedesse giudicherrebbe, che la maestra natura vi si fosse con sommo diletto studiata in formarli. I quali alquanto distanti, e in ordine non artificioso disposti, con la loro rarità la naturale bellezza del luogo oltra misura annobiliscono. Quivi senza nodo veruno fi vede il drittissimo Abete nato a sostenere i pericoli del mare, e con più aperti rami la robusta Quercia, e l'alto Frassino, e l'amenissimo Platano vi si distendono con le loro ombre, non picciola parte del bello, e copioso prato occupando. Ed evvi con più breve fronda l'albero di che Ercole coronare si soleva, nel cui pedale le misere figliuole di Climene furono trasformate. E i un de' lati si scerne il noderoso Castagno, il fronzuto Bosso, e con puntate foglie l'eccelso Pino, carico di durissimi frutti, nell' altro l'ombroso Faggio, l'incorrutibile Tiglia, e il fragile Tamarisco insieme con l'orientale Palma dolce, e onorato premio de vincitori. Ma frà tutti nel mezzo presso un chiaro Fonte sorge verso il Cielo un dritto Cipresso veracissimo imitatore delle alte mete, nel quale non che Ciparisso, ma, se dir conviensi, esso Apollo non si sdegnerebbe esser trasfigurato. Ne sono le dette piante si discortesi, che del tutto con le loro ombre vietino i raggi del Sole entrare nel dilettoso boschetto, anzi per diverse parti si graziosamente gli ricevono, che rara è quella erbetta, che da quei non prenda grandissima recreazione, e come che di ogni tempo piacevole stanza vi sia, nella

fiorita primavera più che in tutto il restante dell' anno piacevolissima vi si ritrova.*"

The next division of the poem recounts the pleasures of the shepherds returning to their homes, and the meeting with Montano, whom they find "si dolcemente sonando la sua zampogna," that a vocal struggle is induced between him and Uranio. The third prosa describes the feast of Pales, and the temple, invocations, and sacrifices of the goddess. The fourth is remarkable as containing a description of the only mortal female produced on the scene, the fair Amaranta, beloved of Galizio: it is a glowing sketch.

" Una che fra le belle bellissima giudicai, i cui capelli erano da un sottilissimo velo coperti, disotto al quale due occhi vaghi, e lucidissimi scintillavano non altrimenti che le chiare stelle sogliono nel sereno, e limpido cielo fiammeggiare, e il viso alquanto più lunghetto, che tondo, di bella forma, con bianchezza non spiacevole, ma temperata, quasi al bruno dichinando, e da un vermiglio, e grazioso colore accompagnato riempieva di vaghezza gli occhi, che lo miravano. Le Labra erono tali, che le matuline rose avanzavano, fra le quali ogni volta che parlava, o sorrideva mostrava alcuna parte de denti di tanto strana, e maravigliosa leggiadria, che a niuna altra cosa, che ad orientali perle gli avrei saputo assomigliare. Quindi alla marmorea, e dilicata gola discendendo vidi nel tenero petto le picciole e giovanili mammelle, che a guisa di due rotondi pomi la sottissima vesta in fuori pingevano, per mezzo delle quali si discerneva una vietta bellissima, e oltre modo piacevole a riguardare, la quale, perochè nelle secrete parti si terminava, di a quelle con più efficacia pensare mi fu cagione, ed ella dilicatissima, e di geutile, e rilevata statura andava per gli belli prati con la bianca mano cogliendo i teneri fiori. De' quali avendo già il grembo ripieno, non più tosto ebbe dal cantante giovane udito Amaranta nominare che abbandonando le mani, e il seno, e quasi essendo a se medesima uscita di mente, senza avvedersene ella, tutti le caddero seminando la terra di forse vente varietà di colori. Di che poi quasi ripresa accorgendosi divenne non altrimenti vermiglia nel viso, che suole tal volta il rubicondo aspetto della incantata Luna, over nel' uscire del sole la purpurea Aurora mostrarsi ai riguardanti; onde ella, non per bisogno credo che a ciò l'astringesse, ma forse pensando meglio nascondere la sopravvenuta rossezza, che da donnesca vergogna le procedea, si bassò in terra da capo a coglierli, quasi come d'altro non le calesse scegliendo i fiori bianchi dai sanguigni, e i persi dai violati. Dalla qual cosa io, che intento e sollecitissimo rimirava presi quasi per fermo argomento colei dovere essere la pastorella di cui sotto

* This will remind our readers of our extract from *Browne's Pastorals*, in the third No. and of the similar enumeration in Spenser.

confuso nome cantara udiva. Ma ella dopo breve intervallo di tempo fattasi de raccolti fiori una semplicetta corona, si mescolò tralle belle compagne," &c.

The fifth describes the funeral ceremonies at the tomb of that excellent shepherd Androgeo, and the accompanying eclogue is a monody to his memory. The beautiful cow-herd Carino, with his lunghe chiome, le quali più che il giallo della rosa biondissime dopo le spalle gli ricadevano, arrives in the sixth, and persuades the venerable Opico, and the modest Serrano, to unite in a poetical vituperation of the present state of Arcadia, and exaltation of the past; the history of Sanazzaro himself, or of the Pastor Sincero already given, occupies the greater portion of the seventh; and the eighth is consolatory. Carino, from the two great sources of advice, common places, and modestly adduced examples of our own superior wisdom in like circumstances, endeavours to sooth his friend; he reminds him of the proverb, that, nè di lagrime, amore; nè di rivi, i prati; nè capre di fronde; nè api di novelli fiori si videro sazie giammai; and then proceeds to illustrate sagacity by his own conduct: he is, it appears, a vaccine Paris—an Arcadian roué, the most daring of lovers existing in sonnet or eclogue, whether piscatory or pastoral, by hook or by crook; for he has ventured to a declaration, and in that fashion which from the days of Eve to those of Sophia Western, (of mere modern dames we know nothing), has proved an irresistible argumentum ad feminam.

" Avvenne una volta che dopo molto uccellare, essendo io, ed ella soletti, e dagli altri pastori rimossi in una valle ombrosa tra il canto di forse cento varietà di vaghi uccelli, i quali di loro accenti facevano tutto quel luogo risonare, quelle medesime note le selve iterando, che essi esprimevano, ne ponemmo ambedue a sedere al margine d'un fresco, e limpidissimo fonte, che in quella forgea, il quale nè da uccello, nè da fiera turbato si bella la sua chiarezza nel selvatico luogo conservava, che non altrimente, che se di purissimo cristallo stato fosse i secreti del translucido fondo manifestava, e d' intorno a quello non si vedeva di pastori, nè di capre pedata alcuna, perciochè armenti giamai non vi si soleano per riverenza delle Ninfe accostare, nè vi era quel giorno ramo, nè fronda veruna caduta da soprastanti alberi, ma quietissimo senza mormorio, o rivoluzione di bruttezza alcuna discorrendo per l'erboso paese andava sì pianamente, che appena avresti creduto, che si movesse. Ove poichè alquanto avemmo refrigerato il caldo, ella con nuoui preghi mi ricominciò da capo a stringere, e scongiurare per l' amore, che le portava, che la promessa effigie le mostrassi, aggiungendo a questo col testimonio degli Dii mille giuramenti, che mai ad alcuno, se non quando a me piacesse nol ridirebbe; alla quale io da abbondantissime lagrime sopraggiunto, non già con la solita voce, ma tremante, e sommessa risposi, che nella

bella fontana la vedrebbe, la quale siccome quella, che desiderava molto di vederla, semplicemente senza più avanti pensare abbassando gli occhi nelle quiete acque, vide se stessa in quella dipinta. Per la qual cosa, se io mal non mi ricordo, ella si smarrì subito, e scolorissi nel viso per maniera, che quasi a cadere tramortita fu vicina, e senza alcuna cosa dire o fare con turbato viso da me si parti."

But returns, in the moment of his desperation, and

"Non altrimente che farebbe pietosa madre nei casi del suo unico figliuolo, amorosamente piangendo, e con dolci parole, e accoglienze onestissime riconfortandomi seppe si ben fare, che da disperazione, e da morte nella vita, e nello stato, che voi mi vedete mi ricondusse."

There are three modes of bird-catching from the Agricoltura of that most rare sportsman, S. Agostino Gallo, Gentiluomo Bresciano, but we positively have not room for them. The ninth prosa consists principally of a description of the magical knowledge and powers of Enareto; the tenth, of a prose abstract of the *Bucolics;* the eleventh, of the games of the fifth book of the *Æneid* slightly varied; and in the twelfth and last, the death of his mistress (which really occurred during his absence) is thus allegorically announced in a dream.

"Ultimamente un' albero bellissimo di Arancio, e da me molto coltivato, mi parea trovare tronco dalle radici, con le frondi, i fiori, ed i frutti sparsi per terra, e dimandando io chi ciò fatto avesse, da alcune Ninfe che quivi piangevano mi era risposto, le inimiche Parche con le violente scuri averlo tagliato. Della qual cosa dolendomi io forte, e dicendo sopra lo amato troncone, onde dunque mi riposerò io; sotto qual ombra omai canterò i miei versi? mi era dall' un de' canti mostrato un nero, e funebre Cipresso senza altra risposta avere alle mie parole."

And is then conducted by a nymph through the caverns of the rivers, where he sees the chambers whence the great streams of the earth draw their waves; and following the course of his own Sebeto, he visits the court of the river god, and finds it in tears; and thence proceeds to Naples, where his melancholy misgivings are confirmed, and the work concludes with heart-rending lamentations on the wretchedness of his fate, lightened, however, by some glimmerings of the hope of "weeping himself into fame."

"Basse son queste rime, esili, e povere,
Ma se il piangere in cie lo ha qualche merito,
Dovrebbe tanta fe morte commovere.
Io piango, o Filli il tuo spietato interito,

E 'l mondo del mio mal tutto rinvedesi,
Deh pensa prego al bel viver preterito,
Se nel passar di lete amor non perdesi."

The Eclogues consist chiefly of metaphysical and metaphorical discussions on the varieties and degrees of amorous misery, the beauty and coldness of shepherdesses, and consequent harmonious despair of pastors; the fidelity of dogs, the fierceness of wolves, the freshness of the morning, mid-day heats and evening shade, fill up the pauses in the sighing and weeping; which latter is sometimes on so large a scale, that Elpino, not the most lachrymose, declares

" Ben mille notti ho gia passate in pianto,
Tal che quasi paludi ho fatti i campi."

What a treasure to a grazing country! with proper locks (not of his mistress) what a system of irrigation!

As a specimen of the versification, we subjoin the following.

" *Montano.*
Per pianto la mia carne si distilla
Siccome al sol la neve
O come al vento si disfà la nebbia
Nè so che far mi debbia
Or pensate al mio mal qual' esser deve.
Uranio.
Or pensate al mio mal qual' esser deve,
Che come cera al fuoco,
O come fuoco in acqua mi disfaccio
Nè cerco uscir, dal laccio,
Sì m'è dolce il tormento, e'l pianger gioco.
Montano.
Sì m'è dolce il tormento, e'l pianger gioco.
Ch' io canto, suono, e ballo,
E cantando, e ballando, al suon languisco,
E seguo un Basilisco
Così vuol mia ventura, over mio fallo.
Uranio.
Così vuol mia ventura, over mio fallo,
Che vo sempre cogliendo
Di piaggia in piaggia fiori, o fresche erbette
Tessendo ghirlandette.
Ecerco un Tigre umiliar piangendo."

which Uriano concludes in a more lively manner than we had any reason to hope.

> " I' ho del pane, e più cose altre in tasca,
> Se voi star meco non mi vedrai movere,
> Mentre sarà del vino in questa fiasca,
> E sì potrebbe ben tornare a piovere."

Such is the *Arcadia*, or more correctly, such is our view of it. We should appear extravagantly laudatory, if we were to mete to it its full measure of applause, when considered with regard to the age of the author, and the productions which were contemporary with it. It is written in the most choice Italian, and, as an imitation of the ancients, must stand in the first rank. A critic of the sixteenth century would have appreciated every variety of its grief, every new form of expression, and each step taken aside from the path of his great precursors of lamentation: but now, if we possessed the inclination to do thus, we should toil alone upon an unfruitful soil. Correctness of language, beauty of description, and melody of verse, are almost the only claim such works retain on our notice: they do not, by pictures of the efforts or endurance of virtue, fortify or improve the soul, nor, by singularity of truth, of character, and incident, amuse it; they are the chroniclers of no time, of no nation; the imitation of an imitation; unlike every state of society, but most unlike the period in which they abounded, dissolute and ravaged Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But this objection applies to the subject, not to the author: he could not foresee that the simplest letter about his household affairs, or a sketch of his native city, and of the peasants about him, with their occûpations and opinions, would be hereafter more valued than the most glowing picture of the most dilettevole piano of Arcadia, with its most faithful swains: he could not know that,

> " un giorno
> S'apparecchia a voltarti in riso il pianto."

And though we cannot, with our *cui bono* minds, altogether applaud his pursuits or his choice, we are sure we should have been delighted to have known the man, who, in that jarring, guilty, and ambitious time, could turn the key of his study upon the world, and sit down placidly between Virgil and Theocritus.

ART. IV.—*The Defence of Poesy, by* Sir Philip Sidney, *Knt.* 12*mo.* 1752.

Some time ago—(we are almost afraid to remember how long)—we held forth a sort of half promise, that Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy* should form the subject of a paper in our work. We now proceed to the fulfilment of that promise;—not, however, without taking something like blame to ourselves for having so long delayed it,—for if ever there was a work more than most others calculated to delight and benefit general readers, and at the same time less than most others known and appreciated by them, it is the *Defence of Poesy*. Indeed the somewhat cold and metaphysical character of Sir Philip Sidney's poetry, and the "high fantastical" style which he chose to adopt in his great work, the *Arcadia*, however they might be suited to the taste of the times in which he lived, were pretty sure to sink his writings generally into an undeserved obscurity, in an age like the present, the characteristic of whose literary style is simplicity—not to say an affectation of it. And in withdrawing themselves from that general gaze which they never courted, and for which, indeed, they were never intended, the above works—(viz. the *Arcadia* and the *Poems* of Sidney)—have carried with them one which in fact *was* written expressly for the public, and which, as far as its style is concerned, might have been written for the public of the present day. Be it our business, therefore, to present it to that public afresh; and in doing so, let us be allowed the privilege of saying a few words as to the character and pretensions of the stranger we are introducing.

One would think, that to write a "*Defence* of Poesy," were something like writing "an *Apology* for the Bible." And yet it appears that this was considered necessary, by the most poetical person of the most poetical age that England, or any other country, ever knew. It must be remembered, however, that the exact period to which we are now referring was but the early dawn of the bright Elizabethan day,—Shakspeare and the great dramatists having scarcely as yet commenced their immortal labours, and Sidney himself being, with the exception of Spencer, the best poet of the time. That this noble defence of his high art had some share in bringing forward the glories that followed so close upon its appearance, as well as in preparing the way for the due reception and appreciation of those glories, is what can scarcely be doubted; and that it was intended and calculated so to do, is certain: for, of all the characteristics that

belong to it, that of a fervid sincerity, speaking *from* the heart *to* the heart, is its most striking. In other respects, the excellencies of this admirable Essay are equally conspicuous, whether we regard the purity and simplicity of its style, the strength and soundness of its reasoning, the rich fervor of its eloquence, or the variety and aptness of its illustrations. In short, nothing is wanting to make the *Defence of Poesy* a piece of writing that, in a similar space, is not to be paralelled in our language. And regarding it as an Essay on the nature, objects, and effects of Poetry as an art, it is also beyond comparison the most complete work of the kind which we possess, even up to the present day;—which is not a little singular, considering that it was written before we had achieved a poetry of our own, and at a period, too, when it appears that the art itself was held in but slight respect at all events, if not in mere contempt. Unless there was a little of affectation in Sir Philip Sidney's estimate of the respect, or rather the disrespect, that was paid to poets and to poetry in his day—if he was not purposely placing them at a lower ebb than they had actually reached, in order that he might claim the more credit for stepping forward to their aid—(and that he could be guilty, even unconsciously, of such insincerity, is scarcely to be believed of him)—then must there, indeed, have been occasion for his interference, and the work before us was not unduly named a "*Defence* of Poesy." Hear what he says on this part of the subject: "And yet I must say, that as I have more just cause to make a pitiful* defence of poor poetry, which, from almost the highest estimation of learning, *is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children*, &c."—"But, truly, now, having named him, (David,) I fear I seem to prophane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is, amongst us, thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation."—"And now, that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good estimation as the mountebanks at Venice."——

If such was the condition of poetry and its practicers at the period in question, it was worthy the romantic and chivalrous spirit of Sir Philip Sidney to step forward in their behalf; and, indeed, it was no more than was to be looked for from him, as a sworn friend to beauty and virtue in distress, and one who was always ready to break a lance in their cause: not to mention that cause being in some degree his own—for, he says, at the outset of his Essay, "I will give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance, in these my not

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* Compassionate.

old years and idlest times, having slipped into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in defence of that my unelected vocation, &c."

We see, from this, that his heart was in the cause; and therefore, while we are the better prepared to expect the hearty and efficient manner in which he pleads it, we are the less entitled to suppose that he would speak of it as holding a lower place in public estimation than it actually did hold.

Sir Philip Sidney, in the opening paragraph of his Essay, gives himself out as "a piece of a logician;" and, in fact, the *Defence of Poesy* may be regarded as a logical discourse, from beginning to end—interspersed here and there with a few of the more flowery parts of eloquence, but every where keeping in view the main objects of all logic and of all eloquence—namely, proof and persuasion. It is, in fact,—contrary to the general notion that prevails concerning it in the minds of those who do not take the trouble of judging for themselves,—a sober and serious disquisition, almost entirely rejecting the "foreign aid of ornament," and equally free from dogmatism and declamation. It is evidently the result of a deep conviction in the mind of the writer, and a strong desire to impress that conviction upon others—to impress it, however, in a manner that shall render it not merely a sentiment of the heart, or a theory of the brain, but a settled and active belief of the reason and the judgment. To this end Sir Philip Sidney not only examines the nature and objects of poetry as an art, and brings forward all the arguments that have been urged in its favour, but he weighs and examines those arguments fairly, and contrasts them with those which have been or may be alledged on the opposite side of the question; and finally rejects or admits, as the proofs may seem to preponderate. He begins by shewing the antiquity of poetry, and arguing for the consequent inference, that it was the parent and source of all other learning; and this he addresses to those learned of his own and of other days who have inveighed against poetry as a vain thing. "And will you play the hedge-hog, (says he) that being received into the den, drove out his host? or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents?—Let learned Greece, in any of her manifold sciences, be able to shew me one book before Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod—all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought, that can say any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill—as Linus, Orpheus, and some others, are named, who having been the first of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to posterity, may justly challenge to be called their fathers in learning." And so he goes on, through the earliest

writers of all civilized countries ; and concludes the enumeration thus: "In our neighbour country, Ireland, where truly learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple Indians," (only the next remove to the Irish, as he seems to think)— "where no writing is, yet have they their poets, who make and sing songs, which they call 'Arentos,' both of their ancestors' deeds, and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability that, if ever learning came among them, it must be by having their hard, dull wits softened and sharpened with the sweet delight of poetry; for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge." He next proceeds to contrast poetry generally, as an art, with all other arts and sciences, in the following skilful and highly eloquent manner.

"There is no art delivered to mankind, that hath not the works of nature for its principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the geometrician and arithmetician, in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the musician, in tunes tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man: And follow nature, saith he, therein, and you shall not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined. The historian, what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech, and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which are still compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things hurtful or helpful to it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he indeed build upon the depth of nature."

How extremely accurate are the thoughts, in all this; and with what felicitous simplicity are they expressed! Now mark the fine burst of enthusiasm by which the argument is applied and summed up.

"Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature; in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demigods, cyclops, chymeras, furies, and such like, so as he

goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely: her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden." —"Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison, to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he shewed so much as in poetry —when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings; with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam.—Since our erect wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it."

He now proceeds to arrange poetry under various artificial divisions and subdivisions; shewing, however, that they all do and must lead to the same great end, of bettering mankind by means of delighting them. We shall not follow him minutely through this part of the subject, but may mention, in passing, that he here announces, and in some degree developes, those views in regard to versification and diction, the mere revival of which has been thought a stroke of genius in our own times.

The next step our author takes in his eloquent disquisition on the value and virtue of poesy, is to contrast it somewhat circumstantially with the other high sciences, and demonstrate its comparative superiority over them all. Those who only know Sir Philip Sidney as a chivalrous soldier, an inditer of extravagant verses, and a builder-up of the most romantic romance that ever represented things and persons *as they are not*, will be surprised to observe the extraordinary accuracy of thought, as well as of feeling, which pervades all the definitions and descriptions that occur in this part of the Essay. Let the reader take the following as proofs, that acute penetration and thorough good sense are in no degree incompatible with the most fervid enthusiasm and the most lofty imagination.

"So that the ending of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can shew it rightly, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors: among whom, principally to challenge it, step forth the moral philosophers; whom methinks I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by day-light; rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things; with books in

their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtlety, and angry with a man in whom they see the foul fault of anger."

Again:

"The historian scarce gives leisure to the moralist to say so much, but that he, (loaden with old mouse-eaten records, authorising himself for the most part upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay—having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes than how his own wit runs; curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novelties; a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk—denieth, in a great chafe, that any man, for teaching of virtue and virtuous actions, is comparable to him."—"The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, sitting down with the thorny arguments, the bare rule is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general, that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side, the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be, but to what is—to the particular truth of things, and not the general reason of things—that his example draweth not necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine. Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he presupposeth it was done; so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say,—for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul, so much as that other doth."—"So, no doubt, the philosopher with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated and figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy. Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know what force the love of our country hath in us: let us but hear old Anchises, speaking in the midst of Troy's flames; or see Ulysses, in the fulness of all Calypso's delights, bewailing his absence from barren and beggarly Ithaca! Anger, the Stoics said, was a short madness; let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing or whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of the Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus; and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into anger than finding in the school-men its *genus* and *difference*?"

After a multiplicity of other examples of a similar kind, he adds:

"For conclusion, I say, the philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for tender stomachs; the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher."

Thus far our author has been comparing the poet's power of teaching with that of the philosopher. He next examines, in detail, the relative pretensions of the poet and the historian. One of his most powerful arguments in favor of the former's infinite superiority, is set down as follows:

"But history, being captived to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror to well doing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness. For see we not valiant Miltiades rot in his fetters? The just Phocion and the accomplished Socrates put to death like traitors? The cruel Severus living prosperously? Sylla and Marius dying in their beds? Pompey and Cicero slain then, when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous Cato driven to kill himself, and rebel Cæsar so advanced, that his name yet, after sixteen hundred years, lasteth in the highest honor?"

Having gone through these particular comparisons, and added many more arguments, no less just than ingenious, in proof of his proposition, he now concludes this part of his subject by a general summary, from which we select the following admirable passages—which, for justness of thought, and curious felicity of expression, cannot well be surpassed.

"Now therein"—(that is to say, the power of at once teaching and enticing to do well)—"Now therein, of all sciences—I speak still of human and according to human conceit—is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect nto the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner;* and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the

* We have here, undoubtedly, the origin of Shakspeare's—

"That elder ears played truant at his tale,
And younger hearings were quite ravish'd,—
So sweet and voluble was his discourse, &c."

mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste."—"For even those hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a school name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted; which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness—which seen, they cannot but love ere themselves be aware, as if they had taken a medicine of cherries."—"By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensues, that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make an end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman."

Should it occur to the reader, in the midst of his admiration of these passages, that he has met with something very like parts of them before, we can readily believe that he is not mistaken; for the truth is, that the *Defence of Poesy* has formed the staple of all the "thousand and one" dissertations on that art, with which our magazines and reviews have teemed during the last twenty years.

Having drawn this inference respecting poetry generally, he prepares to descend into an examination of the various species into which it is divided; for, as he says, "though (as in man) all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance in some one defectuous piece we may find a blemish."—It is unnecessary to follow him through this examination; but we cannot refuse to collect the following characteristic touch as we pass on, and also the passage in which he triumphantly sums up this division of his subject. In speaking of the lyric, he says, "Certainly, I must confess mine own barbarousness, I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglas"—(the ballad of Chevy Chase)—"that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." His summing up of this part is as follows:

"Since, then, poetry is of all human learning the most antient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings;—Since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, no barbarous nation is without it;—Since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making; and that, indeed, that name of making is fit for it, considering that whereas all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it,—the poet, only, bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit;—Since neither his de-

scription nor end containing any evil, the thing described cannot be evil;—Since his effects be so good as to teach goodness and delight the learners of it;—Since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledge) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, and for moving leaveth him behind;—Since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it;—Since all its kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their severed dissections fully commendable:—I think—(*and I think I think rightly,*)—the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the poet's triumph."

It may be mentioned here, that the idle jingle of words which occurs in the closing clause of the above passage, is an example of the only fault, even of style, that can be imputed to this admirable essay;—if it were not for some half dozen instances of this kind, the *Defence of Poesy* might be offered as a model of a pure and simple English style, in every respect (even in those of grammatical construction, and of euphony) infinitely superior to the boasted style of our (so called) Augustan age.

Our author now proceeds to state the objections that have been made, or that may be, against his art—doing this, however, rather as a work of supererogation, than of necessity; but giving as a reason for it, "because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be, will seem to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counter-balance." Let our modern critical wits,—who pique themselves on the pointedness of their pens, and pretend to think that ridicule is the test not only of truth but of beauty also,—hear what a real wit says of them. It should seem by what follows, that their calling has not even novelty in its favour, but was as rife three hundred years ago as it is now.

He says, he has observed, of "that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. These kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle easiness, since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty, but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it so deserve they no other answer but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sick of the plague."—"Marry, these pleasant faultfinders, who will correct the *verb* before they understand the *noun*, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own, I would have them only remember that scoffing cometh not of wisdom: so as the

best title, in true English, they get with their merriments is, to be called *good fools;* for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humorous kind of jesture."

He now, after a few remarks on versification, and the manner in which it is and is not connected with poetry, proceeds to combat the imputations that have been thrown upon poets and their art.—The only extract we can afford to make from this portion of the essay, is part of a passage relating to the alleged abuse of poetry to immoral or otherwise mischievous purposes. If the reader should find that some of the arguments in the following extract do not come upon him with the force of novelty, he must recollect (as before) that this is any body's fault rather than Sir Philip Sidney's.

"But what! shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that, being abused, by the reason of its sweet charming force it can do more hurt than any other army of words; yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse shall give reproach to the abused, that, contrariwise, it is a good reason that whatsoever, being abused, doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use each thing receives its title) doth most good. Do we not see skill in physic,—the best rampire to our often assaulted bodies,—being abused, turn poison —the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law,—whose end is to even and right all things,—being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go to the highest) God's word abused breed heresy, and his name abused become blasphemy? Truly, a needle cannot do much hurt; and as truly (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. But with a sword thou mayest kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy prince and country. So that, as in their calling poets the fathers of lies, they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse they prove the commendation."

Having thus gathered a few of the flowers of this delightful essay, in the succession in which they blow, we must now pass on to the conclusion; not, however, without stooping once or twice by the way, to pick up a stray beauty that does not grow exactly in the regular path. The following critical judgment on the whole body of English poetry existing in Sir Philip Sidney's day, is highly interesting, to say the least of it.

"Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his *Troilus and Cressida;* of whom truly I know not whether to marvel more either that he, in that misty time, could see so clearly, or that we, in this clear age, go so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so great an antiquity. I account the *Mirror for Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts. And, in the Earl of Surrey's *Lyrics* are many things tasting of a noble birth and worthy of a noble mind. The

Shepherd's Kalendar hath much poetry in its eclogues, indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language, I dare not allow; since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazara in Italian, did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed, that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in proof, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another; without ordering, at the first, what should be at the last: which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rhyme barely accompanied with reason. Our tragedies and comedies are not without cause cried out against—observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skilful poetry. Excepting *Gorboduc*,—(again I speak of those that I have seen)—which, notwithstanding it is full of stately speeches and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poetry;—yet, in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumstances; which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time—the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time pre-supposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and by common reason, but one day, there is both many days and many places, inartificially imagined."*

There is great acuteness and precision in the following remarks on laughter:—

"But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter; which is very wrong. For though laughter may come *with* delight, yet cometh it not *of* delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter. But well may one thing breed two together. Nay, in themselves they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety; for delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves and to general nature; whereas laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportionate to ourselves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein, certainly, we cannot delight. We delight in good chances; we laugh at mischances. We delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country; at which he were worthy to be laughed at, that would laugh. We shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias. In the mouth of some such men as, for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry, yet he cannot chuse but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter."

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* For a notice of this Play, see *Retrospective Review*, vol. ii. p. 78, &c.

The following is curious, as shewing the kind of estimation in which the drama was held, immediately before the advent of Shakspeare:

"But I have lavished out too many words on this play matter. I do it because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused: which, like an unmannerly daughter, shewing a bad education, causeth her mother Poetry's modesty to be called in question."

We now pass at once to the concluding passage of this charming piece of writing; a conclusion that is in every way worthy of what has preceded it: and a greater panegyric on it cannot be pronounced.

"So that, since the ever-praise-worthy poesy is full of virtue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour poesy, and to be honoured by poesy; I conjure you all, that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy;—no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools;—no more to jest at the reverend title of a rhymer; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the antient treasures of the Grecians' divinity;—to believe, with Bembus, that they were the first bringers in of all civility;—to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil;—to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the Heavenly Deity, by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge—logic, rhetoric, philosophy, natural and moral, and *quid non*?—to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest of profane wits they should be abused;—to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds from a divine fury;—lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses. Thus doing, your names shall flourish in printers' shops;—thus doing, you shall be a-kin to many a poetical preface;—thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell among superlatives:—thus doing, though you be *libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles*:

Si quid mea carmina possunt.

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrix, or Virgil's Anchises.

"But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself

up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a Mome as to be a Momus to poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must lend you in the behalf of all poets,—that, while you live, you live in love, never get favour for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph."

We have hitherto looked at *The Defence of Poesy* chiefly with reference to its merits as a piece of writing; but, perhaps, it is scarcely less interesting, when regarded as a record of the literary sentiments and opinions of its celebrated author: especially when it is considered that that author was, at the time he produced the essay before us, "the observed of all observers"—the glass by which all, who professed to think and feel according to the *ton* of the day, dressed their sentiments and opinions of all that came before them. In this point of view, *The Defence of Poesy* might be made to furnish forth some amusing, at least, if not instructive comparisons, with certain other opinions on similar subjects which prevail in our own day. Take, for example, the only worthy *pendant* that we possess for Sir Philip Sidney, in point of rank, genius, and literary fame, as well as in that errant spirit which makes him seek adventures anywhere, and at any cost, rather than confine himself within the dull circle of daily life. Of course, we mean Lord Byron. It would be difficult to find any one point in poetry about which these two distinguished poets would agree in opinion, unless it were the necessity of preserving the unities of the tragic drama; and even in the opinion which Lord Byron has expressed on this point, we can scarcely give him credit for that sincerity which may be safely attributed to all his other expressed opinions,—so utterly inconsistent is it not only with the practice of all those whom he would be the loudest and the loftiest in praise of, but with the principle on which the whole of his own poetry seems to be written: if, indeed, the latter can be said to be written on any principle at all. But the truth is, that in this, as in all things else, the two writers were at utter variance; the one (Sidney) having a regular set of principles pre-established in his mind, to which all his actions are to be made conformable, and by which all his opinions were to be dressed; and, in particular, a precise pre-conceived notion of the nature, object, and end of poetry, by which all his own, as well as all other poetry was to be tried and measured: whereas *our* noble bard, so far from suffering himself, or the efforts of his pen, to be "cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in to saucy" modes, rules, and canons of this kind, would, probably, in the face of his own writings,

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deny the existence of all principles, and of all poetry too; and, perhaps, vote his high-born predecessor a coxcomb at best, if not a pretender and a bore.

In order that our notices of Sir Philip Sidney's works may not be incomplete, we shall append to this paper a few specimens of his poetry; for we do not conceive that it is, upon the whole, of a nature to call for a separate and formal essay. We shall endeavour to characterise the various examples as we present them; merely premising, that our author's poetry is nearly all devoted to the subject of love; and that it consists of a collection of short pieces, entitled, "*Astrophel and Stella;*" and another collection, of a similar nature, entitled, "*Songs and Sonnets.*"

The following will form an appropriate introduction to our extracts from this author; because it seems to announce his own notion of one of the principles on which poetry should be written. It must not be concealed, however, that few were ever less disposed to follow their own rule than he was in the present instance. If he really *had* looked into his own noble heart, and written directly from that, instead of from his somewhat too metaphysico-philosophical head, his poetry would have been as fine as his "*Defence*" of it.

> "Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to shew,
> That she, dear she! might take some pleasure in my pain—
> Pleasure might cause her read, reading might cause her know—
> Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain—
> I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
> Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain:
> Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
> Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burnt brain;
> But words came halting forth, wanting invention's stay,
> Invention, nature's child, fled step-dame study's blows;
> And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
> Thus, great with child to speak, yet helpless in my throes,
> Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,—
> 'Fool!' said my muse to me—'*look in thy heart, and write!*'"

The following are examples of the manner in which he occasionally obeys the dictate of his muse. We might have chosen others that more strikingly exemplify the faults of his style: but our object is to give a characteristic notion of that style, without shewing it in its worst possible point of view:—

> "Not at first sight, nor with a dribbed shot,
> Love gave the wound which, while I breathe, will bleed;

But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.
I saw, and liked; I liked, but loved not;
I loved, but straight did not what love decreed.
At length, to love's decrees, I, forced, agreed,
Yet, with repining at so partial lot,
Now e'en *that* footstep of lost liberty
Is gone, and now, like slave-born Muscovite,
I call it praise to suffer tyranny;
And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make myself believe that all is well;
While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell!"—

The reader will perceive that, notwithstanding its laboured coldness, this is full of ideas, and is in parts expressed with a certain skilful simplicity. What follows has the same faults and good qualities, and nearly in the same relative proportion. It cannot be read, however, without considerable interest:—

"It is most true that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light, and that this heavenly part
Ought to be king; from which rules who do swerve
(Rebels to nature) strive for their own smart.
It is most true what we call Cupid's dart
An image is which for ourselves we carve,
And (fools!) adore, in temple of our heart,
Till that good God make church and church-men starve.
True that true beauty virtue is, indeed,
Whereof this beauty can but be a shade
Which elements with mortal mixture breed:
True that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should, in soul, up to our country move.
True!—And yet true that I *must* Stella love!"—

We now willingly, and indeed delightedly turn to examples of a different character from the above: for nothing is less grateful to us than to point out the failures of high intellects, and nothing more so than to assist in disseminating the knowledge and the love of their beauties. If Sidney had written nothing but the following exquisite sonnet, he would still deserve to rank among the poets of his country; for none but a really poetical spirit could have conceived it, and none but a poetical hand, practically speaking, could have executed it: and it is these two joint powers which confer the name of a poet. A man may have all the mental qualities of a poet, as it regards *himself*, without being one. To be a poet, he must be

such for others, as well as for himself. We are disposed to suspect, that some critics would call the conception of the following sonnet forced and unnatural; but to us it is nothing less. In fact, it is the invariable tendency of intellects of a certain class and character, to transfer, by a strong effort of the imagination, the colour of their own thoughts and sentiments to the external objects of nature, and thus escape from that which oppresses and disturbs them, by sharing it with other things. This is what the poet is doing in the instance we are about to adduce; and nothing of the kind was ever done with more truth of feeling, and in more appropriate terms.—How exquisite are the two first lines!

"With how sad steps, O moon! thou climb'st the skies!
How silently—and with how wan a face!
—What! may it be—that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks;—thy languish'd grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then e'en of fellowship, O moon! tell me—
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?"—

This is some what in the manner of Shakspeare, both in the conception and expression.—The following song is delightfully simple; though a certain class of critics, who require a man to be a sage and a lover at the same time, will perhaps think that it is somewhat "silly sooth," and dallies with the innocence of the subject a little too childishly.

"Sleep, baby mine, Desire!—nurse Beauty singeth.
Thy cries, O baby! set mine heart an aching.
The babe cries—Way—thy love doth keep me waking!

Lully, lully, my babe—hope cradle bringeth,
Unto my children alway good rest taking:—
The babe cries—Way—thy love doth keep me waking!

Since, baby mine, from me thy watching springeth,
Sleep then a little—pap content is making.
The babe cries—Nay—for that abide I waking."

Nothing can be more natural than the following exposition of the effects of passion onthe human mind and its perceptions.

" In wonted walks since wonted fancies change,
Some cause there is which of strange cause doth rise;
For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range
Part of my pain, me-seems, engraved lies.
The rocks, which were of constant mind the mark,
In climbing steep—now hard refusal show;
The shading woods seem now my sun to dark;
And stately hills disdain to look so low;
The restful caves now restless visions give;
In dales I see each way a hard ascent;
Like late mown meads, late cut from joy I live;
Alas! sweet brooks do in my tears augment:—
Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks answer me:
Infected minds infect each thing they see."

The following is the romance of true passion; not a spurious imitation or affectation of it.

" Stella—think not that I by verse seek fame—
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Nor so ambitious am I as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree;
In truth I swear I wish not there should be
Graved in my epitaph a poet's name;
Nor, if I would, I could just title make,
That any laud to me thereof should grow,
Without my plumes from others' wings I take;
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write."

We must now take a final leave of Sir Philip Sidney, by expressing a respect for his character amounting to love, and an admiration of his talents amounting to reverence; and by advising all those who are not equally impressed with these feelings by our notices of him, to peruse and study his works themselves, and then think otherwise of him if they can.

ART. V.—*Chronica Juridicialia; or, an Abridgement and Continuation of Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales; containing a Calendar of the Years of our Lord God and the Kings of England, &c. from William the Conqueror to the year* 1739. *With Chronological Tables of the names of all the Lord Chancellors, Judges, Serjeants, &c. shewing the times of their several promotions, &c. opposite to the years in the said Calendar. Second edit.* 8vo. 1739.

There is, perhaps, no class of men who live more immediately within the observation of the public eye, than the judges of our courts of justice. The importance of the functions which they are appointed to perform, the private interests which are affected by their decisions, their high station in a liberal and much regarded profession, and the rank accorded to them in society, all contribute to render their character and conduct the object of personal attention. The display and pomp too which attend all their movements, as the great administrators of public justice, allure the eyes of the crowd. The entry of a judge into an assize town, escorted by the sheriff and his attendants, and surrounded by his javelin-men, as they are termed, is, to the provincial spectators, a very awful and imposing ceremonial. A variety of little arts have been invented to keep alive this feeling of veneration. Ermine and scarlet, and full-bottomed wigs on the judgment-seat, and shovel hats and scratches off it, distinguish the administrators of our laws, whose time of life in general prevents these usages from appearing ridiculous. They are addressed by a title peculiar to the nobility;* and nothing is omitted which can contribute to render them honoured and respected.

It would have been well if at every period of our history the judges had contented themselves with the professional distinctions thus freely bestowed upon them, but unfortunately this has not been the case. The eminent station assigned them necessarily brings them into occasional contact with the government and the court; and how dangerous this approximation is to the interests of the public, we learn from history. The biography of many of our judges is, on this account, by no

* It was only, however, during the last century that the puisne judges began to be addressed by the title of "your lordship." In the year-books they are constantly addressed by the title of "sir," "*sir, vous voyez bien*," &c. The late Serjeant Hill was, we believe, the last who persisted in the ancient fashion."

means confined to their judicial career, but often embraces the political history of the times in which they lived. Nor are their memoirs, by any means, devoid of other interesting matter. The subjects of them are generally men who mingled much in society, and whose names are consequently connected with those of the celebrated persons of their day. Occasionally, too, we meet amongst them with men whose singular characters and eccentric habits, render their biography highly entertaining. It is with the view of collecting the scattered anecdotes relative to the most remarkable of these personages, that we enter upon the present task; and, in the following pages, we propose to give some account of the more distinguished ornaments of the bench, during a very singular period of judicial history,—the reign of Charles II.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century a very considerable change had begun to take place in the character of the judges. In the political struggles which were even then generating, it was a difficult task for men of their influence and station to remain neuter. In earlier times the Crown had never thought it worth while to bespeak the services of the judges, in assisting it to assert the prerogative; the hand of power had, in general, been sufficiently strong without such aid. "It is very observable," says Clarendon, in speaking of the opinions delivered by the judges upon the matter of ship-money, "It is very observable, that in the wisdom of former times, when the prerogative went highest (as very often it hath been swoln above any pitch we have seen it at in our times) never any court of law —very seldom any judge or lawyer of reputation was called upon to assist in any act of power, the Crown well-knowing the object of keeping those the objects of reverence and veneration with the people, and that though it might sometimes make sallies upon them by the prerogative, yet, that the law would keep the people from any invasion of it, and that the king would never suffer whilst the law and the judges were looked upon by the subject, as the asylum for their liberties and security." (*Clar. Rebel.* I. 124.) Upon the accession of James I. however, these maxims were forgotten, and a system of intimidation and corruption was then commenced by the Crown which did not terminate until the Revolution. We have on a former occasion* enabled the reader to form some idea of the conduct observed by James I. towards his judges, and, it is almost unnecessary to advert to the infamous prostitution of the judicial character which distinguished the reign of his successor. With respect to the affair of ship-money, even Clarendon speaks of

* See Life and Character of Sir Edward Coke. *Retros. Rev.* viii. 105.

it in the warmest terms of reprobation. "And here the damage and mischief cannot be expressed, that the Crown and State sustained by the deserved reproach and infamy that attended the judges, by being made use of in this and the like acts of power." Upon the whole, however, the odious part acted by the judges in the reign of Charles I., was perhaps serviceable to the interests of freedom, by awakening the feelings of the people; and Finch's speech in the Exchequer chamber, is said to have rendered ship-money much more abhorred and formidable than all the commitments of the Council Table. But without canvassing the character of the Bench at this period, or during the Commonwealth, which we may possibly attempt upon some future occasion, we shall only observe, that the system which had its origin in the reign of James I., and attained so pernicious a maturity during that of his son, was revived in all its full vigour soon after the Restoration. In the times of the Plantagenets and the Tudors it was unnecessary to veil the encroachments of power under the semblance of justice; but now, when any act of oppression or iniquity was to be wrought, it was essential to clothe it with the judicial sanction. Accordingly we find that the utmost exertions were at this time made by the Crown, and in general with the greatest success, to render the judges subservient to the royal wishes. The consequence of this was, that men of loose principles, and abandoned manners, were selected to fill the judgment-seat; and the records of our courts of justice are disgraced with such names as Jefferies, Scroggs, Wright, and Saunders, (though in legal attainments the latter was eminently fitted for his station.) Of the personal character of Saunders, and, indeed, of some other of the judges of this time, an account has been given in our former volumes,* which we shall not repeat upon this occasion, only observing that it will be necessary to recur to the portrait of Saunders, as painted by Roger North, in order to complete the series of sketches which we now intend to present to the reader.

In discussing the character of our English judges, an examination into the nature of the *tenure* by which they held their offices (a subject very ably illustrated by Mr. Serjeant Heywood in the Appendix to his *Vindication of Fox's Historical Work*,) will be found to throw great light upon our judicial biography. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the commissions of the Chief Justices of the King's Bench were in general without any specification of the tenure, and they were removeable at the pleasure of the king. The puisne Judges, both of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, held *quam diu*

* *Retros. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 252; vol. viii. p. 17.

nobis placuerit; but the judges of the Exchequer were appointed *quam diu se bene gesserint*. James I. was advised by Bacon to exercise this power in the case of Sir Edward Coke, (see *Bacon's Works*, vi. 125); and in the succeeding reign, Sir Randolph Crewe (who had resisted the system of illegal loans and benevolences) and Sir Robert Heath were unceremoniously displaced. In the year 1640, the House of Lords petitioned that the patents of all the judges should be made *quam diu se bene gesserint*, and not as formerly, *durante bene placito*; "unto which request his majesty was graciously pleased to condescend." Cromwell appears to have paid but little regard to this regulation, and removed a baron of the Exchequer, and one of the judges of the Upper Bench. For some time after the Restoration, the patents of the judges pursued the form adopted by Charles I., and ran *quam diu*, &c.; but the inconvenience of not holding those offices altogether dependant upon the Crown was soon felt, and the old form of the patents, *durante bene placito*, was restored. The time when this alteration first took place is not clearly ascertained; but it was probably before *Dighton's* case, which was tried in the King's Bench, in Trinity Term, 1670; on which occasion, the offices of judicature in Westminster Hall were said by the court to be held *durante bene placito*. The patent of Sir Richard Rainsford, who was made one of the judges of the King's Bench, in the year 1678, was *durante bene placito*.—(*Siderfin's Rep.* p. 408.)

The appointment of the judges at this period, as at present, was virtually in the power of the Lord Chancellor; but this right of patronage was disputed by Jefferies, when chief justice, with North, then Lord Keeper. The chief justice was supported by a strong party at court, who were adverse to the Lord Keeper, and anxiously resorted to every device in order to lessen his influence. Upon one occasion they succeeded in procuring the appointment of Sir Robert Wright to a puisne seat on the bench, against the opinion of North, and certainly to the public scandal of the government. This incident is a striking proof of the extent to which the system of corruption was carried at the court of Charles II., and of the influence which Jefferies possessed with the king. Sir Robert Wright was "a comely person, airy and flourishing, both in his habits and way of living;" but at the same time so wretched a lawyer, that he was absolutely unable to give an opinion; and when a case was laid before him, he usually applied for assistance to his friend, North, who furnished him with an opinion, which Wright copied and signed. Having dissipated his estate in debauchery, and finding himself on the brink of ruin, he ap-

plied to Jefferies to rescue him from his difficulties, by getting him made a judge. Upon a vacancy occurring, the king consulted the Lord Keeper respecting a proper person to fill it, adding, "My lord, what think you of Serjeant Wright? why may not he be the man?" North answered, that he knew him but too well, and was satisfied that he was the most unfit person in England to be made a judge. "Then," said the king, "it must not be;" and the matter was for a time suspended. We shall relate the sequel in the words of Roger North.

"Wright still by his friend Jefferies pushed his point, and in the interim worked all he could by most importunate applications and bitter tears, (but for no other reason than that if he failed now he was utterly ruined), to gain his lordship to yield that he might be a judge: but to no purpose; his lordship was inflexible: and though he wished the poor man well, upon account of old acquaintance, he would not gratify him at the cost of his own breach of duty, or rather, in that respect, perjury. The king took his time more than once to speak to my lord-keeper, saying, as before, *Why may not Wright be a judge?* and at last, *Is it impossible, my lord?* His lordship seeing the king's pangs, for it was plain that this man, by the secret court claim, was determined to be preferred; for he was a creature of Jefferies, and a tool that would do any thing; and they wanted only the formality of my lord-keeper's concurrence, (to whom the king positively would have a due respect paid), took the freedom to say, that the making a judge was his majesty's pleasure, and not his choice; that he was bound to put the seal as he commanded, whatever the person was, for of that his majesty was to judge, and finally determine. He could but do his duty by informing of his majesty of what he knew to be true; and particularly of this man whom he personally knew to be a dunce, and no lawyer; not worth a groat, having spent his estate by debauched living; of no truth nor honesty, but guilty of wilful perjury to gain the borrowing a sum of money: and then he opened more at large the matter of the affidavit.—"And now," said the lord-keeper, "I have done my duty to your majesty, and am ready to obey your majesty's commands, in case it be your pleasure that this man shall be a judge."—"My lord keeper," said the king, "I thank you," and went away; and soon after the warrant came and he was instated."—(Vol. ii. p. 174.)

It is not surprising that a man so peculiarly fitted to become the instrument of unconstitutional measures as Wright was, should find favour in the eyes of James II. He was accordingly in that reign appointed chief justice; but his conduct was such, as even to extort from his former patron, Jefferies, at that time chancellor, the appellation of *beast*.

Amongst the many profligate men whose baseness was the means of elevating them to the bench, during this reign, Sir William Scroggs may, perhaps, be selected as an honest spe-

cimen of the class to which he belonged. His birth was mean, being the son of a butcher; but by his own exertions he acquired considerable practice at the bar, and was made a sergeant. His professions of loyalty found favour at court, and he was accordingly appointed chief justice of the King's Bench at the time when North presided over the Common Pleas. Upon the first opening of the Popish plot, he appears to have been deceived into an idea that, by favouring the discoverers of it, he was rendering an acceptable service to the king, and he accordingly interested himself, in a violent and scandalous manner, to procure convictions of persons accused of being participators in the plot; but having received some intimation that the course which he was pursuing was not so agreeable to the king as he had imagined, "he turned as fierce against Oates and his plot, as before he had ranted for it; and thereby gave so great offence to their evidenceships, the plot witnesses, that Oates and Bedloe accused him to the king, and preferred formal articles of divers extravagancies and immoralities against him." Some of the charges brought forward upon this occasion are amusing enough, and, when the character of Scroggs is considered, appear by no means improbable. The sixth article runs as follows—(*Howell's St. Tr.* viii. 170.)

"That the lord chief justice is very much addicted to swearing and cursing* in his common discourse, and to drink to excess, to the great disparagement of the dignity and gravity of his said place. He did in his common discourse at dinner, at a gentleman's house of quality, publicly and openly use and utter many oaths and curses, and there drank to excess."

The accusations thus preferred were heard before the king in council, when Scroggs attacked his adversaries with much severity and wit; but, on the failure of sufficient proof, the proceeding was abandoned. Such, however, had been the outrageous conduct of the chief justice upon many occasions, in the King's Bench, that articles of impeachment were prepared against him by the House of Commons, and a charge, very similar to that advanced by Oates and Bedloe, was again made against him.—(*St. Tr.* viii. 200.)

* The only recorded instance, which at present occurs to us, of a judge venturing to use an oath upon the bench, is to be found in the Year-Book 2 Henry 5. 5. cited in 11 Rep. 53 b. "A dyer was bound that he should not use the dyers' craft for two years, and there Hull held that the bond was against the common law, and, *by God*, if the plaintiff was here, he should go to prison till he paid a fine to the king."

XUM

"Whereas the said Sir William Scroggs being advanced to be chief justice of the court of King's Bench, ought, by a sober, grave, and virtuous conversation, to have given a good example to the king's liege people, and to demean himself answerable to the dignity of so eminent a station; yet he, the said Sir William Scroggs, on the contrary, by his frequent and notorious excesses and debaucheries, and his profane and atheistical discourses, doth daily affront Almighty God, dishonour his majesty, give countenance and encouragement to all manner of vice and wickedness, and bring the highest scandal on the public justice of this kingdom."

This impeachment, some articles of which were probably well founded, fell to the ground on the dissolution of the Parliament, and Scroggs, escaping the punishment which was his due, died at his house in Essex-street of a polypus of the heart.

The immoralities of this man have been commemorated by Roger North, both in the *Examen*,* and in the Life of his brother the Lord Keeper. "His debaucheries," says he, in the latter work, "were egregious, and his life loose, which made the Lord Chief Justice Hales detest him. He was a great voluptuary, and companion of the high court rakes, as Ken, Guy, &c. whose merits, for ought I know, might prefer him." The character of Scroggs, given by Burnet, agrees in all essential particulars with that just cited from Roger North. "He was," says Burnet, "a man more valued for a good readiness in speaking well, than either for learning in his profession, or for any moral virtue.—His life had been indecently scandalous, and his fortunes were very low. He was raised by the Earl of Danby's favour, first to be a judge, and then to be chief justice; and it was a melancholy thing to see so bad, so ignorant, and so poor a man raised to that great post."

The successor of Scroggs in the office of chief justice was Sir Francis Pemberton, a man whose many bad qualities we feel inclined to overlook, when we remember, that he had still sufficient virtue to fall under the displeasure of the Court. "In his youth," says Burnet, "he mixed with such lewd company, that he quickly spent all that he had, and ran so deep in debt, that he was cast into a jail where he lay many years, but he followed his studies so close in the jail, that he became one of the ablest men of his profession." A similar account of his early life is given by Roger North. "This man's morals were very indifferent, for his beginnings were debauched, and his study and first practice in the jail. For having been one of the fiercest town rakes, and spent more than he had of his own, his

* Ante, vol. viii. p. 17.

case forced him upon that expedient for a lodging; and there he made so good use of his leisure, and busied himself with the cases of his fellow collegiates, whom he informed and advised so skilfully, that he was reputed the most notable fellow within those walls, and at length he came out a sharper at the law." *(Life of Lord Guilford.* ii. 123*).*

Having been released from jail, his learning soon procured him practice, and he was made a sergeant, and, in 1679, a puisne judge of the King's Bench. Although Pemberton was sufficiently unprincipled and profligate to meet the views of the Court, he yet appears to have been wanting in zeal for the prerogative, which was probably the cause of his being displaced the year after his appointment. The Court, however, finding it difficult to discover a man at once so learned, and so licentious, resolved again to employ him, and he was, therefore, shortly after his removal, raised to the chief seat in the King's Bench. Pemberton, according to Roger North, was a better practiser than a judge, and was too much inclined to exercise the prerogatives of a legislator. " He had," says that writer, " a towering opinion of his own sense and wisdom, and rather made than declared law." The Lord Keeper Guilford used to say of him, that, in making laws, he had outdone kings, lords, and commons. When the great case of the *Quo warranto* against the city of London was about to be tried, it was not thought proper to trust Pemberton with the conduct of so important an affair, and he was accordingly removed from the King's Bench to make room for Saunders, and was made chief justice of the Common Pleas.— " It was not," says Roger North, " thought any way reasonable, to trust that cause on which the peace of the Government so much depended, in a court where the chief never shewed so much regard to the law as to his own will, and notorious as he was for little honesty, boldness, cunning, and uncontrolable opinion of himself." While chief justice of the Common Pleas, it was his duty to preside at the trial of Lord Russell, and his conduct upon this occasion is thought to have given great displeasure to the Court. It is certain that in the same year he was deprived of his office, and removed from the Privy Council. No lawyer ever underwent such a variety of fortune as Pemberton. Raised from his jail practice to a puisne seat in the King's Bench, he had in the interval between his removal from that office, and his appointment to the chief justiceship, returned to his practice at the bar; and now on his second degradation, he again resumed his station as sergeant. " By that, as it seems the rule is, he lost his style of lordship, and became bare Mr. Sergeant again. His business lay chiefly in the Common Pleas, where his lordship (North) presided, and however some of his brethren were apt to insult him, his lordship was

always careful to repress such indecencies, and not only protected but used him with much humanity. For nothing is so sure a sign of a bad breed as insulting over the depressed."—*(Life of Lord Guilford.* ii, 125.)

Sir Thomas Jones, whose name was connected with the proceedings in Parliament against Scroggs, perhaps exhibits, in some respects, a favourable specimen of the judicial character at this period, though he was a partner in the scandalous conduct of North on Colledge's trial. "He was a very reverend and learned judge, a gentleman, and impartial, but being of Welsh extraction, was apt to warm, and when much offended, often shewed his heats in a rubor of his countenance, set off by his grey hairs, but appeared in no other disorder, for he refrained himself in due bounds and temper, and seldom or never broke the laws of his gravity."—*(Examen, p.* 563.)

In the year 1683, Jones was appointed chief justice of the King's Bench, an office which he held until 1686, when he was displaced by James II. In pursuing his insane project of introducing the Catholic Religion into this kingdom, James considered it essentially necessary that he should secure the co-operation of the judges, in order that he might by their opinions sanction his dispensing with the penal laws against recusants. Roger Coke, in his usual homely style, has given the following account of the king's attempt to corrupt Sir Thomas Jones:—"However herein the king stumbled at the threshold; for it is said he began with Sir Thomas Jones, who had merited so much in Mr. Cornish his trial, and in the West; yet Sir Thomas boggled at this, and told the king he could not do it; to which the king answered, he would have twelve judges of his opinion, and Sir Thomas replied, he might have twelve judges of his opinion, but would scarce find twelve lawyers. The truth of this I have only from fame, but I am sure the king's practice in reforming the judges, whereof all (except my Lord Chief Baron Atkins, and Justice Powel) were such a pack as never before sate in Westminster Hall, gave credit to it." *(Coke's Detection, &c.* ii. 434.)—Roger Coke's account of this transaction is confirmed by Sir John Reresby.

"This day, April 29, 1686, being the first of the term, a great change was made among the judges in Westminster Hall. There was a new chief justice of the Common Pleas, and another new judge of the same bench; there was a new chief baron; in fine, four new judges of the several Courts. This made a considerable noise, as the gentlemen now displaced were of great learning and loyalty, and whose only crime had been, they would not give their opinions as several of their brethren had done, that the king by his prerogative might dispense with the test required of Roman Catholics. The next day I was informed by Mr. Jones, son to the chief justice of that name lately turned

out, that his father, upon his dismission, observed to the king, that he was by no means sorry that he was laid aside, old and worn out as he was in his service; but concerned that his majesty should expect such a construction of the law from him as he could not honestly give; and that none but indigent, ignorant, or ambitious men would give their judgment as he expected; and that to this his majesty made answer, —it was necessary his judges should be all of one mind."

We must not omit the following portrait, by Roger North, of Weston, at this time one of the Barons of the Exchequer.

"He was a learned man, not only in the common law, wherein he had a refined and speculative skill, but in the civil and imperial law, as also in history, and humanity in general. But being insupportably tortured with the gout, became of so touchy a temper, and susceptible of anger and passion, that any affected or unreasonable opposition to his opinion would inflame him so as to make him appear as if he were mad; but when treated reasonably, no man was ever more a gentleman, obliging, condescensive, and communicative than he was. Therefore, while a practiser, he was observed always to succeed better in arguing solemnly, than in managing of evidence; for the adversary knew how to touch his passions, and make them disorder him, and then take advantage of it. But at the bottom he was as just as the driven snow; and being a judge, for which office he was fit, because he had neither fear, favour, nor affection; besides his judgment, he would often in his charges shine with his learning and wit. He was one of a clear conduct, by principle honest and just, and, as we find in the best of that character, so he was intrepid, and feared not the face of all human kind. He made no ceremony of flying in the face of faction, at all turns; and being one of those they call prerogative men, inaccessible and unalterable, he was hated bitterly by the party."

Amongst the most eminent of that very small body of men, the anti-court lawyers of the reign of Charles II., was Sir William Jones, who for some time filled the office of attorney-general. Having finished his studies at Gray's Inn, his learning and great acquirements soon brought him into practice in the King's Bench, and were ultimately the means of raising him, notwithstanding his popular principles, to the high post of attorney-general. Ambition appears to have been Jones's foible in the earlier part of his legal career, and probably induced him to accept an employment which could not be altogether consonant to his principles. When Sir Heneage Finch, the solicitor general, was appointed attorney, on the death of Sir Geoffrey Palmer, a contest for the vacant office ensued between Jones and Sir Francis North, the latter of whom ultimately prevailed; but Jones, by the influence of the Duke of Buckingham, was knighted and made king's counsel. Having been appointed attorney-general before the discovery of the Popish

plot, he took a very conspicuous part in the prosecution of the supposed offenders, particularly in the case of the unfortunate Lord Stafford. "If I may have leave to guess," says Roger North, "the greatest load of all that sate upon and oppressed his spirits, was his undue fervor in prosecuting him to death for high treason upon the foot of Oates's plot." (*Life of Lord Guilford*, i. 96.) With all the charity of a political opponent, North supposes Sir William Jones to have been "at the bottom of the whole stratagem" of the Popish plot, but he was certainly too honest a man to lend himself, knowingly, to so enormous a villainy. Like the other anti-court politicians of that day, he appears to have been infected with the panic which Oates spread over the whole nation. On the first opening of the plot, his apprehensions were so great, that he despatched an express from Hampstead, where he was then residing, to his town house, to have all the billets of wood removed out of his cellar into his back yard, lest the Papists should throw fire-balls into his cellar and set his house on fire. Growing weary of his official duties, Jones resigned the place of attorney; and, although (according to Burnet, who was acquainted with him,) he was offered the seals he refused them. In promoting the bill of exclusion against the Duke of York, Sir William Jones exerted himself most strenuously; and it is probably, in allusion to his conduct upon this occasion, that he is described by Dryden in *Absalom and Achitophel*, as

> "Bull-faced Jonas, who could statutes draw
> To mean rebellion, and make treason law."

Sir William Temple, referring to the same subject, adds, "And this person having the name of the greatest lawyer in England, and commonly, of a very wise man; besides this, of a very rich, and of a wary or rather timorous nature, made people generally conclude, that the thing was certain and safe, and would at last be agreed on all parts, whatever countenance were made at court." When Sir William Temple was employed to carry the king's message against the Exclusion bill, to the House of Commons, Jones observed to him, "that for himself, he was old and infirm, and expected to die soon."—"But you," said he, "will, in all probability, live to see the whole kingdom lament the consequences of this message you have brought from the king."

Roger North, in his character of Sir William Jones, has displayed more impartiality than is usually to be found in his sketches of his great contemporaries.

"He was a person of a very clear understanding, and, if possible, clearer expression; wherein he was assisted by an extraordinary opinion he had of both, as also of his own general worth, for that was

his foible. He was extremely proud and impatient of competition, and much more of his being left behind, as it was his chance to be, in the course of his preferment, whereby he missed of his desired post. And that partly occasioned a sort of restlessness, which made him commit several gross errors in the main chances of his life. His felicity was never to be disturbed in speaking, nor by any audience or emergence put by the forecast and connection of his thoughts: but, dilated with a constancy, steadiness, and deliberation admirable in his way, so that in speaking as counsel, one might mistake him for the judge. He affected somewhat of the rustic phrase of his own country, which was Gloucestershire, as to instance in a word, *althoff*, instead of although as we pronounce it, which was no disadvantage but rather set him off. * * * He affected also general learning, as history and theology; and as great men usually have their vanities, his was to profess of that sort more than belonged to him, and accordingly he chose his company, who were for the most part divines, such as were most eminent in his time, as Tillotson, &c. I dare say they profited more in his company than he in theirs. I have touched his felicity; his infelicity was a *penchant* toward the anti-court, or, rather, republican party, and consequently must be a favourer of non-conformity, for opposites to government of all kinds seem to make but one party."

In the annals of the English bench no one has filled a more prominent station than Sir George Jefferies, whose very name has passed into a bye-word, significative of every quality which can disgrace the judicial character. In a former volume* we presented to our readers the able and vivid portrait of this odious man, which Roger North has drawn; and we shall, therefore, on the present occasion, confine ourselves to some anecdotes of him collected from other sources. Jefferies was descended from a Welsh family of some consideration; his grand-father having been one of the judges of North Wales. He was educated at Westminster school, from whence, without having received the benefit of a residence at either of the Universities, he removed to the Temple, and applied himself assiduously to the study of the law; "though in an obscure and mean apartment, his allowance being only forty pounds a year, and that from an old grand-mother, while his father, upon pretence of the numerousness of his family, but more indeed out of a near and covetous nature, scarce contributed ten pounds a-year more towards his cloathing; a very scanty income put together for the support and carrying of a young gentleman through so genteel and expensive a study."† The scantiness of his fortune

* *Retros. Rev.* v. ii. p. 251.

† "The Exhibition" allowed Francis North, afterwards Lord Keeper Guilford, by his father, was 60*l.* per annum. In addition to this, he had twenty pounds a-year from his grand-father, and picked some pence by court-keeping. (*Life of Lord Guilford,* i. 49.) In Sir

at this time was, we are told, supplied by Jefferies's own ingenuity, "which ever suggested some shifts or other to him," until he began to support himself by his practice.

It has been asserted, that Jefferies was never regularly called to the bar, but that "having by some means or other, got a bar gown on his back, "he began to practice with considerable success. He even braved the plague for the sake of briefs; and in the year 1666 came into notice at the Kingston assizes, at which, on account of the pestilence, very few counsel had the boldness to make their appearance.

Having given some manifestations of qualities highly favourable to the views of the court, Jefferies was selected as a person worthy of promotion; and he was accordingly appointed a Welsh judge, and knighted. His next elevation was to the chief justiceship of Chester, in the year 1680, and in the same year he was made sergeant and a baronet. The office of recorder was also conferred upon him by the city of London, in return for which favour he is said to have been one of the chief advisers of the crown, in the case of the *Quo warrantos* against the corporation of that city; and on the death of Sir Edmund Saunders, who had been raised to the bench expressly with a view to the settlement of that question, Jefferies was, in September 1683, sworn lord chief justice of the King's Bench. The temper and qualities of Jefferies now began to develope themselves more fully, and the subserviency which had marked his former conduct was changed into haughtiness and insolence. When at the bar, a certain decency of carriage was necessarily observed by him, but now that, raised to the bench, there was no superior to check the ebullitions of his insolent passion, he indulged in the most disgraceful language; "so much Billingsgate towards the prisoners at the bar," observes a legal biographer, "cannot be paralleled in history." Roger North has left us a few specimens of *the licks which he used to give with the rough side of his tongue*, and to these we shall add a few more by way of illustrating the manners of the bench at this period. The trial of Sir S. Barnadiston (ix. *State Trials*, 1353.) affords a good instance, both of the style of language used by Sir George Jefferies, and of the court principles which he professed. In adverting to the trial of Russell and Sidney, "names," to use the words of Mr. Fox, "ever dear to every English heart;" the chief justice expressed himself with an inhuman and disgusting irony which nothing can surpass.

John Fortescue's time, "no student could be maintained for less expenses by the year than twenty marks." (*Fortescue De Laudibus, &c.* c 49)

"Then here is as I said, the sainting of two horrid conspirators; here is the Lord Russell sainted, that blessed martyr, my Lord Russell, that good man, that excellent protestant, he is lamented! and what an extraordinary man he was, who was fairly tried and justly convicted and attainted for having a hand in this horrid conspiracy against the life of the king, and his dearest brother his Royal Highness, and for the subversion of the government. And here is Mr. Sidney sainted! What an extraordinary man he was! Yes, surely, he was a very good man, because you may some of you remember, or have read the history of those times, and know what share Mr. Sidney had in that black and horrid villainy, that cursed treason and murder, the murder, I mean, of King Charles I., of blessed memory, a shame to religion itself, a perpetual reproach to the island we live in, to think, that a prince should be brought, by pretended methods of law and justice, to such an end at his own palace. And it is a shame to think that such bloody miscreants should be sainted and lamented, who had any hand in that horrid murder and treason; and who, to their dying moments, when they were on the brink of eternity, and just stepping into another world, could confidently bless God for their being engaged in that good cause, (as they call it), which was the rebellion which brought that blessed martyr to his death. It is high time for all mankind, that have any Christianity, or sense of heaven or hell, to bestir themselves to rid the nation of such caterpillars, such monsters of villainy as these are."

When the counsel for Baxter (who had been imprisoned for his *Paraphrase on the New Testament*) moved for further time to prepare for trial, the chief justice told him, that "he would not give him a minute more to save his life;" adding, "that they had to do with other sorts of persons, but now they had a saint to deal with, and he knew how to deal with saints as well as sinners. Yonder (he continued) stands Oates in the pillory, (as he actually did, in New Palace Yard) and says he suffers for the truth; and so says Baxter; but if Baxter did but stand on the other side of the pillory with him, I would say, two of the greatest rogues and rascals stood there." Baxter was tried soon afterwards; but Jefferies brow-beat his counsel and witnesses to such an excess, that they were almost terrified from their duty. The taunting and ironical style adopted by him, in speaking of Russell and Sidney, was employed again with great effect on the trial of Baxter, whom the chief justice hated as a dissenter. On the prisoner attempting to address the court, Jefferies exclaimed,

"Richard, Richard! dost thou think we will hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one is as full of sedition (I might say treason), as an egg is full of meat; hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one

foot in the grave; it is time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give; but leave thee to thyself and I see thou wilt go on as thou hast begun; but, by the grace of God, I'll look after thee. —I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty Don; and a doctor of the party (looking to Dr. Bates) at your elbow, but by the grace of Almighty God I will crush you all." (xi. *State Trials*, 500.)

The man upon whom this scurrilous attack was made was a learned and pious person, to whom the bishopric of Hereford had been offered by Clarendon, but refused on account of conscientious scruples. "He was a man," says Mr. Fox in his historical work, "of exemplary character, always remarkable for his attachment to monarchy, and for leaning to moderate measures in the differences between the church and those of his persuasion." We may imagine, when a person of this character was thus scandalously treated by Jefferies, what his conduct was when prisoners of less consideration stood before him. The real offence which Baxter had committed in the eyes of his judge, was his venturing to dissent from the church of England. A presbyterian was this judge's especial abhorrence. Thus, on the trial of the Lady Alice Lisle, when the prisoner, speaking of Mr. Hicks, said, that she did not in the least suspect him to be in the army, being a presbyterian minister, that used to preach and not to fight, the chief justice uttered a furious anathema against such schismatics.

"But I will tell you, there is not one of those lying, snivelling, canting presbyterian rascals, but one way or other had a hand in the late horrid conspiracy and rebellion; upon my conscience, I believe it; and would have been as deep in the actual rebellion, had it had any little success, as that other fellow Hicks; their principles carry them to it; presbytery has all other of villainy in it; nothing but presbytery could lead that fellow Dunne to tell so many lies as he has here told; for shew me a presbyterian, and I will engage to shew a lying knave." (xi. *St. Tr.* 359.)

The manner in which Jefferies was accustomed to comport himself towards the counsel of the prisoners who were tried before him, may be seen by a reference to Baxter's trial. It is to be observed, that the only report of this trial was taken by the friends of the accused; but, on the face of it, there is every mark of authenticity.

"Mr. Wallop (Baxter's counsel) said, that 'he conceived the matter depending, being a point of doctrine, it ought to be referred to the bishop his ordinary; but if not, he humbly conceived that the doctrine was innocent and justifiable, setting aside the

inuendoes, for which there was no colour, there being no antecedent to refer them to (that is, no bishop or clergy of the church of England named) * * * * 'My lord,' says he, 'I humbly conceive, the bishops Mr. Baxter speaks of, as your lordship, if you have read church history, must confess, were the plagues of the church and the world.'—'Mr. Wallop, (says the lord chief justice) I observe you are in all these dirty causes; and were it not for you gentlemen of the long robe, who should have more wit and honesty than to support and uphold these factious rogues by the chin, we should not be at the pass we are at.'—'My lord, (says Mr. Wallop) I humbly conceive that the passages accused are natural deductions from the text.'—'You humbly conceive! (says Jefferies) and I humbly conceive! Swear him, swear him!'—'My lord, (saith he) under favour, I am counsel for the defendant; and, if I understand either Latin or English, the information now brought against Mr. Baxter upon so slight a ground, is a greater reflection upon the church of England than any thing contained in the book he is accused for.' Says Jefferies to him, 'sometimes you humbly conceive, and sometimes you are very positive; you talk of your skill in church history, and of your understanding Latin and English; I think I understand something of them as well as you; but, in short, I must tell you, that if you do not understand your duty better, I shall teach it you;' upon which Mr. Wallop sat down." (xi. *St. Tr.* 498.)

The iniquities committed by Jefferies in the West, after Monmouth's rebellion, must be too deeply imprinted upon the indignant memory of every one, to require any details of them in this place. In reading the dark pages of our history, which disclose these transactions, it is difficult to determine whether Jefferies or his employer is most justly entitled to our execration. It appears that James was accustomed to call this bloody progress of the chief justice, "Jefferies's campaign." "My lord chief justice," he observes, in one of his letters, "has almost done his campaign—he has already condemned several hundreds, some of which are already executed, more are to be, and the rest sent to the Plantations." It has been properly remarked, by the late learned editor of the *State Trials*, that his majesty's brutality, in calling Jefferies's circuit a campaign, is somewhat extenuated by the fact, that the chief justice actually had, upon that occasion, a military commission—(see *Ralph*, 888.) And, in confirmation of that circumstance, we have likewise the authority of Roger North. "After he (Monmouth) was beaten at Sedgmore, the lord chief justice Jefferies performed his memorable expedition in the West, armed not only with a commission of Oyer and Terminer, but also an authority to command the forces in chief, as General of the West, for so he was styled."—(*Life of Lord Guildford*, v. ii. p. 200.)

We have not space to follow Jefferies through the whole of his iniquitous course, but we must not omit to mention the

opinion entertained by him of his brother judges. We are told, in the *Diary* of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, that in a confidential conversation which he held with Jefferies, then chancellor, on the affair of the bishops, Jefferies asserted that most of the judges were rogues. Soon afterwards, upon another occasion, he expressed himself in similar terms, at the same time calling chief justice Wright *a beast*.—(See *Diary*, p. 52.)

We shall only add the concluding scene of Jefferies's life, as given by the writer of the *Lives of the Chancellors*.

"The Lord Jefferies' fate, as well as that of his master, King James, came on apace: for the Prince of Orange being landed, advanced towards London without opposition, and the king having taken the seal from the chancellor, left him in the lurch, and withdrew privately on the 10th of December, in the dead of the night, down the Thames, in order to go for France. The great seal was afterwards found by a fisherman, in the Thames; and the chancellor now without protection, having rendered himself obnoxious to most people, and being perfectly hated by the nation, on Monday, between three and four in the morning, withdrew; and having, in disguise, got down safe to Wapping, put himself on board a collier, which was pretended to be bound for Newcastle, but indeed was designed for Hamburgh; but some persons having notice thereof by the means of the mate, they went to a justice for a warrant to apprehend him; but he thought fit to put them off, whereupon they applied themselves forthwith to the lords of the council, who granted them a warrant, and they went immediately to search the ship; but on Tuesday night, not thinking himself safe on board the collier, in which he was to pass, he lay in another ship hard by, so that those who came that day to search for him, missed of him on board, but had information given them that he was hard by, at a little peddling ale-house, where accordingly they found him, being the sign of the *Red Cow*, in Anchor and Hope Alley, near the King Edward Stairs; from whence they immediately hurried him in a coach, guarded with several blunderbusses, to the Lord Mayor's, where the crowd was so great, and the rabble so numerous, all crying out togegether, *Vengeance! Justice! Justice!* that the Lord Mayor was forced to come out into his balcony, and, with his hat in his hand, desired the people to go away and keep the peace, and did promise them that he had already sent to the lords of the council about the matter, and that they should have justice done them; and that, in the meantime, their prisoner should be safely guarded; whereupon the people withdrew: and soon after, my lord, under a strong guard, was sent to the lords of the council, who committed him to the Tower, where he continued to the 18th April, 1689, when he was freed by death from his earthly confinement. He had, for some years before, been subject to terrible fits of the stone, which in all probability now accelerated his death; though others gave out that he abandoned himself to excessive drinking, thinking to support his sinking spirits by it, and that that helped forward to put a period to his life. He was buried privately in the Tower, the Saturday-night following, by an order his relations got from King William."—(*Lives of the Chancellors*, i. 185.)

On reviewing the characters of the persons who, between the restoration and the revolution, filled the highest judicial situations in this country, it is impossible not to be struck with the want of public principle, and too frequently of private virtue, which the majority of them exhibit. At every period of our history, the Bench has displayed a decided inclination to support the prerogative; an inclination which has been in general manifested with modesty and discretion; but in the reign of Charles II. and his successor, the judges did not hesitate openly to throw themselves into the arms of the Court. It was not a bias in favour of the Crown which they exhibited; they became the eager and shameless advocates of its most unconstitutional pretensions. Immediately upon the return of Charles, the bench was indeed, as we have already remarked, filled with men of some moderation and honesty. The picture given by Clarendon may perhaps be considered somewhat overcharged: —"All the courts of Westminster Hall were presently filled with grave and learned judges, who had either deserted their profession or practice during the rebellious times, or had given full evidence of their affection to the king and the established laws in many weighty instances: and they were then quickly sent in their several circuits, to administer justice to the people, according to the old forms of law, which was universally received and submitted to with all possible joy and satisfaction. * * * Denied it cannot be, that there appeared sooner than was thought possible, a general settlement of the civil justice of this kingdom; that no man complained without remedy, and every man dwelt again under the shadow of his own vine, without any complaint of injustice and oppression."—*(Clarendon's Life*, v. ii. p. 42*)*.

Clarendon was well aware, that the attempt to establish the high prerogatives of the throne upon the ruins of the judgment-seat, must necessarily be unsuccessful; and he therefore employed his influence to preserve some degree of purity in the administration of the laws. His disgrace, however, removed the only restraint upon the corrupt measures of the Court, and Westminster Hall soon exhibited the spectacle of a bench of judges holding *durante bene placito*, and for the most part scrupulously attentive to the nature of their tenure. The consequence of this system has been so well described by Mr. Booth, afterwards Lord Delamere, that we shall venture to repeat the passage:—"Our judges have been very corrupt and lordly, taking bribes, and threatening juries and evidence, perverting the law to the highest degree, turning it upside down, that arbitrary power may come in upon their shoulders. The cry of their unjust dealings is great, for every man has felt their hand." The creed of the crown lawyers of this day is to be found in the

writings of Roger North:—" I must needs say, that the prerogative of the Crown is a doctrine so constantly recommended in the law books, that a man cannot be an honest, learned lawyer, but he must be, in the popular sense, a prerogative man, and, in every sense, a hater of what they call a republic."—Acting under the influence of these principles, it is not surprising that the judges should have " turned the law upside down, that arbitrary power might come in upon their shoulders." The state of England, at this period, is so well described in the following paragraph, that with it we shall conclude the present article.

" No man who wished well either to the church, or the laws of England, was safe from the informations of mercenary wretches: fictitious conspiracies were every day hatched, and judges and juries were so corrupted, that the one gave their opinions, and the other their verdicts according to the directions they received from Court. No man was safe in his innocence, nor secure in his property; and trials and proceedings, which should have been exactly consonant to law and reason, to justice and mercy, were become only a mere solemn and ceremonious method of completing our ruin. It hath been thought an offence against the very law of nations, to poison a fountain of which even an enemy was to drink: how great a crime then must it be, and how near a kin to sacrilege, to corrupt the laws which are the very fountains and springs of political life, and to make them the instruments of oppression and wrong, which should be our greatest security and relief."—*(A Charge given at the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the County of Surrey, by the Hon. Hugh Hare.* 1692.)

ART. VI.—*The Capacity and Extent of the Human Understanding; exemplified in the extraordinary Case of Automathes, a young Nobleman, who was accidentally left in his Infancy upon a desolate Island, and continued Nineteen Years in that solitary State, separate from all Human Society. A Narrative abounding with many surprising Occurrences, both useful and entertaining to the Reader. London:* 1745.

" During my abode in my native county of Cumberland, in quality of an indigent curate, I used, now and then in summer, when the pleasantness of the season invited, to take a solitary walk to the seashore, which lies about two miles from the town where I lived. Here I would amuse myself, one while in viewing, at large, the agreeable prospect, which surrounded me; and another while (confining my sight to nearer objects) in admiring the vast variety of beautiful shells, thrown upon the beach, some of the choicest of which I always picked up, to divert my little ones upon my return. One time, among the

rest, taking such a journey in my head, I sat down upon the declivity of the beach, with my face towards the sea, which was now come up within a few yards of my feet; when immediately the sad thoughts of the wretched condition of my family, and the unsuccessfulness of all endeavours to amend it, came crowding into my mind; which drove me into a deep melancholy, and ever and anon forced tears from my eyes. I had not long continued in this pensive mood, ere I was diverted from it by the sight, as I imagined, of a small cylindrical trunk, about a foot long, rolling along with the tide, just below where I sat, with a key tied to the handle. I stepped into the water, to seize the supposed prize, which, upon opening, I found to contain nothing but a kind of written journal, rolled up, belonging (as I then conjectured) to some shipwrecked mariner; but, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken to keep it dry, a great part (of the beginning especially) seemed to be quite obliterated with the salt water; the leaves would not bear opening, without being torn to pieces: so that, though my curiosity was sufficiently raised to know what was contained in a manuscript, which had fallen after so strange a manner into my hands, yet, I was forced, for that time, to return it into its former receptacle, and wait till a fitter opportunity offered."

Such is the simple introduction to the history of Automathes. The manuscript thus discovered he contrives with some difficulty to decipher, and he learns from it, that it was written by a Benedictine monk, who, with others, was driven from the island of Japan, in 1614. This monk having been wrecked off the coast of America, is fortunate enough to gain the shore of a country which is designated as Soteria, where he meets with the singular subject of these memoirs, from whose relation he has written them down. This volume was written by John Kirkby, who acted as tutor to Gibbon for about eighteen months. This historian informs us, that "distress forced him to leave the country," and he adds, "his learning and virtue introduced him to my father, and at Putney he might have found at least temporary shelter, had not an act of indiscretion again driven him into the world. One day, reading prayers in the parish church, he most unluckily forgot the name of King George: his patron, a loyal subject, dismissed him with some reluctance, and a decent reward; and how the poor man ended his days I have never been able to learn. Mr. John Kirkby is author of two small volumes; *The Life of Automathes*, (London, 1745,) and an *English and Latin Grammar*, (London, 1746), which, as a testimony of gratitude, he dedicated (Nov. 5, 1745), to my father. The books are before me: from them the pupil may judge the preceptor; and upon the whole, his judgment will not be unfavourable. The *Grammar* is executed with accuracy and skill, and I know not whether any better existed at the time in our language; but the *Life of Automathes* aspires to the honours of a philosophical fiction." The object of the

book is, as intimated in the title-page, to shew the extent to which the human understanding can proceed in the acquisition of knowledge and the enlargement of ideas unassisted by human intelligence, and uncheered by human converse. Not, as the author says, that he attributes those acquirements to the effect of our own capacity alone, any more than if he had had the most complete education which the world can afford.

"I have given you a brief history of my life, and the manner of my attainment of knowledge from my infancy, till the time of my entrance into human society; which happened towards the end of my twenty-first year, after I had continued in the island about nineteen years and ten months; and it is now near eleven years since. Through all which, I would have it well observed, that I attribute those acquirements no more to the effect of my own capacity alone, than if I had the most complete education which the world could afford. For I have all the reason in the world to believe, that if I had been left entirely to myself, after my father's departure from me, I should have been little better than my dumb companions. From whence I cannot but conclude, 'That man, by nature, depends as much after his birth upon the care and instruction of others, to bring him to act agreeably to his rational character, as he before depended upon the action of others to give him his birth.' And, if so, I think it may easily be made appear, 'that all nations of men, how distantly soever placed from each other, do actually derive their education from a supernatural original, and that ever since their first appearance in the world.'"

This proposition he attempts to prove principally by shewing that it is quite beyond the ability of human nature in itself to make such advances in education by experience, and that it is to be deduced from the agreement in the education of all mankind. Amongst the examples of agreement there are two which will, probably, excite a smile in our reader: "How comes it else," asks the worthy author, "that no people have been discovered at any time, but what are trained to walk always in *an erect posture* only;" he might as well have asked, "How comes it then, that no people have been discovered at any time but what are without tails?" a fact in which, we verily believe, although the real and *bonâ fide* existence of this quadrupedal ornament has not wanted learned advocates. "Again," proceeds the speculative philosopher,

"What reason can be assigned for the universal concurrence of all mankind, in attempting to express their thoughts by no other means than that of speech, by articulate sounds of the voice, made by the motion of the lips and tongue? By what means could it happen, that the tongue, at least, should have any share at all in this; when the same thing may be demonstrated to be capable of being as fully performed, and more easily taught, by the bare tuning or modulating the voice; which is said to be experimented in China?"

The father of Automathes, a nobleman of Soteria, being banished from the kingdom by the contrivance of his enemies, embarks aboard a ship, with his wife and son, then just born—the ship is wrecked—all the crew, except the father and mother of Automathes, and himself, endeavour to save themselves in a boat, and perish; the hero's family stay with the wreck, and escape. They are carried to a desert island, where, in the course of seven months, the mother dies. After her death Automathes, having observed the manner in which the kid of a hind obtained nourishment from its mother, and the kid having luckily died when he wanted a nurse, takes the same course, and is fed by its milk. The father beginning to feel the extreme desolateness of his situation, strains his eyes over the sea in hope of discovering land, that he might again feel the pleasure of mixing in human society; he succeeds, and refits an old boat belonging to the wrecked ship; and whilst he is spreading his sails, intending to take his infant son with him, the wind rises, and he is wafted over the waves without the possibility of resistance [he must have been but an indifferent sailor]; leaving his son on the island. Automathes himself had no recollection of this early part of his life. Besides the milk of the hind, he became acquainted with the use of fruits, from observing the fowls of the air eat them, and with roots, from remarking that his dog, the only living thing which escaped with them from the wreck, subsisted upon them. The first occasion of reflection to the young islander, arises from a natural incident, related in a striking and forcible manner.

"The first time I remember myself to be brought to serious reflection, though, doubtless, I had reflected upon many things before, happened on this manner: one remarkably hot day, I had wandered something farther than common from my cottage; and, going to a lake to quench my thirst, I was surprised with the appearance of a creature, as I thought, in the lake, of a shape very different from any thing I ever yet had seen; which, when I stooped to the water, seemed to leap upwards at me, as if in a design to pull me down to it. Terrified at the supposed danger, I started backwards, and fled with all possible haste to a neighbouring wood for shelter, where I skulked for some time, before I durst look out again, to see whether or no I was pursued. At length, my thirst returning, and perceiving no farther appearance of harm, I took courage to visit another part of the lake, where I hoped to drink with less disturbance. But, no sooner did I stoop down to the water again, than I was scared back with a like spectacle, as before. And this second disappointment made the place become so dreadful to me, that I thought my greatest safety was, in being at the farthest remove from it.

"It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that I should all this

while be so afraid of nothing but my own shadow. But this, I suppose, was the first time I ever had beheld it in the water, or, at least, had taken notice of it; all the other fountains and rivulets I had hitherto seen, though sufficiently clear and transparent, having been either too shallow, or too rapid, to cast a reflection deep enough to fall under my observation. But, not long after, I grew better acquainted with such appearances.

" I cannot, though, forget the deep impression, which this affright left upon me; an impression so strong, that, for several weeks after, I durst hardly look out of my cottage, always imagining, that this terrible phantom was in search of me; and my sleep was, for some time afterwards, disturbed with fearful starts and dreams. But time wore this off, and the continual sight of no danger emboldened me to walk about, as usual: only the lake was a long while after frightful to me, whenever I came near it.

" This accident seemed, as it were, to rouse me out of my hitherto stupid condition into a sense of myself; which first broke forth in such inward expostulations as these: *What am I? How came I here?* Upon which I would every now-and-then run over in my mind all the transactions which occurred, of my past life, to the present time. And so intent was I on these contemplations, that I became heedless of every thing else; and, as I walked along, would often stumble and fall over whatever came in my way. But my mind was taken off from this thoughtfulness concerning herself, as her curiosity prevailed towards other things; which now began to drive me abroad more than usual, to take notice of every object falling in my way. And this, I conjecture, might happen about the ninth or tenth year of my age."

He afterwards sees the image of the dog, and again of himself, in the water; and comes to the conclusion that it is his shadow. This circumstance first surprised him into a notion of the existence of other creatures of his own species; for he had observed, that all the creatures in the island produced similar creatures: he concluded that the dog and himself, two solitary animals, had been produced in the same way. And, when he compared the structure of his cottage (which his father had built) with the regular apartments of the beavers, he guessed it must have been built by his predecessors. He begins to reason upon the sea; which he conceives to be a great lake, surrounded with hills: he examines the instruments in his cottage, different in shape and consistence from any thing in the island: he notices the fragment of a boat, and finally concludes, that he and his dog had by its means been conveyed to the island. Thence sprung a longing for the society of his own species, and he became melancholy.

" But I was effectually directed from these ungrateful thoughts, when I came to apply more closely to the study of nature, which every where presented me with fresh scenes of wonder; and the more I ob-

served, still the more was my curiosity increased. The first thing which drew my attention was, how the ground brought forth its fruits, by which all living creatures were nourished, and seemed to receive their whole essence. I observed the manner how the trees, the grass, and the flowers grew; each yielding its proper seed for new cloathing to their mother earth on their decay. The beautiful contexture, also, which appeared in each individual, gave me no small delight. And, in time, I learned how these successive renewals of nature exactly corresponded with the motions of the sun, at whose annual approach the woods and meadows put on a smiling green, and the flowers shot forth their heads; and at his removal to the more southern climates, all things seemed to fade and droop, as if they only lived in hopes of his return, which never failed at the fixed time. I marked the agreement between the moon and tide, and the revolutions of the lesser heavenly luminaries were the subject of my nocturnal contemplations. I also employed some time in considering the figure, situation, and beautiful variety of the colours in the rainbow. I discovered the necessity of rain and the solar heat, to ripen the fruits of the earth; and the use of morning and evening dews, to supply the absence of the former, was likewise known to me. I considered the admirable structure of the bodies of every species of animals within my observation; how appositely they were framed to serve their several purposes and ways of living, and what surprising art and foresight they shewed for the preservation of themselves and their young. In fine, I beheld the marks of wisdom wherever I cast my eyes. An universal harmony and alternate dependence appeared through all the parts of the creation; the most neglected things, when duly examined, being not without their manifest use. In short, I was every where surprised with an apparently wise design, where the least design of all was expected."

From nature he proceeded to nature's God; and he goes on somewhat too rapidly, except on the supposition of supernatural communication. He studies the economy of the beavers—is dazzled with the flash of lightning, and astounded with the roar of the thunder—he contemplates and meditates upon the luminaries which sparkle in the heavens, and becomes a natural astronomer. The occurrence which gave him the strongest emotion, was the death of his dog, occasioned by the fall of a tree which had been gnawed by the beavers. The effect of this accident is thus related.

"Affrighted at the accident, I ran, without any regard to my own safety, and catching him up in my arms carried him a little distance off, and laid him upon the grass. Here, examining what mischief he had received, I could perceive no visible breach in his body, save a little skin rubbed from one of his knees; but I guessed at the greatness of his hurt, by supposing the like to have befallen myself.

"After I had continued some time looking on, I grew impatient to see him rise again upon his feet, and fawn upon me as usual; for I had never yet seen the dead body of any animal, no, not to my remem-

brance, of the smallest insect; and his motionless condition made me at first conclude him to be only asleep. But after I found all endeavours in vain to bring him to himself, my confusion increased; and I began to suspect, that the body was not only bereft of sense and motion for the present, but was also rendered incapable of performing the functions of life ever after: for I considered, from my own experience, that every degree of violence impressed upon me was usually followed with a proportionable degree of pain, which was an utter enemy of sleep. I reasoned moreover with myself, that a greater force with the same instrument, or the same force with a different instrument, might have been capable to separate every member of the body from its fellow; or, at least, to have reduced it into a state as unlike what it was, and as incapable of recovering its former condition, as I had seen a flower, or blade of grass, after I had bruised it between my fingers. And in the end I became thoroughly convinced, that this must be the case of my companion, whom I was now to expect no more conversation with; but in a short time must behold his body mingled with the earth, like what I constantly saw happen to every thing which received its growth from thence. But when I came to apply these melancholy reflections to myself, it is not in my power to make you sensible of the uncommon emotions which arose within my breast: and when I suspected that my ceasing to live might be no other than a ceasing for ever to exist, which seemed to be the case of the dog now before me; this struck me with such a horror and amazement, that, for some time, I seemed as if driven into the very condition I so much dreaded.

"When I was partly recovered out of this consternation, the day drawing to an end, I left the carcase upon the grass, and retired to my cottage with a mind sufficiently disordered: and the dreadful apprehensions always running in my head of what was to befal me hereafter, would suffer me to take no rest the greatest part of that night."

He next examines, with more attention than he had ever before bestowed, the contents of his cottage, and is particularly engaged with an old chest. The contents display considerable variety; a mirror, a fan painted with human figures, mathematical instruments, and books; from the first, which he breaks, he learns what causes the reflexion; he cannot read the books, it is true, but one of them being a mathematical one, with figures, he is enabled, with their assistance, to learn the science. The most striking incident in the book, and the most naturally told, is the discovery of fire, which leads him to the discovery of conscience.

"One evening, as I was cutting down the reliques of an old rotten tree within my inclosure, whose situation did not please me, accidentally missing my aim I struck the hatchet against a stone, which occasioned sparks to fly forth in abundance. After I had removed this without my pales, in my return I beheld some of the chips lying close by the remaining stump to send up a vapour, something like what I had seen

arise in the morning from the dewy savannahs, but far more gross and dense, as well as more quick in its ascent; and, as I approached nigher, I perceived the flame, which immediately brought to mind the ignis fatuus and glow-worms heretofore: but when I came to handle this, as I had done the worms, the pain it gave made me draw in my fingers with a great deal more speed than I put them forth; and by-and-by the flame, catching hold of the stump of the tree, began to burn with some vehemence. I stood wondering how this strange thing came here, which I took at first to be a living animal from its creeping along the ground, and seeming to catch at and consume every thing in its way: and I was well nigh confirmed in this belief by the fall of some drops of rain, at every one of which, as at the receipt of so many blows, it appeared to recoil back, and send forth its complaints as if from a sense of the injury it received; but I changed this opinion when I beheld the sparks flying from it, and observed the sudden increase made from the smallest of these, wherever it met with proper materials; which brought to mind the sparks struck from the hatchet, from whence I immediately concluded all this to proceed.

" I spent some time in making experiments upon this wonderful phenomenon: I observed its emission of light and heat, like the sun and stars; from which resemblance of its effects I concluded the resemblance of their natures. I took notice also, how apt several sorts of matter were to be destroyed by it, while others it affected no otherwise than as it heated them for the present, or discoloured them with its smoke; but water it seemed always to abhor: and I pleased myself one while with supplying it with fuel, and anon quenching it again with water from the brook; till at last, by pouring on too much, I quite extinguished it.

" My thoughts were mostly that night employed upon this new discovery; and on the morrow I took the hatchet and sword to try farther experience upon the tree now lying without the south-west side of my inclosure; where, at the first trial with my instruments one against another, I got fire, which presently set the tree all in a blaze. I pleased myself awhile with the sight; but this was soon over, and my heart began to quake, when I beheld it out of my power to extinguish it; and, catching hold of a large coppice of trees which stretched along to the sea at north-west, it in a moment sent up such hugh pillars of fire and smoke, that it threatened to lay the whole island in ashes. And doubtless the mischief would have been vastly more, had not the wind at that time chanced to blow from the land, and by that means preserved my inclosure and cottage, which must otherwise have inevitably fallen with the first in this dreadful ruin.

" I was in the utmost consternation to see the devastation I had caused, my ears being quite stunned with the incessant roaring of the flames, and crackling of the large trees, mixed with the loud yells of the beasts and fowls, all endeavouring to escape as far as possible from a sight so terrible: and so great was the combustion, that it was fairly visible to my father in the other island. But when I came to think of the injuries this indiscreet piece of curiosity must bring upon my fellow-

creatures, and imagined I heard the cries of several helpless animals perishing in the flames; O heavens! with what horror was I seized! I ran round the flames in the most distracted manner, without the least regard to my own safety; still pouring forth the most bitter lamentations, till, at last, through very anguish of spirit I fell all along upon the ground, and could bear up no longer; my resentments being all the same, as if I had occasioned the destruction of so many of my own species.

" The fire continued burning that whole day, and the greatest part of the night following; during all which time I could not keep my eyes from it, continually shewing the utmost tokens of rage and despair, for having been the author of so much mischief. At length, when it had destroyed all before it to the shore, for near a mile distance, it began to abate for want of proper matter to supply it; and a great quantity of rain falling next morning quite extinguished it.

" But though the fire was extinguished, so was not my trouble. This accident raised a tumult in my bosom, as much beyond my own power to appease, as it was beyond my power to quench the flames which occasioned it: for it gave me the first sad experience of the severe lashes of a self-condemning conscience; a trouble to which all my other griefs were comparatively as nothing. I had hitherto experienced no afflictions but such only as proceeded from things without; things upon which the soul had no real, at least, no lasting dependence: so that whenever she obtained a better knowledge of her own state, it would not fail either to shew her the vanity of them at present, or, however, give her the comfortable hopes (if not the assurance) of their removal hereafter. But this was a wound given to the soul herself, and, consequently, a more perfect knowledge of herself was the way to add to her misery, by making her more sensible of the great evil of the loss of innocence; a loss which could never be retrieved by any ability in herself, and which must needs proportionally deprive her of the favour of God. And whenever I reflected upon the wretched havock which, by this fact, I had made in the workmanship of God's hand, and considered the intolerable injuries I had done to so many of my fellow-creatures, I could not but tremble to think how justly I had provoked our common Creator."

There are several pretty little incidents in the book, in addition to those we have quoted:—the discovery of the light of the glow-worm; the intercourse between Automathes and the beavers, which is of a very agreeable sort, and full of the author's own kind disposition, besides many other pleasant touches of description and feeling. On the fan, which he had found in his cottage, Automathes first saw the semblance of the human figure; it was this elegant toy that awakened in his heart a longing for the society of his own species, a burning desire to see something like himself: by his minute examination of the fan, and his own observation of the animal kingdom, he had already pictured on his mind a distinction of sexes. He was one

day partially gratified by a vision of a female: it was his mother, whom he supposed had been the instrument employed by heaven in his education, and who was now come on the completion of the task, to afford a sensible manifestation of herself, as if intending to take her final adieu of him in this life, when she had, as it were, executed her commission, and was about to return into the mansion of rest. Shortly afterwards a ship arrives off the island, and, to his great surprise and delight, a company lands from the vessel, the motions of whom are watched with intense interest by Automathes, who at last marches amongst them a naked savage, and finds his father, who is revealed to him by that sort of mysterious sympathy which accompanies the relation of parent and child, at least in novels and romances.

The father, it appears, had been driven on another desert island, where he had remained until this very time, when he was discovered by the crew of this ship who were countrymen and acquaintances, and upon whom he had prevailed to accompany him to the island on which he had left his son. Gibbon says that our author has blended the History of *Robinson Crusoe* with the Arabian Romance of *Hai Eb'n Yockdan*. This does not appear to us to be the case; it bears no resemblance to the former; the outline is entirely borrowed from the Arabian work, which was translated into Latin by Pocock, and afterwards into English by George Ashwell. The history of Automathes possesses considerable advantage, as a romance, over that of *Hai Eb'n Yockdan*, which is filled with philosophical speculations on the subject of the human mind, but unmixed with the pleasant episodes and lively fancy of the *History of Automathes*. There is also this difference between the two fictions, namely, that the progress of *Hai Eb'n Yockdan*, in the attainment of knowledge, is accompanied with a ferocious indifference to the sufferings of the animals around him, whom he considers as his enemies in his pursuit of information. In his acquirements too, he had nothing but his own unaided reason for his guide. Automathes, on the contrary, at first imagines that all animals are endowed with the same feelings, and are influenced by the same resentments as himself: he never attempts to destroy life in the meanest of the animal tribes, and his sole food consisted of fruits and vegetables. The former is the most philosophical, but also the most wearisome; the latter is the most entertaining, and the most amiable. *Automathes*, indeed, bears the marks of having been written by a mild and gentle spirit, who had some peculiar notions about the superintending care of divine intelligences; and who, if not a profound philosopher, was, at least, an agreeable writer. Indeed, we have been induced to

notice his work, not from its scientific but its romantic character, which may be summed up in a few words.—If it does not display either much genius or invention, it is full of amiable and humanizing feeling; is, in the descriptive parts, frequently beautiful; and, in the reflections, sensible and judicious.

ART. VII.—*The Parliament of Ladies; or, Divers remarkable Passages of Ladies in Spring Garden, in Parliament assembled. Vespre Veneris, Martis* 26, 1647.

Woman not inferior to Man; or, a short and modest Vindication of the natural Right of the Fair Sex to a perfect Equality of Power, Dignity, and Esteem with the Men. By Sophia, *a Person of Quality. London,* 1739.

Man superior to Woman; or, a Vindication of Man's natural Right of sovereign Authority over the Woman. Containing a plain Confutation of Sophia, &c. London, 1739.

A Vindication of the Rights of Woman: with Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects. By Mary Wollstonecraft. *London,* 1792.

Of the existence of the "*virtual* influence" of women, no man of the world, since the ante-diluvian period, in which Eve tempted Adam, can entertain a rational doubt: and from the classic times, when Aspasia governed Pericles and educated Alcibiades, to the present year of the A. D. 1824, the influence of the fair sex has undoubtedly increased with the progress of civilization. Montesquieu, and all the great writers on legislation and history, have remarked, that the rank and power of the women in a state, are a sure criterion of the national taste and superiority.

Our limits will not permit us to enter at any length into the female rights of the Oriental, Greek, and Roman governments. Plato allows women to govern, (*De Rep.* lib. 5); and Aristotle (*Polit.* lib. 1.) does not deny them the privilege. Plutarch narrates, that it was an ancient custom to admit them to debate on questions of peace and war. Varro, (lib. xviii. c. 9.) does not want for a story to explain the cause of their elective suspension in Greece: he says, that, in the reign of Cecrops,

women were allowed voices in the popular assemblies of Athens, but were dispossessed of their franchise in consequence of their supporting Minerva against Neptune, in the contest of these two great deities for the representation of that independent city; when Minerva, bringing over the females to her party (whose votes were far more numerous than those of the men) is reported to have gained the victory. We shall, however, pass over these days of fable, and of gods and goddesses, to the real history of the early Britons.

The ancient German nations and Gauls, who probably were the early settlers of the British isles, from the scanty details of history, appear to have treated their women with great deference and politeness: they had a peculiar faith in their counsels and foresight: their armies were always accompanied by sorceresses, who seem to have exercised a power of controul over the military chiefs and commanders.—Tacitus says of our British ancestors—"Fœminarum ductu bellare, et sexum in imperiis non discernere;" *(Vit. Agric. et ann.* 4.) that they were wont to war under the conduct of women, and to make no difference of sex in places of command and government. Cæsar records an old custom—"Mos inolevit ut pacis et belli cum fœminis consilia inirent. Si quæ questiones cum sociis inciderent, earum arbitrio has committerent:" *(De Bell Gall.)* the Britons advised with their women in matters of peace and war; and if any questions arose of difference of opinion, they were referred to their arbitration. That their courage was equal to the confidence thus placed in them, is amply proved by many celebrated examples of female heroism. Courage and fortitude are most eminently displayed by women in circumstances of particular excitement. Sophia, the authoress of *Woman not inferior to Man,* thus warmly vindicates the quality of the sex:—

"Need I bring Amazons from Scythia to prove the courage of woman? Need I run to Italy for a Camilla, to shew an instance of warlike courage? Would the wife of Pætus, who stabbed herself first, to encourage her desponding husband to do the like, have been afraid to mount a breach? Would not she, who could snatch the knife from her bleeding breast, and, with an unconcerned countenance, give it to Thraseas, adding, 'strike, Pætus, it does not smart:' would not she, I say, have been equally capable of animating with persuasion and example an army in defence of her country? Let France boast its Maid of Orleans; and other nations glory in their numberless store of warlike women. We need not go out of England, to seek heroines, while we have annals to preserve their illustrious names. To whom did England owe its deliverance from the tyrannic yoke of the Danes? But, to pass over the many instances of warlike bravery in our sex, let it suffice to name a Boadicea, who made the most glo-

rious stand against the Romans, in the defence of her country, that ever that great empire was witness to; and if her endeavours did not meet with the success of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Charles of Sweden, in his fortunate days, her courage and conduct were such, as renders her worthy to be considered equal, if not superior, to them all, in bravery and wisdom; not to mention the nicer justice of her intentions."—p. 54–5.

The reign of Boadicea is a proof that the Salic law did not prevail in that part of England over which she governed with so much personal courage and judgment. Our fair readers are probably aware, that the Salic, or Salique law, *lex Salica*, was an ancient and fundamental law of the kingdom of France; originating, as is supposed by some, in the times of Pharamond and Clovis, in virtue of which males only inherit. This law has been the subject of much copious writing and dispute. We are not aware that any traces of it, properly so called, can be discovered in our early constitution, although the exclusion of females from inheritance of fixed possessions was certainly not uncommon among the Teutonic nations. We learn from Tacitus, also, that the German women were not endowed at their marriage.—Dotem non uxor marito, sed maritus uxori confert. c. 18. We suspect, however, that the English and Irish very soon began to esteem their brides more agreeable in the ratio of their portions. And, although the French ladies, by the Salic law, could not inherit certain allodial possessions subject to the burthen of public defence, the monks speedily invented a mode of admitting female succession by will and testament; an invention which was one of the richest perquisites of the papal revenues; and which, also, by the religious influence of popery over women, subsequently endowed so many splendid monasteries and nunneries. The rule of succession among the ancient Germans and Britons is involved in considerable obscurity: it is clear, however, that they had no idea of the rights of primogeniture; a man's property, at his death, appears to have been divided equally among his sons; if he left no sons, among his daughters; or, if he left no children, among his nearest relatives. Although marriage among the Britons was, perhaps, too easily and too frequently dissolved, yet the laws undoubtedly provided with great care for the maintenance of the children, and the equitable division of the family effects. The ancient laws of Wales descend to very long and particular details on this subject, and make provision for every possible case with the most minute exactness. (*Leges Wallicæ* l. 2. *De Mulieribus*). Our British ancestors are, therefore, free from the imputation of the Salic exclusion of women; a barbarous custom, indignantly

styled by Marculfus, "diuturna et impia consuetudo." As we cannot discover that any two etymologists agree on the derivation of the word Salic, we shall leave it, and the obscurity of the law, to the ingenuity of verbal critics, by merely observing, that the most probable opinion derives it from the ancient Franks, who were called Sali, Salici, and Salingi, from the Sala, a river of Germany. Charlemagne subsequently adopted and reformed the Salic law; and the perpetual succession of the males to the crown of France, excluding the female right, is now the only remarkable part of it remaining in the continental code.* Mr. Hallam, in the first volume of his *History of the Middle Ages*, has treated the subject with great learning and perspicuity. John Selden, in his historical tract, *Jani Anglorum Facies Altera*," has a long and gallant chapter on the subject, (c. xii.)—"Women admitted to publick debates—a large commendation of the sex; together with a vindication of their fitness to govern against the Salick law, made out by several examples of most nations." Whitelocke, in his valuable *Notes on the King's Writ*, vol. i. c. 51, p. 473, discusses the subject with elaborate erudition, and strongly in favour of the ladies: his references to various foreign authors who have treated on the Salic law, will assist the curious reader in investigating all that has been written on a question formerly momentous in cases of disputed succession.

To proceed, chronologically:—the British women enjoyed considerable dignities in the ancient religion of the country. *Druidesses* assisted in the offices, and shared in the honours and emoluments of the priesthood. When Suetonius invaded the island of Anglesea, his soldiers were struck with terror at the strange appearance of a great number of these consecrated females, who ran up and down among the ranks of the British army, like enraged furies, with dishevelled hair, and flaming torches, imprecating the wrath of heaven on the invaders of their country. The Druidesses of Gaul and Britain are said to have been divided into three ranks or classes. Those of the first class had vowed perpetual virginity, and lived together in sisterhoods, very much sequestered from the world. They

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* It seems, however, notwithstanding, extremely difficult to exclude the fair sex even in France. Their queens have been regents during the minority of some of their kings. Blanch had the tuition of Lewis; Isabel governed under Charles VI.; Katherine de Medicis in the minority of her son. Their female noblesse have, also, held peerages, exercising the judicial privileges. "Les femmes sont capables de tenir pairies, ont opinion en jugemens, et y doivent adjourneès et appelleès comme les autres pairs, pour ce que elles prennent dignitez ayans exercise de justice." *Du Haillan*, lib. viii. f. 232.

XUM

were great pretenders to divination, prophecy, and miracles; were highly reverenced and esteemed by the people, who consulted them on all important occasions as infallible oracles, and gave them the honorable appellation of Senæ, *i. e.* venerable women. Mela gives a curious description of one of these Druidical nunneries. It was situated in an island in the British Sea, and contained nine of these venerable vestals, who pretended that they could raise storms and tempests by their incantations; could cure the most incurable diseases; could transform themselves into all kinds of animals; and foresee future events. But it seems, like all profane prophetesses, that they chose to make some advantage of so rare and valuable a gift: for, it is added, they disclosed the things which they had discovered to none but those who came into their island on set purpose to consult their oracles; and none of these, we take for granted, came without *offerings*, besides what they expended in the island. The second class consisted of certain female devotees, who were, indeed, married, but spent the greater part of their time—the holy-days—in the company of the Druids, and in the offices of religion; conversing occasionally with their husbands, whose superstition appears to have lulled their jealousy asleep in the reflected honour (and, perhaps, profit) of possessing such pious wives. The third class of Druidesses was the lowest, and consisted of such as performed the most servile offices about the temples, the sacrifices, and the persons of the Druids.—*Tacit. Annal.* l. 14.—*Mela*, lib. 3. c. 2.—*Gruttes*, p. 62.—*Relig. de Gaul.* lib. 1. c. 27.— *Henry's History*, vol. i.

In the Anglo-Saxon charters the queen's name is often joined in the charters, and it is not unusual to find them signed by her. Mr. Turner mentions, in his Anglo Saxon History, vol. iii. p. 180. (third edition) that she often sate in the Witenagemot even after she became queen dowager.* Whitelocke has

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* We suppose that the instance here alluded to is that mentioned by Malmesbury (*lib.* 11. c. 8.) of a Parliament held by Edgar, in which Alfgina his mother was present. Canute, in his parliament, is said to have restored a monastery "by the council of Emma the queen, and of the bishops and barons of England." (*Mat. Westm.*) Malmesbury says of Queen Sexburga, (*lib.* 2. *c.* 2.)—"Spiritus ad obeunda regni munera, novos exercitus moliri, veteres tenere in officio, ipsa subjectos clementer moderari, hostibus minaciter infremere, prorsus omnia facere ut nihil præter sexum decerneres:"—"that there was not wanting in her a spirit to fill the offices of the kingdom; that she knew how to levy new armies, how to maintain old ones. She could mildly govern her subjects, and by force tame her enemies. She could so

collected, from the monkish historians, some singular instances of the exercise of female rights in the Saxon times. In the charters of the Saxon kings, made in their parliaments, we find *Abbesses* often named as witnesses: in the charter of King Offa to the abbey of Croyland is subscribed, "J. Ceolburgha, abbesse of Berdea, have assented." (*Ingulphus, Hist.* p. 854.) In the charter of King Edgar, to the same abbey, made in parliament also, among the subscriptions of the peers is, "I, Merwenne, abbesse of Rumsey, have made the signe of the holy crosse."* The same author also says, that the charter of King Etelwulphe was made "in the presence of, and with the subscriptions of, first, the archbishops, after them of the kings of Mercia and East Angles, and an infinite multitude of abbots, *abbesses*, dukes, &c., and other faithful people of the land." The extirpation of Druidism and the Druidesses, and the introduction of Catholicism, does not, therefore, appear to have infringed on female rights. It is not necessary, however, here to note the frequent instances when the "virtual" influence of the fair sex even governed Christendom itself: the successors of St. Peter were not always hermetically sealed against the little deity Cupid: the "Pope's nephews" occasionally succeeded to the chair: the "cardinal virtues" of the pontiffs were not always proof against Italian beauty; *exemplo*, a little volume, the "Life of Donna Olimpia Maldachini, who governed the church during the time of Innocent X. 12mo. 1667;" *cum multis aliis.*

We proceed to the detail of the privileges of women subsequent to the Norman conquest, and as influenced by the progressive and mixed introduction of the feudal system, under that and the succeeding dynasties, to the present gracious family, who enjoy their dignities and power, by female inheritance, through the last limitation of the crown by parliament, viz. *Stat.* 12 & 13 William III. c. 2., the act of settlement, limiting the crown on Sophia the youngest daughter of Elizabeth queen of Bohemia (the grand-daughter of James I.) and the heirs of her body, protestant members of the church of England.

By a retrospective survey of English history we might collect some amusing particulars, exhibiting the constant "vir-

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comport herself, that no difference, save that of her sex, appeared in her actions."

* We take it for granted, from the use of this substitute in lieu of the sign manual, that the Lady Abbess of Rumsey was not a *Blue stocking;* and that the sign of the cross was the original of the vulgar signature which we still occasionally meet with in despite of adult schools, viz. "her ✕ mark."

XUM

tual influence" of women in almost every male-administration. It has been, time immemorial, an old English adage, " when a man reigns a woman governs," and *vice versâ*. Sometimes this influence exceeded all bounds: such was the case during the ascendancy of Alice Perrers, in the second infancy of Edward III. Daniel (p. 72.) asserts, that her assurance was so great, that she was accustomed to sit on the bench with the judges in Westminster Hall, when she happened to interest herself in a cause. We recollect, in Madox, an entry on the Exchequer rolls, of a fine for allowance of justice against her, but cannot turn to the reference. An instrument, in Rymer, entitled *De nave vocatá la Alice*, (vol. iii. part iii. p. 47. 50th Edw. III.) records the power and attention she enjoyed. In Petyt's *Theatrum Criminalium*, (vol. iii. p. 188.) an interesting narrative is given of the whole proceedings in parliament against her, and also, a writ of Edward III., reciting that many women had been guilty of *Maintenance* in causes, and specially forbidding Alice Perrers from interfering in such matters, under pain of banishment. In the same collection of manuscripts, also, is inserted, the copy of a petition to Richard II., from Robert Pikerell, complaining that Alice Perrers had retained all the advocates in Westminster Hall, so that he could have no advice: *si il ne donneroit si grande summe d'or, qu'il ne point attainder.*

It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to enter at any length on the feudal principle of inheritance and titular rank: some particulars respecting them have baffled the penetration of our most industrious antiquarians, and their origin and precise construction are subjects of diversified and contradictory opinion. The consequences of the Norman inroad are, however, notorious in the forfeiture of most of the landed property throughout England; and the subdivision of it among William's foreign chiefs, and the few surviving English who submitted to his dominion. The lands were thenceforth held in chief under the crown, *in capite*, subject to certain annual services; of fines in aid of the royal revenues, of civil administration in their respective local districts, and of military service in event of civil or foreign war.

On the failure of the male line, the rights and privileges of the females in the succession to, and enjoyment of all the feudal privileges were recognised and respected by the crown. The king, however, was invested with a despotic power over their disposal in marriage, both when single and widowed; being interested, of course, for the due performance of the duties attached to their property and titles.

At the coronation of King Henry IV. Thomas Dymocke officiated as champion, in right of his mother Margaret. The office of a justice of the forest was anciently executed by a wo-

man. Margaret, countess of Richmond, mother to King Henry VII., was a justice of the peace. Lady Bartlet was commissioned a justice of the peace by Queen Mary in Gloucester. And one Rowse, in Suffolk, did usually sit upon the bench, at assizes and sessions, among the justices, *gladio cincta.* (*Harl. MS. No.* 980. 166.) Many interesting particulars of their manorial rights and succession are collected in *Blount's Fragmenta Antiquitatis* by Beckwith, and of the *petit serjanties* performed in the king's household, by finding him, and the queen, clothes and provisions; by keeping and taking care of their laundresses, female servants, &c. Occasionally, grand serjeanties were performed by them at the coronation of the kings and queens of England and Scotland, in respect of baronies, lands, manors, and tenements. Ela, countess of Warwick, held the manor of Hoke Norton, Oxfordshire, of the king, *in capite,* by the serjeanty of carving before the king, on Christmas-day, and to have the knife with which she carved. (*Pla. Coron.* 13 Edward I. *Rot.* 30.) Lady Lora de Saundford held, in dower, the manor of Hornmede, Hertfordshire, by being chamberlain to the queen. (*Pla.* 7th Edward I. *rot.* 39.) The prioress of St. Leonard of Stratford, held fifty acres of land in Brambelegh, Middlesex, by the service of finding, for the king, a man to hold the towel at the coronation. (22 Edw. I.) Emma de Hamton, held of the king in the town of Niwenton, forty shillings of land, by the service of cutting out the linen clothes of the king and queen. (*Testa de Nevil,* p. 107.) Lady Hawis de London held the manor of Esegarston, of the king, *in capite,* by serjeanty, as part of Kidwelly, to conduct the vanguard of the king's army as often as he should go into Wales with one, and, in returning, to bring up the rear-guard. (1 Edward I. *Harl. MS.* No. 2087. p. 23.) This martial duty illustrates the third part of Henry VI., act. iii. sc. 3, where Queen Margaret bids Warwick tell Edward VI.:

——— "My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on."

On these occasions the female nobility clad themselves in coats of mail. Queens themselves have appeared in armour at the head of their armies; and the suit which Elizabeth is said to have worn, when she rode through the lines at Tilbury, may be still seen in the Tower. Dr. Meyrick must, however, be consulted on this point.

We have before stated, that the king had a despotic *veto* over the matrimonial rights and feelings of the English female noblesse, to the great discomfiture of the widows and old maids who speculated in match-making. The releasing them from his inquisitorial and obnoxious prerogative constituted a con-

siderable item in the fines paid to the royal Exchequer. The exercise of this power, therefore, by vicious and profligate kings, was limited by their necessities, which forced them to compound for the *veto*, in consideration of pecuniary recompence. We have no doubt that the purse of many a noble and tender heart paid dear for the liberty of contracting matrimony with the object of her passionate love; and the instances of disappointed love from the immoveable opposition of the monarch, have originated many a melancholy Old English ballad and early romance, "founded in fact." Madox, in his invaluable history of the Exchequer, has preserved numerous examples of these fines. Celestia, widow of Richard son of Colbern, paid £40 sterl. that she might have her children in wardship, with their land; and that she might not be married except to her own good-liking: "pro habenda custodia filiorum suorum cum terra eorum, nec nubat nisi cui voluerit." (*Mag. Rot.* 32 Henry II. *Rot.* 13.) These pecuniary licenses were of various kinds to both sexes, tenants *in capite*, for liberty to marry; to remain single a certain time; or that they might not be compelled to marry at all. Gilbert de Maisnil gave X marks of silver that the king would give him leave to take a wife—"Ut rex concederet ei ducere uxorem." (*Mag. Rot.* 5 Stephen.) Walter de Cancy gave £15 for leave to marry when and whom he pleased, —"Ut ducat uxorem ad velle suum." (*Ib. Rot.* 3.) Lucia, countess of Chester, gave D marks of silver that she might not be married within five years,—"Ne capiat virum infra V. annos." (*Ib. Rot.* 10.) Maud, countess of Warwick, (31 Henry II.) "DCC. marcas, pro habenda terra patris sui, et dote sua, et ut non nubat cui voluerit." Geoffrey de Mandevill, (*Mag. Rot.* 2 Henry III.) gave twenty thousand marks that he might have to wife, Isabell, countess of Gloucester, with all her lands and knight's fees. Ralph Fitz-william, 10 Edward I., gave 100 marks that he might marry Margery, widow of Nicholas Corbet, who held of the king in chief, and that Margery might be married to him—"quod possit ducere in uxorem Margeriam et quod eadem Margeria possit se maritare eidem." Sometimes the royal authority appears to have been delegated; for instance, Bartholomew de Muleton gave C marks to have the custody of the land and heir of Lambert de Ybetoft, and that he might marry Lambert's wife to whom he pleased—"Bartholomæus de Muleton r c de C marcis, pro habenda custodia terræ et hæredis Lamberti de Ybetoft, et pro uxore ipsius Lamberti maritanda cui voluerit in loco ubi non sit disparagiata, et ut possit illam conferre cui voluerit." (*Mag. Rot.* 4 John. *Rot.* 16. *b. Lincollsira. tit. Nova Oblata.*)

Nor does it appear that the king could be defrauded of these his feudal rights with impunity. By an entry on the

exchequer roll, 31 Henry II. *Rot.* 5., we find Adam, son of Norman, fined in xviij *l.* and odd, for marrying his daughter to William de Leelay's son; and William de Leelay, in xxij *s.* and viij.*d.*, for the same. In the same year, also, (*Rot.* 3.) William de Beaumont was fined in L marks for marrying Maurice de Barsham's daughter, contrary to his agreement made for marrying the daughter of Ranulf de Gedding: and Maurice de Barsham in C marks, for giving his daughter to the said William, contrary to the said agreement. There is an entry of the amercement of Alice Bertram, for not coming at the king's summons to be married—" quia non venit ad summonitionem Regis ad se maritandam." (*Mag. Rot.* 1 John. *Rot.* 10.) By some entries it would appear that clandestine marriages frequently occurred, by the elopement of our female ancestors with more favoured swains than those proposed to them by the Crown. We apprehend some nearer spot than Gretna Green must have been sought by the fugitive lovers of former days; for whatever might be the mental spirit, certainly their physical prowess could never have been equal to a journey so far northwards, day and night, on a single horse and pillion.

The wardship of orphan heirs appears also to have been delegated, as at present, by the chancellor. Thus Philip Fitz-Robert gave cc *l.* and c. bacons, and c. cheeses, for the wardship of the land, and heir, of Ivo de Munby, till the heir attained age, with the reservation, however, of the approval of his marriage by the king and archbishop of Canterbury. (*Mag. Rot.* 1 *John, Rot.* 11.)

In *Madox's Exchequer*, vol. i. chap. 15, is a very interesting chapter, of the royal revenue arising by aids; and a detailed enumeration of the various levies of the *aid pur fille marier*, for the marriage of the king's eldest daughter: a minute account is given of the levies for the marriage of Maud, daughter of Henry II., with the duke of Saxony. This aid was one mark *per fee*. It was paid by the several barons and knights holding *in capite*, according to the number of their respective fees. It was also assessed and paid to the king, on this occasion, by the towns and manors, or lands, which he held in demesne, and was assessed by the Justiciers Itinerant, or subject to their approbation. So also the bishops, abbots, and abbesses rendered aid for the fees belonging to their bishopricks and abbeys. Henry III, anno 5, had an aid to marry his sister Isabel to the Emperor. It was two marks out of every knight's fee; and was granted to him by the *Commune Concilium Regni*. The payment made to this aid by the prelates and abbesses was called *auxilium prælatorum*, and was entered in a roll by itself. The same king had an aid to marry his eldest daughter: it was raised out of the baronies and knights' fees holden *in capite*, by authority

of the Common Council of the *Magnates* of England—" per Commune Concilium Magnatum Angliæ:" the quota was xx *s. per fee.* In the 18th of King Edward I. an extraordinary large aid (viz. xl *s.* out of every knight's fee) was granted by the parliament to the king for the marriage of his eldest daughter; but it appears by the roll, *(Pas. Commun.* 18 *Ed.* I. *Rot.* 14. *a. in hundello anni* 17 *et* 18 *Edward* I.), that the parliament by a special clause provided, that this liberality should not be used as a precedent.

The great tenants *in capite,* or inferior lords of seigneuries, were entitled also to a notable aid from the sub-tenants, to marry their eldest daughters once. Ralf Fitz-Ralf had an aid paid to him, 17 Edward I, by his tenants in chivalry, to marry his eldest daughter. In these cases, Madox considers that a private lord could not demand more money for aid, *pur fille marier,* of his tenants than the king demanded of him on the like occasion. A singular entry appears on the Róle 9 John, *Rot.* 18. of Isabell de Bolebec, fined in ccc. marks and iij. palfreys, that she might not be distrained to marry, and that if she would marry, it should be with the king's assent, &c. and that she might have a reasonable aid of all her knights and free tenants, to enable her to pay this fine. The sub-tenants and vassals do not appear to have been wholly at the fiscal extortion of the lords, but in some degree under the protection of the itinerant justices, and the royal favour; although the right of amercing them was too frequently bought and sold, between the tenants *in capite,* and the king. The *People,* however, in time rose out of their degradation; and, by Magna Charta, cap. 20, we perceive their increased power in the express stipulation, that the king should not, for the future, grant absolutely to any one leave to take an aid of his free men, " de liberis hominibus suis," save in three cases enumerated, in which the marriage of his eldest daughter was comprehended.

Women had a feudal right of trial by duel, as appears by various entries of fines on the exchequer rolls.—See *Madox,* vol. i. p. 451.

That they frequently filled judicial situations, superior to those already enumerated, is also certain. Complaint was made in the 18th of Richard II., that men were compelled to answer before " divers lords and *ladies*" for their freeholds, and other matters cognizable at common law; and, in consequence, a remedy for this abuse was given by petition in chancery.—*Stat.* 15 Rich. II. c. 12.

Ladies of rank appear, by several exceptions in our old acts of parliament, to have been distinguished by law from the female *canaille.* The following is a singular instance: the first chapter of the *Statutes* 34 and 35 Henry VIII. A. D. 1542-3,

forbids the reading of the English translation of the *New Testament* by "*women*, artificers, 'prentices, journeymen, and serving-men of the degree of yeomen, or under;" but a subsequent exception follows, licensing "a *noble* woman or *gentle* woman to read the translation to herself alone, provided she does not to others!"

Many of our early sumptuary laws also display the same courtesy. The fourth chapter of *Stat.* 3. 11th Edward III. enacts, that neither man nor *woman* who cannot afford to spend £100 a-year shall wear furs. Barrington, in an ingenious note on this statute, cites it as the first instance in our law "of an apprehension that a *woman* is not included under the word *man*." Is it to be presumed that her rights of citizenship were anciently co-extensive with the male?

By the old German law, a master could not grant freedom to his slave under the age of twenty, while a woman was allowed her liberty at the age of sixteen. The 25 Henry VIII. c. xxii. provided, that "if the crown shall descend to a minor king under eighteen years, or a minor queen under sixteen, their mother shall be the guardian, together with such counsellors as the king shall nominate by his will." The daughters (Mary and Elizabeth) in whose favour this statute was made, were examples of the worst and most beneficial exercise of despotic power. When "dressed in the little brief authority" of the English "constitution," they pressed hard the screw of divine right, and contributed liberally to the lists of British martyrology. We are not among the number of those who believe in all that history has handed down, of the respective enormities and blessings of these two reigns. The Catholics, in common with the Puritans, have been grossly misrepresented; and, on the other hand, the "glorious" guardianship of our civil and religious liberties by Elizabeth is very questionable, at least to the extent generally believed. Such, indeed, were her notions of prerogative, and of the right of her female inheritance, that Sergeant Hale is reported to have declared in the House of Commons, by her command, "that all we had was the queen's, and she might take it all when she pleased."—(*Petyt. MSS.* vol. iv. p. 8--13.)

These two reigns produced a memorable controversy on the subject of female monarchical rights. The cause of Lady Jane Grey was supported against Mary chiefly by the reformed preachers: they were the zealous adherents of that unfortunate lady; and so long as they were likely to succeed against the popish designs of Mary, they perceived no objection to a female sovereign. On her melancholy execution, however, a new revelation opened to them; their industry and biblical ingenuity quickly discovered that the government of a woman was prohibited by the word of God. In the *Old Testament* it

had been ordered to take the king from the midst of the "brethren," an expression which they contended must exclude all females; and because, in the *New Testament*, we are taught that the man is the head of the woman, they argued, that no woman ought to possess the supreme authority over men.—(*Strype*, iii. 11.) Q. E. D. The guards, however, prevailed against the field preachers: the non-conformists were most of them driven abroad, or into silence, and Mary was firmly seated on the throne.

At this period the singular circumstance of England and Scotland both being ruled by women, had no mean influence over the destinies of Europe. The young queen of Scotland was contracted to the Dauphin of France; the "balance of Europe" was thus thought to be distributed by these two powers arrayed against England; and policy induced the British government to borrow Philip of Spain as a co-executor with Mary in the management of British affairs. Certainly, the country so far preferred the rule of an English woman to that of a Spanish man, that a more unpopular measure was scarcely ever forced upon the nation. But Philip, when he arrived in London, addressed the people; assured them, on his honour, he was come to reside among them as a native of England; drank their healths in a tankard of ale; and scattered dollars among the hungry crowd. The historians write, that he was a handsome man, richly apparelled, and was popular with the ladies. (*Noailles*, iii. 284; *Contin. Fabian*, 561; *Pollinini*, 362.) All these influential things gradually reconciled the gentlemen of England.

John Knox, that vehement and unbending reformer, still stuck to his text. He preached before Lord Darnley, at Edinburgh, in 1564, and boldly inveighed against the popery of the two Marys: he told the people, that "for their sins and ingratitude, God had set over them boys and women." He was the unwearied advocate of the incapacity of women to exercise the sovereign authority. In the reign of Philip and Mary he published his *First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women*." In this blast he taught that the rule of a woman was "repugnant to nature, a contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to his revealed will and approved ordinance, and, finally, the subversion of all equity and justice." In this fulmination he threatened two other blasts still more sweeping, and not foreseeing that the death of Mary and Catholicism would make them very *mal-apropos*. On the succession of Elizabeth, the friend of the Reformation, the wind changed, and the powers of the rising sun dispersed the two lowering and gathering storms. Knox then acknowledged to Cecil, that Elizabeth was an exception to the general rule;

that her whole life was a miracle, proving that she had been chosen by God; that the office, unlawful for other women, was lawful for her. (*Strype*, 121.)

Goodman, another of the early reformers, advocated the political incapacity of females; he, also, recanted his obnoxious doctrine on the dawn of the new light. On Elizabeth's accession the protestant exiles, who, unluckily, had made this hypothesis of ultra-masculinism (to coin an expression) the grand battery against her predecessor, in great consternation appointed Aylmer to propitiate the queen, by entering the lists in favour of female government against Knox and Goodman,—thus severing themselves from their old advocates. Aylmer immediately published "*An Harborowe for faithful and trewe Subjectes against the late blowne blaste concerning the Government of Women*, MDLIX. *Strasborowe*, 26 *April*." This retrograde movement made Aylmer's fortune: it landed him safely at home, in the pleasant harbour of a bishopric; and, when reminded of his former opinions, he quoted with simplicity, 1 *Cor.* xiii. 2, "when I was a child, I thought as a child; but, when I became a man, I put away childish things." Elizabeth, however, was too shrewd a politician to throw herself into the lap of these subtle and headstrong controversialists: she kept them for some time across the water, cooling in the sea breezes of the Flemish coast; not choosing that her popularity and the ecclesiastical reformation should be at the mercy of their fanatical and ill-conditioned zeal.

This was the last memorable contest on the subject of the female claim to the throne. We have not room for many interesting and amusing particulars connected with the party spirit of the age; but the period has been recently treated with so much candour, and with the aid of so many original collections by Dr. Lingard, that we shall refer the reader to his luminous volumes of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth.

Having now closed the history of the female right to the first estate of the constitution, we proceed to their rights and privileges in the second,—the House of Lords.

Our enquiry into this department was first excited by the following passage in Mr. Mellish's observations on Baron Maseres on Parliaments (*Archæologia*, vol. ii. p. 348), "I have read, though I cannot at present recollect where, that even *women* have been summoned to parliament." On reference to Joseph Holland *Of the Antiquity of the Parliaments in England*, ed. 1685, p. 47, we think Mr. Mellish must have alluded to the following passage:—"it is recorded among the commons of parliament in the 35 Edward III. that there is one 'writ de admittendo fide dignos ad colloquium;' and amongst the earls and barons is

returned *Marie Countesse de Norfilk, Alianor Countesse de Ormone, Philipp Countesse de March, Agnes Countesse de Pembrook, and Katherine Countesse de Athell.*" This instance of Mary, Countess of Norfolk, we take for granted, is the same cited by Lord Chancellor West in his *Inquiry into the manner of creating Peers*, 1719, as a remarkable argument "how strictly the principle of no person's being to be taxed without their own consent was observed, that writs were likewise directed, 35 Ed. III. even to the *ladies*, who were proprietors of land in Ireland, commanding them to send their proper attornies to consult and consent to what should be judged necessary to be done." This occasion was the confusion of affairs in Ireland. Dugdale has printed the writ directed to the Earl of Northampton in his *Collection of Writs of Summons to Parliament:* many of these writs, however, are not parliamentary writs, but the summons of particular persons to consult and contribute on particular affairs and districts in which they were specially concerned. The writ to Lady Norfolk is quoted by West (from *Rot. Claus.* 35 Edward III. m. 36, *dorso*) as follows:—"Rex, &c. Mariæ Comitissæ Norfolc. Salutem, &c. Vobis in fide et ligeanciâ, &c. mandamus quod—aliquem vel aliquos de quibus confidatis apud Westmon. mittatis—ad loquendum nobiscum—super dictis negotiis—et ad faciendum et consentiendum nomine vestro, super hoc quod ibidem contigerit ordinari."

The grand principle of taxation and representation, and the necessary consent of the whole kingdom in affairs relating to the whole kingdom, received a noble and memorable recognition in a writ of summons to parliament, anno 24 Ed. I. (*Claus.* m. 4. *dor.*) which we cannot forbear extracting:—"Rex, &c. sicut lex justissima providâ circumspectione sacrorum principium stabilita hortatur *ut quod omnes tangit ab omnibus approbetur*, sic et innuit evidenter ut communibus periculis per remedia provisa communiter obvietur."

We find this principle not only admitted but respected during this reign in several distinct instances of female representation, where women were the holders of real property, and representatives of chartered rights. Thus, in the 34th Edward I., writs tested at Wynton, on the 5th April, were issued to divers earls and barons, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several bishops and abbots, and to *four abbesses*, requiring their attendance at Westminster, on the morrow of the Trinity, for the purpose of treating upon an aid for making the king's eldest son a knight; "ad tractandum et ordinandum una cum aliis prælatis magnatibus et proceribus de regno nostro de auxilio nobis in casu prædicto faciendo et ad consentiendum iis quæ ibidem in hac parte contingerit ordinari." The aid was due from every knight's fee held in chief of the king. Of

course, all the tenants were not summoned; and, doubtless, more than four abbesses held in chief of the Crown. Only the principal tenants, therefore, as by long established practice, were summoned, who represented and made the bargain for the whole. It is observable that all the writs admit of attendance by attornies sufficiently authorized, instead of personal attendance. Other similar instances occur in this and the succeeding reigns of Edward II. and III. The proprietors, male and female, of ecclesiastical property, appear to have been treated with peculiar respect: the grants and subsidies by the lay peers and commons, were, by several special writs, referred to provincial conventions in Canterbury and York, for the approval and ratification of the clergy of the respective provinces: that is to say, so far as respected their own contribution. See a Writ, 27th Nov. 16 Ed. II. (*Fœd.* N. E. T. ii. 500).

We cannot discover that any ladies actually took their seats, by virtue of these summonses, in parliament. We are sorry that the investigation of the feminine rights has been altogether passed over by the learned editors of the recent Reports of the lords' committees respecting the peerage, and who had such an ample field for inquiry in all the great national repositories of public records; but we hope that the omission will be supplied in the forthcoming volumes of Rymer's *Fœdera* and Prynne's *Writs*.

We can, however, in some measure, console our female friends by an extract we have made from the Dugdale MS. in the Ashmole Museum, at Oxford, of *A Catalogue of such Noble Persons as have had Summons to Parliament, and there sate in right of their Wives*—(MSS. 6517. T. p. 45.) as follows:—

"Robert Hungerford, Esq. having married Alianor, daughter and heir to William Lord Moline, was summoned to parliament by the title of Lord Molins, in 23 Hen. VI. 27, 28, 29, et 31 Hen. VI.

"Sir Henry Percie, Knt. having married Alianor, cousin and next heir of Robert Lord Poynings, in 27 Hen. VI. by the title of Lord Poynings. So likewise in 28, 29, 31, et 33 Hen. VI.

"William Bourchier, third son to William Bourchier, Earl of Ewe, having married Thomasine, the daughter and heir of Sir Richard Hankford, Knt. by Elizabeth his wife, sister and heir to Fouke Fitzwarine; as also sister and heir to Elizabeth, the other sister of the said Sir Richard, by the title of Lord Fitzwarine, in 27 Hen. VI. 28, 29, 31, 33 Hen. VI. Et 1, 2, 6, 9, 12 Ed. IV.

"Sir Richard Welles, Knt. having married Joane, daughter and heir to William Lord Willoughby, by the title of Lord Willoughby, in 33 Hen. VI. 38 Hen. VI. Et 1, 2, et 6 Ed. IV.

"Sir John Bourchier, Knt. of the Garter, fourth son to William Earl of Ewe, having married Margery, the daughter and heir to Rich-

ard Lord Berners, by the title of Lord Berners, in 33 Hen. VI. 38. Hen. VI. Et 1, 2, 6, 9, 12 Ed. IV. Et 11, 12 Hen. VII.

" Humphrey Bourchier, third son to Henry Bourchier, the first Earl of Essex of that family, having married Joan, the daughter and heir of Richard Stanhope, niece and coheir to Raphe Lord Cromwell, of Tatshall, by the title of Lord Cromwell, in 1 Ed. IV. 2, 6, 9 Ed. IV.

" Anthony Widirle, son and heir to Richard Earl of Rivers, having married Elizabeth, daughter and heir to Thomas Lord Scales of Nucells, was thereupon declared Lord Scales; and afterwards had summons to parliament by the title of Lord Scales, in 2 Ed. IV. et 6 Ed. IV.

" Richard Hastings having married Joan, the daughter and heir to Robert Lord Welles, by the title of Lord Welles, in 22 Ed. IV. et 1 Rich. III.

" Edward, son and heir to William Lord Hastings, (Lord Chamberlain to King Edward IV.) having married Mary, the sole daughter and heir of Thomas Lord Hungerford, by the title of Lord Hungerford, in 22 Ed. IV. 1 Rich. III. 3, 7, 11, 12 Hen. VII.

" George, son and heir to Thomas Stanley, Earl of Derby, having married Joane, the daughter and heir to John Lord Strange, of Knokyn, by the title of Lord Strange, in 22 Ed. IV. 1 Rich. III. 3 Hen. VII. 11, 12 Hen. VII.

" Charles Somerset, natural son to Henry Duke of Somerset, having married Elizabeth, the sole daughter and heir to William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, by the title of Lord Herbert, in 1 Hen. VIII. 3 Hen. VIII.

" Hugh Stafford, a younger son to Hugh Earl of Stafford, having married Elizabeth, daughter and heir to Bartholomew Lord Bourchier, by the title of Lord Bourchier, in 12 et 14 Hen. IV. and 1 Hen. V.

" Sir Roger de Fenys, Knt. having married Joane, sole daughter and heir to Thomas Lord Dacre, was, by letters patent, dated 7th November, 37 Hen. VI. accepted and declared Lord Dacre, and to be a baron of this realm; and summoned to parliament by that title in 38 Hen. VI. Et 1, 2, 6, 9, 12, et 22 Ed. IV.

" Walter Devereux having married Anne, sole daughter and heir to William Lord Ferrers, of Chartley, was created Lord Ferrers, of Chartley, and had summons to parliament by the title of Lord Ferrers, of Chartley, in 2 Ed. IV. 6, 9, 12, 22 Ed. IV. et 1 Rich. III.

" Edward Gray, having married Elizabeth, the sister and heir to Thomas Talbot Viscount L'isle, in 15 Ed. IV. was created Viscount L'isle."

To these instances may be added the following additional ones from Dugdale's printed collection—(*Summons*, 1685, p. 576.)

" Sir Lewes Robsart, Knight, having also married the aforesaid Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Bourchier, (widow of Sir Hugh Stafford, Knight) had summons to parliament by the title of Lord Bourchier,

in 3, 4, 5, 7 Hen. VI. Thus this lady introduced two husbands to the House of Peers in virtue of her baronial rights.

"William Nevill married the grand-daughter and heiress of Lord Fauconberge, and was summoned by that title, in 33 and 38 Henry VI. and 1 Edw. IV.

"William Lovel, the like, having married Alianore, daughter and heiress of Lord Morley, in the parliaments of the 9 Edw. IV. and 49 Hen. VI.

"Edward Grey, having married Elizabeth, the sister and heir to Thomas Lord L'isle, was summoned by that title, in 22 Edw. IV. and 1 Ric. III. and in 3, 7 Hen. VII."

We shall close this Catalogue with a still more decided instance in Ralphe de Montheriner, who, having married Joan of Acres, (daughter of King Edward I. and widow of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, possessing lands of great extent in her own right, which belonged to those earldoms,) had summons to parliament from the 28th to the 35th of Edward I. by the title of Earl of Gloucester and Hertford. But after her death, (an. 1 Edw. II.) he never had those titles, but was summoned as a baron only.

In Dugdale, also, will be found the names of many noble persons, whose titles of honour were either the names of such heirs female from whom they were descended, or the names of such places whence those heirs female assumed their titles of dignity; and of whose summons to parliament by those titles, the general index will shew the respective times. They amount in number to twenty-eight instances.

So much for the representation of ladies in the House of Lords. The fact of their having formerly the right of being present at debates in the upper house, is evident from a speech (another proof also of their "virtual influence,") made by Lord Shaftesbury, in 1675, upon the dispute between the two houses, in the case of Shirley and Fagg—(*Lords' Debates*, vol. i. p. 165.) His lordship, arguing in favour of the lords' judicature, says,

"I have heard of twenty foolish models and expedients to secure the justice of the nation, and yet to take this right from your lordships. I must deal freely with your lordships: these thoughts could never have arisen in men's minds, but that there has been some kind of provocation that has given rise to it. Pray, my lords, forgive me, if, on this occasion, I put you in mind of committee dinners, and the scandal of it; *those droves of ladies that attended all causes:* it was come to that pass, that men even hired, or borrowed of their friends, *handsome sisters or daughters* to deliver their petitions."

Ladies, it is well known, have still the *entrée* on the opening, prorogation, or dissolution of parliament by the monarch or his commissioners. And we have often noticed them of late

years, during ordinary debates, gratifying both their curiosity and their pride in listening to their noble relatives, at the foot of the throne and area in front of it.

We now come to their rights as commoners, and members of the *third* estate: and, however singular it may appear, we shall, nevertheless, prove by incontestable documents, that they have possessed an actual right of representation in the Commons, and, in several instances, have exercised their franchise.

The origin of the representation of the counties, by two knights, (and, in some instances, three and four were directed in the precept to be chosen), is involved in great obscurity; and from some circumstances would appear of more recent date than the representation of some of the cities and boroughs; and also, more immediately originating in the representation of the landed estates, and yeoman tenants, *in capite*,—or that by corruption it became so. In the second part of Prynne's *Writs* that indefatigable antiquary makes the following curious mention of female representation.

"The first indentures and returns of knights for the county of *York*, are very remarkable, different from any I have seen in other shires of England, the attorneys of the archbishop of York, and of sundry earls, lords, nobles, *and some ladies*, who were annual suitors to the county court of Yorkshire, being the sole electors of the knights, and sealing their indentures: witness this first indenture yet extant, for this county." Anno 13 Hen. IV., upon the writ of 12 Hen. IV. *apud West.*

He then quotes the indenture with several female signatures by attorney. *Brevia Parliamentaria Rediviva*, p. 152. We have put the word *ladies* in italics in this quotation. It does not appear that it was the singularity of their execution of the indenture, that struck Prynne as so peculiar, but rather the nature of the return signed by attorney: for, in the following page he says, without reference to the signature of the females,

"The like indentures upon writs for elections of knights, issued to the sheriffs of Yorkshire, I find, in Anno 8 Hen. V. Anno. 1, 2, 3, 5, & 7 Hen. VI., in all which, the attornies only of nobles, barons, lords, *ladies*, and knights, who were suitors, made the election of the knights of Yorkshire, in the county court, and sealed the indentures. But in an. 25 Hen. VI. this ancient form and manner of elections and of indentures was changed, and varied from these fore-cited, being made and sealed by the freeholders of the county, not by noblemen's, ladies', and other's attorneys." (*Ib.* p. 153.)

We are much surprised, considering the minutiæ of his remarks, that this exercise of feminine power did not elicit some observation. We are almost inclined to suspect that the female

franchise was not so uncommon (in virtue of manorial right and freeholds) as to call forth any commentary. We have in vain searched the journals and records of petitions for traces of any popular protests against the exercise of female franchise but can discover no allusion to it. The corrupted representation, however, of the counties before this period was often the subject of bold complaint by petition. In the parliament of the 50th Edward III., the commons prayed that the knights of counties should be elected by common election " de les meilleurs gentz," of the same counties, and not certified by the sheriff alone, (*Rot. Parl.* Edward III. 355. No. 186.) The answer was, that the king willed, that they should be chosen by common consent of all the county. In a parliament previous to that of the indentures above referred to by Prynne, the 7th and 8th Henry IV., the due election of the knights of the shire was provided for by a statute for the free publication of the writ to the sheriff and election by all the freeholders annexing their seals to the indenture of return. Subsequently, also, to the parliament, 13 Henry IV., namely in the first and second years of Henry V., the commons enacted statutes for the more popular election of the knights, providing, that they should be elected by common consent and not by the vote, assent, or commission (*mandement*) of those absent. This we presume put an end to the aforesaid returns by attorneys on behalf of lords, ladies, &c. We cannot discover whether any women afterwards voted in person, but we are not aware of any law that would prevent them; nor of any *act* at the present time that would exclude them. It is stated in the *Percy Anecdotes*, that in an action at law, it has been determined that an unmarried woman having a freehold might vote for members of parliament: we are not aware of any such fact. But, in the reign of Elizabeth, when ladies wore much higher heeled shoes, a most remarkable return is met with among a bundle of returns to parliamentary writs in the chapel of the rolls, (15 Elizabeth, A. D. 1572.) The return is of two members for the borough of Aylesbury, by Lady Packington, as follows :

" To all Christian people to whom this present writing shall come. I, *Dame Dorothy Packington*, widow, late wife of Sir John Packington, knight, lord and owner of the town of Aylesbury, send greeting. Know ye, me, the said Dame Dorothy Packington, to have chosen, named, and appointed my trusty and well-beloved Thomas Lichfeld, and George Burden, esquires, to be my burgesses of my said town of Aylesbury. And whatsoever the said Thomas and George, burgesses, shall do in the service of the queen's highness in that present parliament to be holden at Westminster, the 8th day of May next ensuing the date hereof, I, the same Dorothy Packington, do ratify and approve to be my own act, as fully and wholly as if I were or might be present there.

" In witness whereof to these presents, I have set my seal, this 4th day of May, in the fourteenth year of the reign of our sovereign Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, of England, France, and Ireland, queen, defender of the faith," &c.

This record is cited by Brady, in his *Appendix* to the *History of Boroughs;* and Willis, (*Notitia Parliamentaria*, vol. i.) supposes, that the town submitted to the Packington's nomination of the burgesses in parliament, on that family defraying the expenses of the knights, and acquitting the borough of the same. Thus we see that borough-mongering was an ancient trade, for it is not likely that the widow Packington would have been so generous without herself acquiring some *return*, some *quid pro quo*.

This is not the only example of female influence in borough affairs. A memorable instance of old English spirit and integrity, is recorded of Lady Anne Clifford, countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, who, by failure of the male line, possessed the great hereditary estates of the Clifford Cumberland family, and the consequent *patronage* of the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, the profligate minister and secretary of Charles II., wrote to her ladyship, suggesting a candidate for the borough: she returned the following laconic and patriotic answer, worthy a better subject than this bartering of the subject's rights.—

" I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man sha'nt stand.

" Anne Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery."

Women are still partially represented, as the present state of the election law and franchise will prove, in the following particulars. In several boroughs, marriage with the daughters of freemen confers on the husbands a right of voting for members of parliament of their native towns: and in the case of Great Grimsby, 1802, the vote of Edward Beal was decided to be good by the committee, though he had received parish relief within twelve months, and only married the daughter of a freeman about a fortnight before the election. By the 18 Geo. II. a voter was required to have been twelve months in the possession of his estate before he could exercise his franchise; but by the same statute, an express exception is made in favour of estate by descent, marriage, and marriage settlement; and votes in respect of a wife's freehold have been admitted, in the case of those who married during the election (2 *Luders.* 426.) The marriage of a freeman's widow also, in some places, acquires the elective franchise. Instances have occurred, in contested elections, where these marriages have been managed for party purposes:

the husband, however, is prevented by law from making a convenience of his wife's franchise, to the neglect of his conjugal duties,—for, in cases of desertion of wife or children, and their burthening the parish, the husband's vote has been rejected. (1 *Peck*. 72.—*Ibid*. 373.) The husbands of tenants in dower are possessed of an estate of freehold enabling them to vote: this was formerly a matter of doubt, and, in consequence, an express statute (20 Geo. III. c. 17. sec. 12.) was made, providing, "That where any woman, the widow of any person, tenant in fee, or in tail, shall be entitled to dower or thirds by the common law, out of the freehold estate of which her husband died siezed or possessed of, and shall intermarry with a second husband, such second husband shall be entitled to vote in respect of such dower or thirds, if of the clear yearly value of 40*s*. or upwards, &c." Husbands also can vote in right of estates of joint-tenancy and coparcenary: thus by an estate of coparcenary, (arising where a person seized of an inheritance dies, leaving only daughters, sisters, aunts, or other female heirs, in which case the estate descends to such jointly), a whole flight of female representatives is sometimes created by marriage. So much for the female elective franchise, in these particulars: it is also exercised, in *gross*, in various places under the present borough system, which the right honourable Secretary for Foreign Affairs describes as a system which "works well" for the "virtual representation" of all classes and sexes. We allude to the *influence* of the Duchess of Dorset, at East Grinstead, in Sussex; of the lady of Sir William A'Court, at Heytesbury, in Wilts; Miss Laurence, at Rippon, in Yorkshire; the late Lady Monson, (now Lady Warwick), in divers places; and the Miss Bullers, at the three Cornish boroughs of East-Love, West-Love, and Saltash! These places, we should say, are *miss*-represented; we mean represented by ladies. To this we might add a catalogue of "parliamentary interest" acquired by marriage with heiresses; and of some now enjoyed by dowager executrixes, during the minority of sons. But we check ourselves from treading on this tender ground: we have already said enough to prove, that women have a considerable interest and influence in the parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland; and that the claim for their franchise is not so vulgar and visionary as supposed, and would certainly be no "innovation" in the constitution of the country. They already exercise the electoral function in the East India Direction, ruling forty millions of people: in all the great public companies of chartered property, the acts of incorporation specially guarantee to them their votes as share-holders: we see the candidates for the Bank, and other public directories, addressing them—"my lords, ladies, and gentlemen;"—in every popular establishment, reli-

gious, charitable, and literary, the right is conceded to them. Mr. Fox *(Woodfall's Report,* 1797,) paid the highest compliments to their intellectual aptitude, and cited their dependance on the other sex as the sole objection to their admission as electors of representatives in parliament.

The office of grand chamberlain is at present filled by two women: the high-constableship has been borne by a woman. The clerkship of the Crown, in the King's Bench, has been granted to the fair sex. The Lady Anne, Countess of Pembroke, was hereditary sheriff of Westmorland. (See *Butler's Notes, Co. Littl.)* Women have been overseers of the poor, and constables. Lady Broughton was keeper of the Gate House Prison, and a female was governess of the House of Correction at Chelmsford, by order of the Court. We think it a great hardship, therefore, that they should be liable to serve these offices, and debarred the legislative functions of the state.

As we have alluded to the female privileges as spectators in the Upper House, we cannot conclude without mentioning, that the chivalry of the noblesse is superior to the *commons,* who will not allow women to be present at their debates. In *Grey's Debates,* vol. iii. p. 222, 1st of June, 1675, is the following amusing entry: "Some ladies were in the gallery, peeping over the gentlemen's shoulders. The Speaker spying them, called out, "what borough do those ladies serve for?" to which Sir W. Coventry replied, "they serve for the Speaker's chamber." Sir Thomas Littleton said, "perhaps the Speaker may mistake them for gentlemen with fine sleeves, dressed like ladies." Says the Speaker, "I am sure I saw petticoats." Hatsell, in a note to the 2nd volume of his valuable parliamentary collections, says he recollects, one evening, when the whole gallery, and the seats under the front gallery, were filled with ladies; and that Governor Johnstone being angry that the House was cleared of all the "*men* strangers," amongst whom were some friends he had introduced, insisted, that "*all* strangers" should withdraw. This produced a violent ferment for a long time; the ladies shewing great reluctance to comply with the orders of the House, so that business was interrupted for nearly two hours: but at length they too were compelled to submit. Since that time, ladies, many of the highest rank, have made several very powerful efforts to be again admitted; but Mr. Cornwall, Lord Sidmouth, and the present accomplished Speaker, Mr. *Manners* Sutton, have as constantly declined permitting them to come in. Hatsell opposes their admission, on the ground that the smallness of the gallery would then exclude so many young men, reporters and merchants, whose attendance is of so much more real use to the public. We cannot omit here to state, that, some years since, we recollect a rumour in

the gallery, that Madame de Staël was sitting, *en habit d'homme*, in a surtout and military indescribables, listening to the debate, under the protection of Sir J. Macintosh.

We have now concluded our retrospective review of this interesting subject. We find we have no room for the discussion of the present legal condition of the fair sex, but must refer them to *Blackstone*, and *Coke upon Littleton*, if they have the curiosity to delve into the mysteries of the law. We shall state, however, for their comfort, that the old law which gave the husband the power of corporal correction, for some misdemeanours, *flagellis et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem*, for minor offences, *modicam castigationem adhibere*, since the politer reign of Charles II., has been tempered by the power given the wife, of security of the peace against her husband, and the salutary discipline of the treadmill, in case of the husband's second breach of politeness. And in answer to many queries which have been put to us for our legal opinion, on the construction of the liturgical promise of *obedience*, (from the word *obey*), and its force in the *civil* law, we beg to state, that from our experience in practice and the world, we consider it ranks among the number of legal "fictions."

We find we have diverged so far from the text of the curious volumes before us, that we have no room for quotation. The "*Parliament of Ladies*" is a witty pamphlet on the "virtual" influence of certain ladies over the Stuarts and Cavalier party. The reader may find it reprinted in the last edition of the *Somers' Tracts*, vol. v., with some additions from a manuscript copy in the possession of the editor. A pencil note in the copy of the original tract now before us, mentions that it was reprinted by Mr. Hollis, as the work of Neville, author of *Plato Redivivus*. Although rather a licentious, it is an arch comment on the gallantry of the Court, and very wittily satirizes the prevailing powers of female magnetism. Their first act in parliament assembled, is represented to be the choice of a Speaker in the person of the king's mistress:—"The ladies being assembled at Kate's, in Covent Garden, and having spent some time in chusing their Speaker, they at last resolved upon the Lady Isabella Thynne, hoping thereby, that their acts might have the greater influence upon the king's majesty." p. 2.

We had intended to have made several extracts from Mary Wollstonecroft's *Rights of Women*, with the narrative of some interesting circumstances connected with her early years and life—but must defer it to a future opportunity. The party spirit of the period in which she lived is nearly extinct, and the errors of her conduct will now find pity and extenuation in the hearts of all who can feel for an ardent and ingenuous mind, the creature of early misfortune. Her works are now passed

into comparative neglect; but we are bold to say, that they contain many valuable principles of female education, and abound with precepts calculated to elevate the moral dignity of her sex.

We do not wish here to be interpreted as aiding and abetting the manufacture of *blue stockings*, or encouraging young ladies to soil themselves with old books and musty records, in search of their ancient privileges, instead of attending to their accomplishments and the study of the *Cook's Oracle*. God forbid that the increasing number of pedants should be swollen by the addition of pedantic wives. An anonymous author, of the sixteenth century, published a little Latin dissertation, to prove that women are not men, in ridicule of the early protestant principle, of admitting no proofs, in logic, but what are taken from Scripture alone. Simon Gediecus, a Lutheran divine, wrote a serious confutation of this piece, in 1595. Erasmus, in one of his letters to Budæus, plunges into the controversy, how far learning and study become the sex? Lud. Vives, in his *Institutio Fœminæ Christianæ*, has a chapter expressly on the same subject. Madam Schurman, a German lady, has gone beyond them both, in a treatise on this problem: "Num fœminæ Christianæ conveniat studium literarum;" and we have heard the subject amply discussed in many *salons* and *conversaziones*. We do not meddle, however, with this subject in the present number. But we may say, that the science of education in the elementary instruction of women, as of men, is in its very infancy; and that the means generally used to cultivate the mind, are, frequently, precisely calculated to defeat the developement of the human intellect. Many women, in past and present times, are splendid examples of the exercise of mental power, in works of invaluable and immortal utility. We are convinced, that when the first studies of the sex shall be withdrawn from volumes of gallantry and absurd fiction, to such as exercise the memory, cultivate the taste, and ripen the judgment; when female education is directed to the advancement of the characteristic delicacy, and in some degree to make up for that want of knowledge of, and collision with the world, in which men, from their sexual liberty, must necessarily excel and take the lead,—*then* will women be capable not only of spelling Greek and Latin, but of appreciating the value of classic lore—and of exercising their natural influence in the world—"the grace, the life, and the ornament of society."

ART. VIII.—*Sehr herrliche, Schœne urd wahr hafte Gedichte ernstliche Trauerspiele, liebliche Schanspiele, seltsame Fastnachtspiele, kurzweilege Gespräch', sehnliche Klagreden, wunderburliche Fabeln, sammt andern lächerlichen Schwänken und Possen, des berühmten Meistersaengers* Hans Sachs. *Kempten, bei Ranisch.* 1612—1616.

In the fourteenth century, while Germany was kept in continual agitation by the feuds and broils of rival princes and barons, there sprang up among the inhabitants of the towns, who devoted themselves to commerce and the arts, the first perceptible germ of those MUNICIPAL ORDERS, which for so long a time rendered prosperous and flourishing the incorporated cities of that country; and which, in England, even at this day, is a remarkable feature among our popular institutions. Already in the thirteenth century, the masons in all parts of Germany had formed themselves into a strict corporation, which with uniform laws and ceremonies received into its bosom apprentices, companions, and masters; and which, throughout all Europe, erected to the divinity those sublime temples, which have since been denominated *Gothic*. In the fourteenth century, all the arts and trades imitated the example of the masons, by dividing themselves into different societies; and, as moral bodies, took part in the administration of public affairs, and deliberated in municipal council upon laws for their internal regulation. These incorporated mechanics usually met together on holidays; and, after the disposal of civil business, either read, in the long winter evenings, the Chronicles of their country, or the ancient Nordic poems, and erotic ballads. These readings could hardly fail to suggest in many the idea of entertaining the company with some composition of their own. And there can be little doubt, that the readings of these assembled artizans were the main cause that awakened in many a bosom the dormant spirit of poetry, in that unlettered age.

The elementary step towards organisation being thus imperceptibly compassed, they proceeded quite naturally to select the most excellent from among their company, and, by common consent, established a POETIC CORPORATION under the name of Master-singers. Adopted in a particular city, the genius of the German population soon fastened on the fascinating novelty, and bore it onwards. The intimate, uniform, and constant relations which subsisted between the artisans of those times, and those countries, materially hasten-

ed its dissemination, and rendered it universal.—The birth-place of this poetic phenomenon was MENTZ. Thence it passed rapidly into the other cities of Germany—particularly Augsburg and Nuremberg. The masters of Mentz, to give celebrity to their new institution, taught their pupils, that this school of Magistral Song was founded from ancient time, by very noble and illustrious persons—and they named the following.

1. WALTER, Lord of the Vogelweide.
2. WALFGANG ESCHENBACH, Cavalier, or Knight.
3. CONRAD MARNER, Cavalier.
4. A. FRAUENLOB, of Mentz. } Theologicians.
5. A. MUGELING, of Mentz. }
6. M. KLINGSOHR.
7. M. STARKE PAPP.

and five honourable burghers: namely—

8. BARTHOLOMEW REGENBOGEN, a Blacksmith.
9. The ROMAN of Zgwickau.
10. The CHANCELLOR, a Fisherman.
11. CONRAD of Wurtzburg: and
12. STOLL, Senior.

They affirmed, moreover, that the Emperor OTHO I., in the year 962, cited these twelve to appear at the university of Pavia. There they were publicly examined by the professors, in the presence of a multitude of learned persons, and acknowledged masters in their art. On this occasion, OTHO presented these masters and their academy with a diadem of gold, to adorn and crown him who should come off the victor in song. The documents relative to these transactions were preserved for seven hundred years, in the archives of Mentz, whence they were taken and carried into Alsace, at the time of the Smalkaldic war.

It is easy to perceive that this history is an artful invention of the founders of the Magistral Song, to give more importance and sanctity to their corporation. The singers of Augsburg and Nuremberg had, notwithstanding, each of them their own *Protomasters*—twelve, also: but they dated from more recent times, and did not clash with the pre-eminence of Mentz: on the contrary, they mentioned the masters of that school in their songs always with profound respect.

Be that as it may,—we have indicated with great historical precision *the epoch* in which this sect originated, whose aim was to promote the developement of music and poetry among the German people. To accomplish this, the *Masters of the Song* assembled together on holidays, generally in the evening,

either in the Halls of the Arts, or in the churches, and there performed their poetico-musical exercises.

It was their custom, by written placards, handsomely ornamented, and exposed in all the public places, to invite the lovers of the fine arts to these assemblies: and the ceremony was arranged as follows. The concurrents for the distinction of *Master* placed themselves—one after the other—in a high chair, whose elevation gave it the appearance of a cathedral throne. By the side of the concurrent sat four judges—*Mercker*—one of whom was to pronounce upon the *subject of the song:* to the second, belonged its *prosody:* the *rhymes* to a third; and a fourth kept an account of its *melody*. So that to arrive at the mastership, it was not simply requisite to be a good poet, but the candidate must set his verses to music, and sing them too!

On mounting the rostrum, the performer first briefly complimented the masters and the audience. He, then, set forth the *subject of his poem*:—its *particular form*, whether of three, five, or seven strophes:—the *quality* of the rhymes, or verses:—and lastly, the *melody* he proposed to adopt. Of all this, the judges kept an exact account. In this manner, one after the other, the contending parties sang their compositions from the chair: and when they had all finished, the judges began to examine from hand to hand the poem of each competitor, in the quadruple relation already pointed out. This examination over, they called the ordinary president of the assembly, if he did not happen to be among the concurrents; but if otherwise, one of the ancient masters; and gave in their judgment to him. The president then ascended *in cathedram*, having at each side two judges, and proceeded with a loud, intelligible voice, to announce the JUDGMENT. This comprehended, first, the adjudication of the *crown* to the most distinguished poet; then, that of the *garland* to the next best; and finally, the *penal sentence*, against those who had neglected the rules of the art. At the sound of trumpets and other instruments, the two victor poets now approached the President, who placed upon their heads the insignia of their triumph, amid the shouts of the acclaiming auditory. The bursar went his rounds with a bag, into which all who had incurred a penalty dropped it acquiescingly, as he passed along. This was the signal for the society to separate, which they now did, with a handsome *renvoy* to the audience; and its members, in good harmony, repaired either to one of their *cafés*, or some public room. There, seated at the festive board, their only themes poetry and the fine arts, they passed the brimming beaker in quick succession; and improvisation, in those rhymed couplets which are called *knittelverse*, became the order of the night. Woe to him, who had not always a rhyme at his fingers' ends, or some burlesque

idea to compensate for it; for he would have been the butt of the company!

Such were the singular customs of the Mastersingers: but yet more singular than these customs, were the laws upon which they grounded their judgments. It would be foreign to the purpose of an article like the present, to particularise the many strange regulations and absurdities of their poetic code: but it may be remarked, that they fettered the freedom of the Muse with every impediment that an ingenious fancy could devise.* They had thirty-two laws for the minutiæ of composition, which it was compulsory on each candidate to observe: and to the infraction of any one of these was annexed a penalty, often as fanciful as the law itself. With such obstacles to the attainment of perfection, even upon their own principles, a freedom from faults was almost altogether impossible: consequently, those performers who numbered *the fewest errors* were crowned as conquerors. Deducting these aberrations of the victors, the next business was to count the faults of the vanquished; and every syllable *in excess of such deduction* was expiated by a small pecuniary fine, the product of which went towards the entertainments, and similar expenses.† All the

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* Every song or poem, for instance, had its given number of rhymes and syllables, *prescribed and limited by the master;* and every singer, poet, or judge, *was obliged to count them upon his fingers.* The song [*Bar*] was confined to three, five, or seven stanzas, or verses [*Gesetze*], which were divided into two principal strophes [*Stollen*], each finishing with a crotchet, and sung to the same air: then followed the antistrophe [*Abgesang*], in a different melody; and ordinarily, the song terminated with a strophe, set to the same melody as the two former. The rhymes, or verses, employed in these songs, or poems, were of *seven sorts.* They had their dumb, or mute rhymes, called *Stumpfe Reime*: sounding rhymes, or *Klingende Reime*: sounding and beating rhymes, *Klingende Schlagreime*: modes, or blank verses, *Weisen, oder einfache verse:* pauses, *Pausen:* coronets, *Krönlein:* and their mute, beating rhymes, or *Stumpfe Schlagreime.* To each and all of these verses were assigned their several stations in the poem, and often under such hampering restrictions, as must have been very prejudicial to the sense. Neither was it allowable to change this arbitrary location, under any colour of poetic license; for the principal merit in these compositions was their punctilious adaptation to a mechanical standard, from which any signal departure was punished by fine, and disqualification for the prize.

† This *syllabical assessment* of the penalties was another peculiar feature in the institution of the Mastersingers; and, from the impossibility of a strict adherence on the part of any performer to such a vexatious canon of composition, must have been a very material and equally certain source of revenue. *Exempli gratiâ:* a verse too long,

certaminal, or *master* songs, were performed in the high German language, from which no deviation was tolerated under any circumstances. Nor was the plea of his own particular provincial idiom of any service to the offending singer. If he was ignorant of the Teutonic language, *he was desired to go back, and study in the received standards*:—these were the bibles of Wittemberg, Nuremberg, and Frankfort, and the public records of the lordships and principalities of the empire. It ought to be mentioned here, that the harmonies, or tunes of the mastersingers, were of high antiquity, and held in great reverence by that extraordinary body. They are said, indeed, to have preserved, traditionally, the ancient melodies of the *minnesingers*, or love minstrels: more especially those, which were supposed to belong to the twelve founders of the School of Song. According to some writers, there were not less than four hundred of these melodies; and their names were singular enough. There was the *Feilweis*, or Melody of the File: the *Preisweis*, or Melody of Praise: *Zarte Buchstabenweis*, the tender Melody of Letters: *Geschwinde Pflugweis*, the quick Melody of the Plough. Besides these, the high *allegro* Melody of Praise—the hard Melody of the Field—the long Tail of the Swallow—and the long double Harmony of the Dove, were among their constant and familiar favorites. In the certaminal exercises, the singers were confined to a rigorous observation of the ancient metres, as well as notes of these melodies. But the composition of original airs was not, on that account, discouraged; and many of these, in manuscript, are to be found in the library of TRAUBOT at Leipsig, and in that of Vienna, and others.

Such rules and institutions, it is evident, were little calculated to kindle the flame of poetry in ordinary bosoms. And, if these meetings of the United Artisans did not produce any *first-rate geniuses*, where is the wonder? Has even one, among all the literary academies of cultivated Europe, been able to achieve more? The Society of the Mastersingers has not been wanting, for all this, in many excellent consequences. Music and metre constituted its essential elements, and civilization felt her march quickened by their influence. It preserved, too,

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or too short, received its punishment *syllable by syllable*:—a word too hard, or too soft—a note too high, or too low—a change of measure, or of melody—a pause omitted, or introduced—a strophe more, or less, than *the regulation*—rhythm violated—rhyme neglected—and twenty other such mechanical *minutiæ*, paid their forfeit according to the *syllabic tariff*.

XUM

among the people recollections of antiquity, which else had undoubtedly perished; and called forth that patriarcho-biblical spirit, which rendered so venerable the burgher families, and artisans of the cities of Germany; nay more, universalised the high German idiom, and made it the language of the people. In the midst of its many curious arrangements, and fantastical and useless formalities, it had the peculiar merit to become the guardian of its native tongue, and transmit it pure through the deflux of barbarous ages.

In this state, without being cultivated by any individual of a genius prominently poetical, the Magistral Song continued down to the times of LUTHER: but at that period there arose a poet, who may challenge a comparison with the happiest of modern bards.

It is a singular circumstance, that in this century two German shoemakers, JOHN SACHS and JACOB BÆHMEN—the one in poetry, the other in philosophy—should have been able to impart to their native language a pliability and fulness of expression, which even to this day may serve as models.

Our poet was born on the fifth of November, 1494, in a time of great sickness. His father, who was a tailor, a man of virtuous and simple manners, from an apprehension of the prevailing epidemic, had him baptised on the day of his birth, and gave him the name of JOHN.* He lived, however, and at seven years of age, he was sent to the Latin schools. Of his early boyhood little certain appears to be known, beyond the accidental interruption of his studies by a malignant fever, from which he soon recovered. In his fifteenth year he was removed from the schools, to be instructed in the trade of shoemaking: a business, which, even to this day, has more than once been dignified by such a casualty. The important æra in his life,—that which was to influence all his future destinies,—was now not far distant. He was about seventeen years of age, when the Mastersinger, Leonard Nunnenbeck, a weaver by profession, apprenticed him in the delightful art of song: and in this he became immediately so distinguished, not only for his compositions, but for the fine voice in which he recited them, that no common excellence began to be augured for him. Thus initiated in song, he abandoned his paternal dwelling, and set forward on that probationary tour, which was then, and is still customary among the artisans of Germany, in all the common handicraft, to perfect himself in its charming mysteries. Ratisbon, Passow, Saltzburg, Halle, Monaco, Frank-

* In the German, HANS.

fort, and Wurtzburg, successfully allured, and gratified his enquiring mind: and crossing the Rhine, he sojourned severally at Coblentz, Cologne, and other famous cities. Throughout all these peregrinations, wherever there happened to be master-singers, he sought them eagerly: whenever he could, to learn from them some ancient song, or melody—but, oftener far, to teach them some new composition of his own. At one period of his travels, the better to familiarise himself with the manners of a court, he procured himself to be appointed huntsman to the Emperor Maximilian. In no place did he abandon himself to idleness, play, or other vices: on the contrary, by his conversation and life, he dissuaded his friends from them also; and his habits were pure and innocent. His first essay in poetry was a hymn to the divinity. Moving about in this agreeable manner, 'till the year 1516, he visited Leipsig, Lubeck, Osnabrook, Vienna, Erfurt, and other cities, as he himself tells us. And thus, perfecting himself at once in the gentle crafts of poetry and shoe-making, he would have continued much longer his desultory and errant pilgrimage, had not a desire to revisit his native town too strongly seconded the wishes of his parents, and hurried him home. On his return to Nuremberg, in his twenty-second year, he was received a master-shoemaker; and, in the year 1519, married Cunegunda Kreutzer, a hale and handsome young woman of the district. They lived together for a long period in great domestic harmony and happiness, blest with five sons and two daughters. After this marriage, he became quite domiciliated at Nuremberg, and applied himself zealously to poetry, and the labours of his vocation. He studied indefatigably the works of the ancient German poets, and the great Italian authors, particularly Petrarch and Boccacio: but above all, he devoted himself passionately to the *Bible*, and the works of Luther, whose reform he embraced, and materially assisted with his writings. In the sixty-sixth year of his age he was deprived of his faithful partner, and, before her, of all his sons: but he did not continue long a widower, for we find him re-married in a year. His second wife, whose name was Barbara Harscher, was a woman of great loveliness and beauty; and with her he led the residue of his long life in uninterrupted felicity. Not many years after their union, this eminent poet almost entirely lost his hearing. From that period society became irksome to him, and he began to withdraw himself into his own house. There, at his little table, while the calm sunset of his existence wore gradually away, he would sit reading and writing all day, with his white beard and locks of snow, never speaking to any one but his wife. And in this manner he reached, on the nineteenth of January, 1578, that final moment which awaits us all.

XUM

The companions, with whom he had often sung, carried his earthly remains to the tomb.*

In his own age, the poetry of Sachs was unboundedly popular: the master singers were all astonished, and the people received it with raptures. His portrait, engraved in wood, was universal in the coffee-rooms of Germany. But, in the succeeding century, a rage for foreign literature had corrupted the national taste, and the works of Sachs were thrown aside, and left to be rotted by the moths. Time, however, which vindicates all things, has preserved the memory of this original, fertile, and refreshing poet: and it is enough to remark in his praise, that the master genius of his country's literature, Goethe, has imitated Hans Sachs in the most celebrated of his compositions—*Faust*.† In fact, if three requisites are to be looked for in poetry—invention, expression, and enthusiasm—we shall find all these blended in Sachs. He is an inventor of forms, and of things: his allegories are lively, poetical, fresh, and brilliant; his expression rich; his language choice, harmonious, and teeming with new phraseologies, full of character, and point, and beauty. But what especially enhances the interest of his compositions, is the fidelity of colouring with which he exhibits the characters, and the times which he paints. And yet, all this would be nothing, if his enthusiasm were not directed by one predominant and absorbing idea, for which all the forms of poetry do but furnish so many vehicles to embody

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* His works, collected in five volumes folio, were printed first at Nuremberg, in 1576–1579; and reprinted at Kempten, in 1616, in five volumes quarto. They contain two hundred and twelve pieces of profane poetry, one hundred and sixteen sacred allegories, and one hundred and ninety-seven dramas. These editions are now no longer to be had; but there is in the market a selection from his works, edited by John Büsching, in six volumes, and printed at Nuremberg.

† Goethe has besides composed a small legendary tale, which he has entitled, *In the manner of Hans Sachs*. In this poem he has related with a humour which never encroaches on the respect due to the character introduced in his fable, how when Jesus was walking with his disciples, he saw a horse-shoe, and pointed to Peter to pick it up. Peter, "who was dreaming of the government of the world, or some such matter," affected not to observe his master, and walked on. Jesus stooped—sold it for a penny, and bought cherries. It was a hot day, and on their walk the party were suffering from heat. On this, Jesus dropped from his sleeve the cherries, one by one, which Peter was very glad to stoop for: and at the end he receives a lecture from his master. This is an admirable specimen of the tone of the great master-singer, and of the simplicity of the age, which took no offence at such mixture of the sacred and profane.

it in every possible variety. This governing idea, so omnipresent in his thoughts, was Protestantism. But Protestantism, in Sachs, was not a frozen formalism, nor a dull affectation; no!—but it was the spirit of the dignity of man's nature, that, illuminated by revelation, made war against the abuses of the priesthood, the domination of the Popes, and the corruption of the clergy: and, spurning the fetters imposed upon the human intellect, discovered to his fellow-countrymen the true path to salvation. Secondary to this idea, but inseparable from it, was his impression that a politico-moral regeneration awaited his native country. In this, all the works of Hans Sachs—whether from the double allegory employed in them, at once religious and political, or the undisguised frankness with which he attacks the vices of the priests, and of his contemporaries, without distinction of sect; or whether we consider the novelty of his expressions, and the originality of his inventions—assimilate remarkably with the writings of Dante Alighieri. Of all the German poets, not even Goethe excepted, he is the only one who has truly comprehended the genius of his country's poetry, and preserved it pure, without encumbering it with foreign forms. And it is quite inconceivable how Frederick Schlegel, in his hypercatholic zeal, could have been transported to such a pitch, as to affirm of Sachs, that he was an *artisan* even in poetry.

Hans Sachs is the inventor of German tragedy and comedy. In tragedy, his subjects are all taken either from the ancient Nordic legends, or the mythology of the Round Table; and sometimes, but rarely, from the sacred writings. With a concise and clear prologue, he transports the audience at once into the middle of the action, which, without any artificial intricacies, is continued through five, or seven very short acts. His comedies, entitled *Schwänke*, consist but of a single act, and are lively and satirical pictures of the corruption of his times: It must be confessed, that sometimes his colouring is a little high, and his words grate harshly upon the delicate ears of a modern audience; for such is the morbid sensibility at which we have arrived, that the most nefarious atrocities must have the demulceat of a pious phraseology. But Luther, Hutten, and Sachs, did not think in this canting manner; and with frank and round expressions, called things by their proper names. Aristophanes himself, who lived in the most polished city of the world, was by no means so delicate in his choice of terms; and Dante, in his *Inferno*, rebukes the vices of popes and kings, and Pisans and Florentines, in language of no studied sweetness. Certainly, Sachs did not give the last perfection to German dramatic poetry, but in this he only resembled Æschylus: and if

poets of different ages and countries may have some points of comparison in common, it may be said, that, as Sophocles improved into harmony and standard elegance the invented tragedy of Æschylus, so Goethe, in his *Faust*, imparted to the drama of our poet the last polish of which it was susceptible. All the remainder of Goethe's pieces are but so many experiments, to transplant into the German soil the dramatic forms either of the English, or the ancients. Nor was Goethe, on this subject, ungrateful towards the inventor of the German drama: for, in the *Poetic Mission of Hans Sachs*, he has given him his proper praise, and keenly vituperates those who refuse to acknowledge him for a master.

"In Froschpfuhl all' das Volk verbannt,
Das Seinen Meister je verkannt."

The only defect which can at all be imputed to Sachs, is an occasional prolixity of moral diatribe. But this prolixity ought rather to be imputed to the nation, and to the times in which he lived, than to the poet. Goethe himself, who is the most classical and finished of his country's poets, is any thing but free from such a censure. And who does not discover this vice in the *Don Carlos* and *Wallenstein* of Schiller, and in the eternal exclamations of Klopstock, much more abundantly than in Hans Sachs! Surely not for a defect like this, ought we to disparage the poet of the people, the child of genius, and of nature!

ART. IX.—*Argalus and Parthenia; as it hath been acted at the Court before their Majesties, and at the Private House in Drury Lane, by their Majesties' Servants. By* Henry Glapthorne. 4*to. London*, 1639.

The Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein, late Duke of Fridland, and General to the Emperor Ferdinand the Second. Written by Henry Glapthorne.

Cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi.

The scene Egers; and acted with good allowance at the Globe, on the Bankside, by his Majesties' Servants. 4*to. London*, 1600.

The Hollander, a Comedy; written 1635. *The author*, Henry Glapthorne; *and now printed as it was then acted at the Cock-*

pit, in Drury Lane, by their Majesties' Servants, with good allowance; and at the Court, before both their Majesties. 4*to. London,* 1640.

Wit in a Constable, a Comedy; written in 1639. *The author,* Henry Glapthorne; *and now printed as it was lately acted at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, by their Majesties' Servants, with good allowance.* 4*to. London,* 1640.

The Ladies' Privilege; as it was acted, with good allowance, at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, and before their Majesties at Whitehall, twice, by their Majesties' Servants. The author, Henry Glapthorne.

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.

4*to. London,* 1640.

Henry Glapthorne is one of the least known of our neglected dramatists, one of the obscurest of an obscure class. Although the author of nine plays, which were received with approbation, or, as the phrase was, with good allowance, in his own time, (the reign of Charles I.) and a writer of no inconsiderable merit, he has not since been honoured with the slightest attention from the admirers of this species of literature. Dodsley's collection does not contain one of Glapthorne's plays, although it includes many far inferior to them; not a quotation from him appears in *Lamb's Dramatic Specimens;* not a line in *Campbell's Specimens of English Poets.* We perceive, however, that two of his plays are announced for publication in the *Old English Drama,* a circumstance which has reminded us of a former intention of devoting a few pages to the investigation of his dramatic character, and has induced us now to afford him this tardy justice. Winstanley mentions him as "one of the chiefest dramatic poets of that age;" a judgment from which Langbaine, with his usual jealousy and contempt of his rival biographer, appeals, but, at the same time, "presumes, that his plays passed with good approbation at the Globe and Cockpit Playhouses:" and the authors of the *Biographia Dramatica* allow him to have been a good writer, adding, however, that his plays are now entirely laid aside. For this total forgetfulness into which Glapthorne's plays have fallen, their extreme rarity will, in some measure, although not wholly, account. It may also be partly owing to his not having attained the highest form in the dramatic art, and partly to that chance and change to which all things are liable. The biography of the author has experienced a similar fate to that of his plays, and we are consequently unable to supply any particulars of it. With respect to his character as an author, the opinion expressed in the

Biographia Dramatica is more correct than that of Winstanley. Glapthorne is certainly a better writer than a dramatist, more eloquent than impassioned, more poetical than pathetic, infinitely better qualified to describe than to feel, and to describe outward and visible things, than

> " To paint the finest features of the mind;
> And to most subtle and mysterious things
> Give colour, strength, and motion."

To define and give a shape to the shades of feeling; which pass through the heart, with the rapidity of the varying lights and shadows which flit across the meadows on a half sunny, half cloudy day; to circumscribe the boundaries of passion, to take measure of the heart, to pourtray the " strength and beauty of the sanctuary," as well as its weakness and deformity; and to shew how fearfully and wonderfully it is made, is, indeed, a hard task. It requires qualities of mind very different from those necessary to produce an agreeable description of the beauties or peculiarities of natural scenery, of the eccentricities of human manners, or the singularities of worldly fashions. The one requires but an ordinary power of observation joined with a little fancy—the other a plastic imagination, acute sensibility and nice observation, a mind which can disclose the secret chambers of the soul, and the strange things which are there conceived, as Asmodeus unroofed the city of Madrid, and pointed out to his astonished companion the pleasures and miseries of its inhabitants.

Glapthorne belongs to an inferior order of genius: not being able to lay open the springs of passion, he covers them with flowers, in order that, as he cannot gratify us with their refreshing waters, he may, at least, hide their existence. The consequence is, that, in those situations in which we are prepared for our sympathies being called into exercise, we find poetry instead of pathos, and elaborate speeches instead of passion. Almost every thing is good, well said, eloquent, poetical; but in such a profusion of rhetorical flourishes, poetical images and dazzling metaphors, it is not possible that every thing should be in its proper place. Indeed, it must be admitted, that his imagery is not always appropriate, and is frequently but ill calculated to bear the test of logic. In exuberance of ornament, he resembles George Peele, although he does not possess the same richness of colouring, nor the same stately harmony of diction: in redundancy of similes he approaches the exquisite John Lilly, although he does not carry his fondness for them to quite so extravagant a length; nor are his compositions distinguished by such a laborious polish and mi-

nute accuracy; nor do they contain the same quantity of learned allusion as those of the witty Euphuist. The excessive imagery in which Glapthorne indulges, completely spoils the dramatic effect of his plays; but, although he frequently sacrifices truth and nature to the utterance of a pretty speech, or the garnish of a well expressed similitude, there are passages to which this censure does not apply, passages of great poetical beauty, written with vigour of thought, and fervour of imagination. The justice of this praise will be seen by the extracts we shall make, particularly from *Albertus Wallenstein* and the *Lady's Privilege*.

Albertus Wallenstein, the first in order of publication, and, probably, the first which Glapthorne wrote, was originally printed in 1634. This play, which is upon the whole a good one, is founded upon the revolt of that commander from the Emperor Ferdinand the Second. The chief interest, however, centers in the subsidiary story of Albert, the general's son, and Isabella, one of his wife's attendants. This part forms a sweet piece of dramatic history, and is written with great beauty both of sentiment and diction: the characters of the two lovers are full of nobleness; that of Isabella is a fine specimen of feminine perfection. The whole of this little history we shall quote. Albert is urging his suit to Isabella.

"*Alb.* Why, cruel fair one, should you shun his sight,
Whose every soul moves in your eyes? or why
Should your blest voice speak health to all the world,
Yet threaten death to me? Look on my youth,
My hopeful youth, which, in the active war,
Has taught old soldiers discipline; behold it
Nipt by the cold frost of your icy beauty,
As in a fever, languishing to nothing;
Forgetful of the noble pride and strength
It has so lately boasted. 'Tis unjust,
To see me still over my foes victorious,
Made by myself your captive, to insult
Over your suppliant vassal. Would those eyes,
Which can contract lights, orb into a glance,
Become impoverish'd by a smile? those cheeks
Sully their native tincture, should they blush
At your mind's cruelty? 'twould rather add
To the illustrious excellence.

Isa. My noble lord!

Alb. Stay; you must not speak it:
There's not an accent issuing from your lips
But has the power, should thunder speak, to charm

To peaceful quiet th' affrighted world,
And would strike dumb my passion. Best of virgins!
There is not that disparity 'twixt our births,
As there's unequal difference 'twixt our hearts:
Mine's all on fire; dare combat with the sun
For heat's priority; your's, mountain snow;
Cold as the north, and cruel as my fortunes:
Yet you may make them equal, as your eyes are,
By yielding up that fort, which will, when time
Has given it ceremonious privilege, be, perhaps,
By some unworthy groom, without resistance,
Surpriz'd and entered.

Isa. My lord, custom is become
In men a second nature, to deceive
Poor virgins by their flatteries. Noble youth!
That I do love you dearly, may these tears,
Shed for your folly, testify: look back
Into your priceless honour; call that up
To assist the fortress of your mind, assail'd
By foul unlawful passion: think how base it is
To rob a silly orphan of her dowry.
I have no other, but my virgin whiteness,
Left to uphold my fame; nought but my virtue
To my inheritance: should you despoil me
Of that fair portion, by your lust, my memory
Would, like an early rose-bud by the tempest,
Die on its stalk blasted.

Alb. I do dream, sure!

Isa. Women's fame, sir,
Are, like thin crystal glasses, by a breath
Blown into excellent form, and, by a touch,
Crack'd, or quite broken. Say I should consent
To your desires; your appetite once sated,
You would repent the fact, when you should see
Yourself surrounded in a mist of cares;
View bashful virgins point at you, as at
Some hateful prodigy; hear matrons cry—
'There goes the lustful thief, that glories in
The spoil of innocent virgins; that foul thief,
That has a hundred eyes to let lust in at,
As many tongues to give his wild thoughts utterance.'

* * * * * * * *

Albert alone.

Alb. To be in love, nay, to be so in love

To put off all our reason and discourse,
Which does distinguish us from savage beasts;
To dote upon a face (which, like a mirror,
Sully'd on any breath) by the least sickness
Grows pale and ghastly: is not this mere madness?
Why should't inhabit here then? Sure the god,
As 'tis a spirit of a subtle essence,
A form as thin and pure as is an angel's,
Can ne'er be author of these wild desires,
So opposite to its nature; they're all fleshly,
Sordid, as is the clay this frame's compos'd of.
Shall the soul,
The noble soul, be slave to these wild passions,
And bow beneath their weight?—ha, Isabella!

Enter Isabella.

All reason, sense, and soul are in her looks;
There's no discourse beyond them. Cruel fair one!
Are you still resolute to persist in your
Strange tyranny, and scorn my constant love?

Isa. Do not, sir,
Abuse that sacred title, which the saints
And powers celestial glory in, by ascribing
It to your loose desires; 'pray, rather clothe them
In their own attribute; term them your lust, sir;
Your wild, irregular lust; which, like those firedrakes
Misguiding nighted travellers, will lead you
Forth of the fair path of your fame and virtue,
To unavoided ruin.

Alb. This is mere coyness,
A cunning coyness, to make me esteem
At a high rate, that jewel which you seem
To part from so unwillingly (merchants use it
To put bad wares away): dear Isabella,
Think what excessive honour thou shalt reap
In the exchange of one poor trivial gem,
And that but merely imaginary, a voice,
An unsubstantial essence; yet for that
Thou shalt have real pleasures, such as queens,
Prone to delicious luxury, would covet
To sate their appetites. Think, Isabella!
That hardest marble, though not cut by force,
By oft diffusion of salt drops is brought
Into whatever form the carver's fancy
Had before destin'd it. Your heart's that substance,

XUM

And will, by frequent oratory of tears,
Be brought to wear the perfect shape, the figure
Of my affection on it.
Isa. Thus besieg'd,
It is high time I summon up my virtue,
All that is good about me, to assist
My resolution: sir, I would be loath
That you should see me angry; 'tis a passion
My modesty is unacquainted with;
Yet, in this case, dear to me as my honour,
I needs must chide your passion. O consider! look
What a precipice of certain ruin
Your violent will (as on some dangerous rock
That strikes whate'er dashes upon't in pieces)
Has cast your heedless youth upon, my lord;
Why should you venture your whole stock of goodness
Upon forbidden merchandize? a prize
Which the most barbarous pirates of the laws
Of moral honesty, would fear to seize on,
Both for its sanctity and trivial value.
Alb. I'm thunderstruck!
Isa. What foolish thief, my lord, would rob an altar,
Be guilty of the sacrilege to gain
A brazen censer? why should you, then, affect
A sin so great as spoiling me of honour,
For such a poor gain as the satisfying
Your sensual appetite? think, good my lord,
The pleasures you so covet are but like flattering mornings
That shew the rising sun in its full brightness,
Yet do, ere night, bury his head in tempests.
Alb. I'm disinchanted! all the charms are fled
That hung, like mists, about my soul, and robb'd it
Of the fair light of nature. Excellent angel!
You have that power in goodness as shall teach
Wonder, that child of ignorance, a faith,
No woman can be bad. I do confess,
Big with the rage of my intemperate lust,
I came to blast your purity, but am
Become its perfect convert; so reclaim'd
By your best goodness from these foul intentions,
Hell has not strength enough to tempt my frailty
To th' like wild looseness: pray, sweet, forgive me;
Seal it with one chaste kiss; and henceforth let me
Adore you as the saviour of my honour,
My truth and fame preserver.

Isa. I am glad
I've wrought this reclamation on your folly;
And, trust me, I shall ever love this in you,
Though my more humble thoughts shall ne'er aspire
To affect your person.

Alb. Had you yielded to my desires,
Been no whit virtuous, I should have esteem'd you
(My looser heat, by your consent, extinguish'd)
But as a fair house haunted with goblins,
Which none will enter to possess, and blest me
From the prodigious building; when now,
Big with the chaste assurance of your virtue,
I do beseech, by your love, your mercy,
Look on my innocent love more spotless
Than are the thoughts of babes which ne'er knew foulness;
Accept me for your husband; start not, lady!
By your fair self I mean it, do entreat it
As my extent of happiness.

Isa. This, my lord,
Is too extreme o'th' other side; as much
Too mean I hold myself to be your wife,
As my own fame and honour did esteem me
Too good to be your prostitute. My lord,
The wiving vine, that 'bout the friendly elm
Twines her soft limbs, and weaves a leafy mantle
For her supporting lover, dares not venture
To mix her humble boughs with the embraces
Of the more lofty cedar; 'twixt us two
Is the same difference. Love, my lord, and hope
A nobler choice,—a lady of your own
Rank; all the ends my poor ambition
Shall ever aim shall be to love your worth,
But ne'er aspire your nuptials.

Alb. You're too humble,
Impose too mean a value on a gem
Kings would be proud to wear; dear Isabella,
Let not thy modest sweetness interpose
A new impediment 'twixt my lawful flames
And thy own vestal chastity; let not fear
(To the sex incident) of my father's wrath
Stagger thy resolution; thou shalt be
To me my father, mother, brother, friend,
My all of happiness; if we cannot here,
In peace, enjoy our wishes, we will love,
Like turtles in a desert, only blest

In one another's company."

* * * * *

Enter Albert to Wallenstein.

" *Alb.* Your grace was pleas'd to send for me.
Wal. I did so:
Know you the cause?
Alb. Not yet, my lord.
Wal. I am your father, sir;
Whose frowns you ought to tremble at, whose anger
Should be as dreadful to you as heaven's curses:
Look on my face, and read my business there.
Alb. Alas, my lord, your looks
Are discompos'd with rage; your fiery eyes
Roll with the accustom'd motion they had wont
To dart upon your enemies: I am
Assur'd my innocence can no way merit
Your all-consuming anger.
Wal. 'Tis a lie!
A worthless lie! false as thy flattering hopes are:
You are in love; most gallantly in love
With Isabella; one who is compos'd
Of paint and plasters. Thou degenerate monster!
Traitor to fame, and parricide to renown!
Abject in thy condition as thy thoughts are!
Tear this vile strumpet from thy soul; do't quickly;
Renounce her with all binding ties can urge thee
To keep thy faith, or I will quite put off
The name of father, take as little notice
Thou art my offspring as the surly North
Does of the snow which, when it has engender'd,
Its wild breath scatters through the earth forgotten.
Alb. This was the killing fever I still fear'd:
Sir, I should be a stranger to your blood,
As well as noble worth, should I commit
Actions I sham'd to justify; I confess
I love fair Isabella; and beseech you,
The meanness of her fortune and her birth
Omitted she may be conferr'd upon me
In lawful marriage.
Wal. Dare you, boy,
Speak this to me?
Alb. I should, sir, be degenerate
From your great spirit, should I fear to utter

What I do wish effected. Were you a god,
As, being my father, you're but a degree
To me beneath one, in a cause of righteousness,
I should not only boldly crave your license,
But hope to have it granted.

Wal. Hell and furies!
Durst any mortal fool, but my own issue,
Venture to brave my fury thus? Resolve,
Villain, in full to satisfy my purpose;
Do it without regret; renounce this strumpet;
Even from thy soul abandon her remembrance,
Or, by my own unwearied valour, better,
And with more safety, thou may'st hug a wave,
When its white lips kiss heaven. Young sir, your honour
Is not your own; for it you're but my factor,
And must give me account, a strict account,
Of the errors you run in: to the dust
Of my great ancestors stand I accountant
For my family; and their blest ashes
Would break their marble lodgings, and come forth
To quarrel with me, should I permit this bar
To stain their glorious heraldry.

Alb. Great sir!
Can virtue be a blemish, or true worth
Disgrace nobility? 'twas that, at first,
When nature made all equal, did distinguish
'Twixt man and man, and gave a just precedence
To the most worthy. Honour is virtue's offspring.
Since, then, the angel my affection's fix'd on,
Is fair and virtuous, all the good that ever
Durst with frail flesh commix, or earth be proud of,
How to our families' honour can she bring
A diminution? Can, sir, the chaste ice,
Kiss'd by the sun into its native substance,
Pollute a crystal river? surely, rather,
It adds fresh moisture to its stream. My lord,
I am your son, and have been still obedient
To your commands. O, by your love, your virtue,
Your never daunted virtue, I beseech you,
Grant me this one request: wer't for my life,
I should not be so abject as to spend
This breath for its redemption.

Wal. Well, thy prate
Has overcome me; I am pitiful,
Beyond my nature pitiful, to thee:

Thou shalt enjoy thy wishes.

Alb. All the blessings
Prayers can obtain from heaven, shower down upon you,
For your superlative mercy.

Wal. Stay, and mark me;
It shall be with this condition—that, as soon
As thou art wed, and hast enjoy'd thy wishes,
Ere the next sun rise on you, you resolve,
Without remorse,
To kill your Isabella!

Alb. Heavens protect me!

Wal. Nay, thou shalt swear it too! Alas, gentle boy,
I know thy nature is too full of fire
To mix with sordid earth; and though thy lust,
Which is but manhood in thee, prompt thee on
To taste the sweets of Isabella's beauty,
I know thou scorn'st so much to unmake thy gentry,
To take her for thy wife. Perhaps she will not
Give up her honour, till the church has seal'd
That grant as lawful: freely I allow
Her brave ambition, if, as a reward
Due to her haughty pride, thy own hands kill her,
And so wipe out the infamy.

Alb. Strange cruelty! So tyrants us'd to grant offenders life,
After their condemnation, to reserve them
To combat wild beasts in the spacious cirque,
Or bloody amphitheatre. My lord!

Wal. Pish! I am deaf; inexorable as seas
To th' prayers of mariners, when their keel
Is drunk with billows.

Enter Dutchess, Isabel, and Page.

Dutch. O, my lord,
Your justice on this cursed witch, this thief!
This morning I have lost out of my cabinet
The so much valu'd jewel, which your bounty
Bestow'd upon me; none but she and I
Having been there since, she must be thief:
Force her to restitution.

Wal. 'Twas a gem my mother gave me; which I did preserve
With as much care as votaries do the relics
Of their protecting saints: I gave it you,
When, in the eager fervor of my youth,
I destin'd you my wife. Come hither, minion;

You, who can steal the jewels of men's hearts
With your enchanting sorceries, will not fear
To make a venture upon pettier theft.

* * * * *

Isa. My lord,
I'm so secure in my own innocence,
That should your fury riot on my life,
'Twould not affright me; I should meet my death
As willingly as I should do my rest,
After a tedious watching: there's no armour
Like that of innocence, with which I'm guarded,
And, therefore, laugh at punishment.

Enter a Guard.

Wal. So brave? I shall soon quell your insolence! Lay hands
On this ignoble strumpet! hang her up here in my presence.
Alb. Stay, sir! I do beseech you hear me.
Wal. Your entreaties are cast on me, as fools throw oil on fire,
Striving to extinguish it: hang her up!
I'll hang you all else.
Alb. Then, sir, I will speak;
Since you forget to be a father to me,
I will put off my duty. I'm resolv'd,
Since 'tis impossible that we should live,
To die together; nor do not, slave, presume
To touch this mine of purity; 'tis a treasure,
While I'm alive, hell cannot ravish from me,
For fiends would fear to touch it. If you murder
This spotless innocent virgin, you are such,
So merciless a tyrant, as do love
To feed on your own bowels; one whom nature
Created for a curse, and to get curses:
Such prodigies as I am, one whom all lovers
Shall tremble at, if mentioned; one—
Wal. Death! have I lost my command? is he or I
To be obey'd? Hang her! If he resist,
Kill the unnatural traitor!
Isa. Dear Albertus! draw not a ruin on thy priceless life
For my despised sake: I will go to death
In full peace, as does an Anchorite, that's assur'd of all his
Sins' forgiveness. [*they lay hands on her.*
Alb. Saucy devil! carry that touch of her to hell, 'twill serve
To mitigate thy tortures.
[*he kills one of the guard, and is stabbed by Walleustein.*

Dutch. O, my lord, what has your fury acted?
Dear Albertus!
Alb. 'Twas a most friendly hand, and I could kiss it
For the most welcome benefit. Isabella!
In death thou giv'st me life; thy innocence
Will, like my guardian angel, safely convey me
To yonder heav'nly mansion; pray, forgive me,
Dear sir, if, in my over-hasty zeal
In this poor innocent's quarrel, my wild fury,
Transgress'd my natural duty, and, as the last
Request your dying son can ask, take pity
On this most innocent maid. Thy hand, my fair one:
And now as willingly I do expire,
As a blest martyr who does court the fire. O, Isabella! [*dies.*
Dutch. O, my dear Albert!
Wal. Death! slave, dare you play with a flame
That shall consume you? Hang her up!
Or torments shall pay your breach of duty.
Isa. There, friend; there's all the jewels I am mistress of,
And that thou merit'st. 'Pr'ythee, be as speedy
In thy dispatch, as fate itself. There is
A pure white ghost, in yon same azure cloud,
Expects me straight: I come, my dear Albertus!" [*is hanged.*

The following soliloquy of Wallenstein, though not entitled to the praise of originality, is written with considerable power.

"Sure I beheld them, or the air condens'd
Into their lively figures. In their shrouds,
Pale and as meagre as they had convers'd
A year with the inhabitants of the earth,
And drunk the dew of charnel houses, shew'd,
Albertus and his lovely bride. They wav'd
Their ghastly hands to me, as if in that
Dumb language they'd invited me to come
And visit them in their cold urns. To die—
Why, 'tis man's nature, not his punishment.
With this condition we all enter life,
To put it off again; 'tis but a garment,
And cannot last for ever; both its fashion
And stuff will soon wear out: why then should death
(If I were now creeping into my marble),
To me be terrible, since 'tis main folly
To fear that which we no way can avoid?

Nor is't much matter how we die—by force,
Or naturally chequered with grisly wounds,
Or in our beds, since all 's but the same death still—
Oh! but to die surcharg'd with mortal sins,
Such as can kill our everlasting beings—
Our souls, and send them hence to bathe in floods
Of living fire; there, that's the frightful mischief;
The other's but a trifle: I, who never
Could fear the other, at the thought of this
Am more with death already; my vast crimes,
My horrid murders, fill that conscience in me,
Which makes me know my guilt—that conscience
Which, as my shadow, follows me."

The next production of our author was a comedy, called *The Hollander*, which was written 1635, but not published until 1640. This play contains some fine writing, but very little comic power, except in the character of Captain Pirke, a very diminutive personage, who breathes nothing but big phrases, and struts about with a most valorous magniloquence. Sconce, the Dutchman, from whom the piece is named, is, we think, a failure.

The following scene between two quarreling lovers, Free-wit and Mrs. Know-worth, exhibits that redundancy of imagery which we have censured in Glapthorne. It contains some pretty images, but the whole passage is spoiled by the bad taste and extravagance of the author.

"*Free.* O reserve that breath
Which ought, like sacred incense, to be spent
Only on heaven, or in delivering notes
May charm the world to peace, when raging wars
Or earthquakes have affrighted it. Consume it,
On no such use, horrid and ominous,
As if it threaten'd thunder to the earth;
Or would infect the genius of the air
With mists contagious, as if compos'd
Of viper steam. O, you were wont
To be so good, that virtue would have sigh'd
At the unwelcome spectacle, if you
Had appeared woman in a passion,
Though of the slightest consequence. O, do not
Renounce that saint-like temper, it will be
A change hereafter burthenous to your soul,
A sin to one who, all his life time blest

With peace of conscience, at his dying minute
Falls into mortal enmity with heaven,
And perishes eternally.

Know. These words
Have not the effectual orat'ry you first had,
When I was confident, as day of light,
Your youth had been as destitute of vice
As of deformity. So a sweet stream,
Whose bubbling harmony allur'd the birds
To court its moving music, when it mixes
With impure waters, with the noise affrights
The ears before delighted in it.

Free. This is too severe a justice, and extends
To cruelty. Had some intemperate rage
Purpl'd my hand in murder, though the guilt
Would have been written in a larger text,
In conscience's black book, yet the punishment
Had not been half so hideous. I should for that
Have suffered but a temporary pain
At worst, and my truly repentant soul
Perhaps have had free entrance to the place
Consign'd to penitents; when now, like some
Manacled captive, or diseased wretch,
On whom each minute does beget a death,
I, like a slow fire, by my own soft flames,
With tortoise speed extinguish.

Know. Sir, your words are superficial, as a shadow which
The morning sun produces, and black night
Renders forgotten, and no more excite
Belief in me, that what you utter 's truth,
Than mandrakes' groans do a conceit of death
In persons resolute; while I have yet
A specious mem'ry left, that once my heart
Tender'd you dearly, I would counsel you,
First to endeavour to find out that maid,
(If that succeed not, not to think of me,)
As one affianc'd to you by a nearer
Interest than other women are,
That ne'er had conversation with you.

Free. Had a frost, sharp
As a tedious winter's northern blasts,
Congeal'd your mercy, my unfeign'd tears
Should with moist warmth dissolve it. Mistress, you
Approach so near the attributes of heaven,
That had you liv'd in the superstitious age,

More precious gums had fum'd upon your altars
Than on all female deities'. O, forgive me;
A rigorous tyrant's breath will scarce pronounce
For one, and the first crime, so strict a sentence.
You shall not go; yet if you will recall it,
Lovers will bless your piety, and subscribe to your
Superlative goodness.

Know. Pray desist; afford me liberty to retire:
I cannot alter my resolution.

Free. Yet, reclaim it: some devil's spleen has lately fraught
Your breast, and banish'd thence mild pity; boist'rous winds,
Force so the gentle and untroubled seas,
To swallow up some ships, its natural calmness
Would have transported safely, with their wealth,
To their desired harbours; were my thoughts
Not fix'd with that religion upon you,
That are my prayers (when I repent) on heaven,
I should not thus transcend the laws and strength
Of manhood; and, like some distressed babe,
Left by its parent to the desolate wood,
Or air's cold charity, so long implore
A new and holier union 'twixt our souls
Than ere had link'd them; which when you have tied,
Time shall depend like summer on your brow,
And your whole life be one continued youth:—
(Such were the springs in Paradise),—and when
You pass, to be a sharer in Heaven's bliss,
Virgins and innocent lovers' spotless tears,
Hardened to pearl by the strong heat of sighs,
Shall be your monument."

The last seven lines were, we presume, considered by the author as peculiarly good, for he has also introduced them in *The Lady's Privilege.*

We shall make two or three additional extracts from this play, which are in the heightened style of the author, but are at the same time highly poetical.

A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

"*Popingay and Dalinea.*

Pop. I love you, lady,
With the religious fancy that one saint
Affects another; such a heat as mine
Was that with which the first who e'er knew love,

Had their souls warm'd, essential, not as now,
The common garb is to adore a lip,
Or any other lineament; but, for
The abstract of perfection, which does glory
In being deriv'd from one so good as you are,
Am I become your captive?

Dal. This to me sounds as the empty whistling of the air
Does in some hollow vault: unspotted truth
Informs my ignorance, there's not a person,
In all the multitude of men, loves chastely.

Pop. Be so charitable
As to believe I can, who never yet
Knew flame was vicious; my desires retain
Their maiden purity: no other object
Did ere attract my soul's unblinded eyes, but your fair self.

Dal. Then, I believe you, sir:
No man will be so worthless to dissemble
With me, who cannot think but all the world
Intends the same reality that I do;
Yet, 'tis an error which persuasion scarce
Shall free me from, that every woman ought
To love a man with that indifferent heat
She fancies other women, without sense
Of difference 'twixt the sexes.

Pop. Soul of sweetness!
How equally an angel's intellect
Informs her sacred reason; to love chastely
Could not have been defin'd with juster strictness,
Had we produc'd the constancy of swans,
Or never-changing turtles, as our patterns;
It had but describ'd chaste love. The palm that prospers,
Not but by its fellow and the vine that weaves
Of her own leaves a thin, yet glorious mantle,
For her naked lover, do but emblem what
Her truth has utter'd; but resolve me, fair one;
Could you affect so?

* * * * * *

Popingay appears in disguise before his Mistress.

"*Pop.* Trust me, lady, the solitary nightingale, who sings
To her lost honour a harmonious ditty,
Loves not the thorn so dearly, to whose pricks
She sets her feather'd bosom, as I'm sure
My brother tenders you; the gaudy light

May sooner be obscur'd by wand'ring smoke,
Nay, the eternal essence of the soul
Become corporeal, and revisit earth,
After its flight to paradise, ere he
Descend to variation of his love, could you affect him.
Dal. Had your brother been
Of the same disposition, and soft sweetness,
That I perceive in you, (though this be our
First interview) there could not have been moulded
(Had I been born to entertain love's heat)
A man that would so fitly sympathize
With my condition, nor whom I should fancy
With more entire perfection.
Pop. Behold him, lady,
Whose every motion does, as from the sphere,
Receive a lively influence from your looks;
The modest silence of the temperate even,
When zephyrs softly murmur to the flowers
A wholesome farewell, undisturb'd by storms,
May sooner rest in one continued night,
Than can my soul in quiet, without just
Assurance of your love; which, if you grant,
Time's native bellman, the shrill organ'd cock,
Shall cease to carol mattens to the morn;
The early lark, that whispers to the sun
A constant augury of a beauteous day,
Shall lose his light plumes in the chequer'd clouds,
Ere I my resolute charity; nor can you
Invent evasions to decline my suit,
Since on its grant relies the only hopes
Of your redemption from the barbarous arms
Of him you were espous'd to.

JEALOUSY.

Sir Martin Yellow and his Lady.

Sir Mar. Thou art so bad, the present age will question
The truth of history, which does but mention
A virtuous woman. With what impudence
Canst thou behold me, and a shivering cold,
Strong as the hand of winter casts on brooks,
Not freeze thy spirits up, congeal thy blood
To an e'erlasting lethargy? The stars,
Like stragglers, wander, by successive course,
To various seats, yet constantly revisit

The place they mov'd from: the phœnix, whose sweetness
Becomes her sepulchre, ascends again,
Vested in younger feathers, from her pile
Of spicy ashes; but man's honour lost
Is irrecoverable, the force of fate cannot revive it.
Lady. Sir, 'tis past my thoughts
What should incense you to this jealous rage
'Gainst me your loyal wife, when no one blemish
Lies on my soul that can give testimony
Unto my conscience, that I have not ever
Truly and chastely lov'd you.
Sir Mar. Yes; just so the green
Willow and shady poplar love the brook
Upon whose banks they are planted, yet infect
By frequent dropping of their wither'd boughs
Its wholesome waters: that thou should'st be fair,
And, on the white leaves of thy face bear writ
The character of foulness, swallows up
In the abyss of sin thy native pureness;
As the high seas that do, with flattering curls,
Intice the spotless streams to mix their waves
With the insatiate billows that entomb the innocent rivers."

* * * * * * *

A SALUTATION.

" I hope you grow to perfect health.
The native beauty that once fill'd your cheeks,
Like the budding rose, puts forth again
After cold winter's violence; and your lips
On whose soft touch, had it been possible,
Death would have died himself, begin to shew
Like untouch'd cherries pale with morning dew,
Which once shak'd off, the purple fruit aspires,
With amorous blushes, to intice the small
Linnet and wanton sparrow from their lays
To doat upon its pure tincture, till they eat
What they admir'd."

INFIDELITY.

" Your breath expos'd a mist
Of infidelity before the eyes
Of my clear-seeing soul, and left it blind
As the black mole, that, like a pioneer, digs
A winding labyrinth through the earth, to find
A passage to the comfortable light
He never has fruition of."

Wit in a Constable, which was written in 1639, is an entertaining comedy, without possessing any passages which are particularly worth extracting; it certainly does not satisfy the expectations which the title is calculated to raise. If the constable has much wit, he is like Hudibras, "very shy in using it."

Argalus and Parthenia is one of the many rhythmical versions of the poetical prose of Sir Philip Sidney, and is distinguished by all Glapthorne's extravagances without his beauties.

The latest and best of our author's productions is, *The Lady's Privilege*, a comedy abounding in poetry, and written with more feeling, more of the eloquence of real passion, and less deformed with hyperbole than any of his plays. As a specimen of fervid and beautiful composition, it might be quoted from the beginning to the end; but we must, at the same time remark, that it is by no means free from that vicious redundancy of figure, for which we have censured the author, in the early part of this article. But even in this, the best of his dramas, he does not arrive at any great degree of pathos, although the subject is eminently susceptible of it. The story is of a very dramatic cast, and yet the play is, as a whole, deficient in dramatic art: the character of Doria, however, is admirably conceived and well sustained. The plot is simple, and is in substance as follows:

Chrisea, the niece of Trivulci, Duke of Genoa, surprises Doria, the victorious Genoese admiral, whom she was engaged to marry, into a vow that he will not only renounce his own claim to her, but exert his utmost efforts to gain her the hand of his most intimate friend Vitelli. This arrangement of the faithless fair one, is as disagreeable to Vitelli, who is in love with her sister Eurione, as it is to Doria. The admiral, however, performs his vow with such laudable zeal and sincerity, that he prevails upon Vitelli, in the warmth of friendship, to sacrifice his own wishes to those of his friend. In the mean time, this unexpected change in the situation of the parties, without any apparent cause, produces a quarrel between Doria and Bonivet, one of Chrisea's kinsmen, which terminates in the supposed death of the latter. Doria is brought to trial, and is about to be sentenced to death, when the privilege which any virgin of Genoa has of redeeming a condemned person, on condition of her marrying him, is claimed by a young lady. Doria, at first, absolutely refuses to avail himself of the offer; but the lady, threatening to die with him if he persist in his ungallant refusal, he, at length, with extreme reluctance, yields his consent, and is married. Chrisea had, notwithstanding the urgent solicitations of Vitelli and Euroine, refused to claim the privilege, and save her former lover; but, at this period, she makes her appearance in court, and, to her inexpressible grief, finds that Doria is mar-

ried. It appears, that for the purpose of trying the constancy of Doria, she had only feigned a passion for Vitelli, and, for the purpose of proving his fortitude, had secreted Bonivet, who suddenly appears amidst the astonished group. This, of course, annuls the sentence; but as it does not annul the marriage, the lovers are still in a dilemma; fortunately, the bride relieves them from their painful difficulty, by announcing herself to be Sabelli, Doria's page.

Having already given a general character of the author's works, we shall proceed, at once, to the extracts we intend to make from this play, in which the reader, besides the qualities before described, as characterizing Glapthorne's dramas, will frequently find great felicity of phrase and expression.

In the following scene, Chrisea discloses her affection for Vitelli, and imposes the vow on Doria.

" *Doria.* The modest turtles which,
In view of more lascivious birds,
Exchange their innocent loves in timorous sighs,
Do, when alone, most piteously convert
Their chirps to billing, and, with feather'd arms,
Excompass mutually their gawdy necks.
Chri. You would infer, that we
Should, in their imitation, spend this time,
Intended for a conference, which concerns us
Nearer than compliment.
Dor. Why, my Chrisea,
We may entwine as freely, since our loves
Are not at age to conceive a sin,
Thine being new born, and mine too young to speak
A lawless passion: for my services
Pay me with priceless treasure of a kiss,
While from the balmy fountains of thy lips,
Distils a moisture precious as the dew,
The amorous bounty of the morn,
Cast on the rose's cheek: what wary distance
Do you observe? speak, and enrich my ears
With accents more harmonious than the lark's,
When she sings hymns to harvest.
Chri. Sure, my lord,
You've studied compliment; I thought the war
Had taught men resolution, and not language.
Dor. Oh! you instruct me justly: I should rather
Have taken the modest privilege of your lip,
And then endeavour'd to repay the grace
With my extremest eloquence.

Chri. You mistake me.

Dor. Remit my ignorance, and let me read
The mystery of thy language in thy looks,
In which are lively characters of love,
Writ in the polish'd tablets of thy cheeks,
Which seem to vary colours like the clouds
When they presage a storm; and those bright eyes,
Dart unaccustom'd beams, which shine as anger
Flash'd from their fiery motion.

Chri. You misconstrue
The intention of my looks. I am not angry
Though much distemper'd.

Dor. At what? by whom?
Lives there a creature so extremely bad,
Dares discompose your patience? speak: reveal
The monster to me. Were he fenced with flames,
Or lock'd in bulwarks of congealed ice,
And all the fiends stood sentinels to guard
The passage, I would enforce it to his heart;
Through which, the mounting violence of my rage
Should pierce like lightning.

Chri. I believe,
That, in some trivial quarrel to redeem
My fame, should scandal touch it, you would fight,
Perhaps, to shew your valour; but I have
A task to enjoin you which my fears possess me
You dare not venture to accept.

Dor. By truth,
You wrong my faith and courage to suspect me
Of so extreme a cowardice. Have I stood the heat
Of battles till upon the mountainous piles
Of slaughter'd carcases, the souls which left 'em
Seem'd to ascend to heaven, that your suspicion
Should taint my honour with this base revolt?
This is not noble in you.

Chri. Do not rage.
When you shall hear it, you will then confess
Your confident error.

Dor. My loyalty will not
Permit that strong rebellion in my breast
To doubt the meanest falsehood in a word
Her voice can utter, which should charm the world
To a belief some cherubim has left
Its room in heaven to carol to the earth
Celestial anthems, and I now begin

To question my own frailty; but, by all
Which we call good or holy, be't your will
I should invade inevitable death
In its most ugly horror, my obedience
Shall, like a careless pilot, cast this bark
On that pale rock of ruin.

Chri. Will you swear this?

Dor. Yes: invent
A form of oath so binding that no law
Or power can dispense with, and I'll seal't
With my best blood. Pray, madam, tell me what
The imposition is you judge so easily
Will stagger my just truth, that I may fly,
On love's light wings, to act it.

Chri. Hear it, then; and do not,
As you respect your oath or love, request
The cause of what I shall command.

Dor. Still suspicious!
My honour be my witness, which no action
Shall violate, I will not.

Chri. Enough; that vow
Cannot but be material; receive it:—
I must no longer love you.

Dor. That's no command; what did you say, Chrisea?

Chri. I must no longer love you; and command you,
Leave your affection to me.

Dor. You're very pleasant, lady.

Chri. You'll find me very serious; nay, more;
I love another; and I do enjoin you,
Since 'tis a man you may o'er-rule, to assist me
In my obtaining him, without whose love
I'm resolute to perish!

Dor. Sure I dream,
Or some strange sudden death has changed this frame
To immortality; for, were I flesh,
And should hear this, certain my violent rage
Would pull me to some desp'rate act beyond
The reach of fury; these are words would infect
Rose-colour'd patience, clear and lovely front,
With loathsome leprosy, change flames to tears,
And, with unusual harshness of the sound
Deafen the genius of the world.

Chri. Where's now
The strength of soul you boasted? Does the noise
Of the death-speaking cannon not affright

Your settled resolution, and the voice
Of a weak woman shake your youthful blood
Into an ague? since you so ill bear this,
When you shall hear the man whose love has stol'n
Your interest, you will rage more than unlimited fire
In populous cities.

Dor. Sure 'tis she who speaks:
I do enjoy, yet, sound untainted sense:
Each faculty does, with a peaceful harmony, retain
Its proper organ; yet she did rehearse,
She must no longer love me. Oh! that word
Transforms the soul of quiet into rage,
Above distracted madness. Madam! tell me—
What place is this? for you have led me
Into a subtle labyrinth, where I never
Shall have fruition of my former freedom,
But, like an humble anchorite, that digs
With his own nails his grave, must live confin'd
To the sad maze for ever.

Chri. Sir, you cannot
By most submissive and continued prayers,
Reclaim my affection, which stands fix'd as fate
Upon your friend Vitelli.

Dor. My friend Vitelli!

Chri. Sir, I not use
To jest my life away: Vitelli is
The person to obtain whose precious love
I do conjure you by all ties of honour
To implore your utmost diligence.

Dor. Can I be
So tame o' the sudden? has the feeble spirit
Of some degenerate coward frighted hence
My resolution, which has given a law
To fate itself, that I must now become
The stale to my own ruin? O Chrisea!
Who wert so good, that virtue would have sigh'd
At the unwelcome spectacle, had you
Appear'd but woman in a passion,
Though of the slightest consequence; oh, do not
Abjure that saint-like temper; it will be
A change hereafter burd'nous to your soul,
As sin to one who, all his life-time blest
With peace of conscience, at his dying minute
Falls into mortal enmity with heaven,
And perishes eternally.

Chri. My will guides my determination, and you must
In honour act your promise.
Dor. Yes, I will,
Since you can urge it, tho' but two
Things precious to me, and one cruel word
Robs me of both my friend and her. Chrisea,
I have not left another sigh to move,
Nor tear to beg your pity.
Chri. They are but vain:
You may as easily think to kiss the stars
'Cause they shine on you, as recall my vows,
Which I will urge no further, but wish you
Regard your honour. But farewell! I must
Be cruel ere to my own love unjust. [*exit.*
Dor. She's gone! What vapour, which the flattering sun
Attracts to heaven, as to create a star,
And throw it a fading meteor to the earth,
Has fall'n like me? I am not yet grown ripe
For perfect sorrow; but, as a bubbling brook,
That sports and curls within its flow'ry banks
Till the vast sea devour it, only falling
Into the abyss of mischief; passions surround
My intellectual powers; only my heart,
Like to a rocky island, does advance
Above the foamy violence of the flood
Its unmov'd head: love be my careful guide!
Who sails 'gainst danger both of wind and tide."
* * * * * * * *

The next scene is between Doria and Vitelli.

" *Vit.* Friend, now we're alone, I safely may
Speak my conjecture; I have read your looks,
And, in their pensive characters, find secret
Strange signs of sadness.
Dor. I am sad, indeed,
When my remembrance tells me I have only
Verbal assurance of your friendship.
Vit. Try me by any attempt, whose danger does surpass
The common path of daring; be't to snatch
A fiery bolt, when it from heaven comes wrapp'd
In sheets of lightning, to afford true proof
Of my affection, and with eager haste,
Such as inspires a husband to enjoy
His spouse's virgin purity, I'll run

To the achievement.

Dor. These are but protests,
Such as be got by ceremony, proceed
Not from intensive zeal; yet I'll experience
The truth of your affection, by a trial,
Of such a noble and affective weight,
Which, if you bravely do support, you'll stand
As some tall pyramid, or column, for
Your own memorial, to tell after-times
The power and strength of friendship.

Vit. Pray, nam't:
An 'twere a burden would oppress the earth,
I'll be the able Atlas to sustain
Heaven on my willing shoulders.

Dor. There is a lady,
In whose each eye sits fire, and on her cheek
Victorious beauty, captive to her smiles,
Dances in lovely triumph; one who emblems
The glory of mortality in each look:
Contracts the orb of lustre to a glance;
Brandishes beams, whose purity dispense
Light more immaculate than the gorgeous east
Wears, when the prostrate Indian does adore
Its rising brightness: yet this wonder doats
On you, with such inevitable fervour,
That I, in pity of her sufferings, come
T' entreat you love her.

Vit. Whom, my lord?

Dor. You cannot appear so strangely stupid, not to acknowledge
Creation's miracle, when I point out
Her very figure; you as well may seem,
When the bleak north does, with congealing blasts,
Bind up the crystal streams in chains of ice,
Not to know winter; ignorant of her,
Who, had she liv'd when superstitious mists
Shaded the world, more groves of gums had flam'd
T' her divinest beauty, than to all
The race of idle deities: 'tis Chrisea,
The fair Chrisea, loves you!

Vit. The fair Chrisea? your lordship's merry.

Dor. Do you slight
What I deliver'd with that unfeign'd zeal
That penitents do their prayers? I say, Chrisea;
A name whose every accent sweetlier sounds

Than choirs of syrens' sense-bereaving notes;
Chrisea loves you, infinitely above
Expressive terms, the orators should strive
To paint her masculine fancy; and I'm bound
To pay this homage to her best content,
As to conjure you, by all sacred ties
Of honour, amity, and what else may serve
T' enforce th' endearment, with your noblest love
To gratify her fancy.

Vit. No persuasion
Can make me think this serious. Good, my lord,
Do you not love Chrisea?

Dor. More than a babe does the kind nurse that feeds it with her blood;
More than I do my quiet, or the joys
Of aught but blest eternity. Vitelli,
No other argument can more convince
Suspicion, should it doubt my love, but this—
That, to procure her peace, I have confin'd
The greatness of my passion, and give up
To thy dispose a jewel, which the earth
And sea, should both unlade their hidden wealth,
Should not have purchas'd from me.

Vit. These are arts to pulse my conceits, my lord.
I'm no such puny in the craft of love,
That I want brain to find this drift, which is
As obvious to me as your eyes; now you
Are home return'd victorious, big with praise,
Laden with titles that sit heavier on you
Than your steel corslet, in hot fight, contemn
Affinity with me, to whom you've heard
The fair Eurione has resign'd her heart;
And by this circumvention, should I court
At your entreaties, her sister might pretend
A righteous cause for an unjust revolt;
For were it otherwise, your temper could not
Brook your Chrisea's change without a start
Into a sudden fury.

Dor. This language I understand not: by my honour, friend,
This iteration may disperse your doubt;
I do again conjure you, by all right
Friendship can challenge in you, to affect
Chrisea nobly!—Shall I have your answer?

Vit. Nay, then, my lord;
Since you are serious, freely I resume

The privilege of my liberty; this body,
I do confess your captive, and 't has suffer'd
An honourable thraldom, but my mind
Remains unbounded as the air or fire
Are from their spheres: Eurione has won
By the subduing valour of her looks,
That in a field of fancy, not of blood:
And ere another shall usurp her right,
In the defence I'll die her willing martyr.

Dor. I judg'd what serious value,
Your boasted friendship would retain i'the test.
Draw your bright weapon; know that I do hate
Baseness as much as cowardice, and since
You slight a lady for whose priceless love
Kings might resign their crowns and humbly fall
Like bare-foot pilgrims, prostrate at the shrine
Of such a beauty: sure, if in this sword
Death has a residence, your life shall find it,
And not survive to boast the cruel triumph of her refusal.

Vit. Sir, your sword cannot excite a trembling in my blood;
The glist'ning splendour cheers my sight
Like polish'd crystal: henceforth name of friend
Be no more known betwixt us than a dream.
Thus I expire it:—I may now regain
My honour forfeited in the general cause,
By this particular combat.

Dor. Should my fate yield the conquest, yet his death would not
Beget Chrisea's quiet, but augment
Her grief, and hate against me:—[*aside.*] stay, forbear!—
I feel a palsy in my veins, and cannot
Manage this little instrument of death.
My sinews put on infancy again,
And have no vigor in them. Oh! Vitelli,
I am so full of passion, I have scarce
Room left to vent a sigh: a mine of lead
Hangs on my heart, and with its weight has crack'd
The feeble courage.

Vit. Noble soul! his grief
Works more compunction in me than his sword
Did sudden anger. [*aside.*] Could I grant what you
Request, no brand-mark'd slave should fulfil
Sooner his master's most severe command
Than I would yours; but this abrogates all laws
Of friendship's duty. If you've vow'd this act,

You may as safely disannul the oath
As should you in some desp'rate fury swear
To be your father's murderer.
Dor. Bid me first renounce
My allegiance to my honour, sell the faith
I owe my native country; my Vitelli,
I feel a humour in my brain which strives
For passage at mine eyes: wilt see me weep?
Consider, friend, denying my request,
Thou do'st undo a lady who may claim
The privilege of all hearts;—depriv'st the world
Of such a gem, that should old nature strive
To frame her second, it would quite exhaust
Her glorious treasury;—then in her ruin
My life and honour's forfeited: think this;
And were thy heart obdurate as a rock
Of adamant, this thought, join'd with my tears,
Would, sooner than the blood of goats, dissolve it
To gentle softness.
Vit. Your eyes are moving advocates; they speak
Such an o'er-flowing language, that my love,
Then in its own cause a most partial judge,
Allows my mercy freedom to pronounce
Sentence on your side: you have prevail'd;
I'll serve Chrisea as her pleasure shall
Dispose my will, and fortune.
Dor. I begin to feel my spirits quicken, and my blood
Receive its noble temper; dear Vitelli!
Thy nobleness do'st prompt thee to an act
Shall write thy friendship higher in the lists
Of sacred amity, than mothers' loves.
Go to my blest Chrisea; she expects
To know by thee the truth of my success;
Tell her, I am more happy in her bliss
Than if I had enjoy'd her constant love.
So leave me, friend: I may, perhaps, transgress
Manhood again; and, should'st thou see me weep
Twice, thou would'st judge my former flood of tears
A feigned passion.
Vit. Your genius guard you! Thus I apply
Balm to his wounds, while I do bleeding die."

The trial is a noble scene. The author rises above his usual tone, into a strain of great dignity and energy. There are, in the following extracts, passages which almost approach the

sublime, particularly the one beginning "Methinks, I'm like some aged mountain."

Doria is arraigned before Trivulci and the Senate.

"*Tri.* I'm sorry that
You, for whose head the gratitude of the state
Decreed triumphant bays, should be enforc'd
To stand here a delinquent; but the law
Must, as a straight and uncorrupted stream,
Enjoy its usual freedom. My lords,
We are not met here to arraign a prisoner
Whose guilt does speak his sentence, but a person,
Not only most unblemish'd in his fame,
But one to whom our country owes its life;
Who, with his dearest blood, has balm'd the wounds
Which mischief's giant-off-spring, razing war,
Cut in the bosom of the common-wealth.
Sen. We all confess his worth.
Tri. Yet this brave youth—
This patron of our liberty; all his honours,
His blood and titles, his effective bays,
That would have guarded his victorious front
From blasts of lightning, laid aside, is come
To tender satisfaction to the laws
He has offended; and since judgment is
Th' immediate act of justice, it must pass,
To save impartial censure on his life,
As on the wretch'dst malefactor's; for
His former merits cannot take away
His present fault; for whoe'er is guilty
Undoes the privilege of his desert and blood.
For if great men, offending, pass unpunish'd,
The common people, who do use to sin
By their example, fearless will run on
Into licentious wickedness.
Sen. Your grace delivers
The intention of the state; no oracle
Could have explain'd the meaning of our laws
With more integrity.
Tri. Yet, my good lords,
I speak not this, that my particular vengeance,
Because he slew my kinsman, has the least
Aim at his life, which I would strive to cherish,
As my own health, or as the city's peace;
For magistrates ought to behold their crimes,
Not the committers, as the poets feign,

Of wise Tiresias, to want eyes and only
Have seeing understanding; for a judge
Is guilty of the fault he does not punish.
And if reward and triumphs do adorn
Deserts, 'tis just that shame and punishments
Should wait on vices; and, how much more worthy
The person is, that acts them, so far sharper
Should be the penalty inflicted on him.

Sen. And when the law
Uses its utmost rigour, 'tis the crime
And not the man it sentences.

Tri. In brief,
We must decline his merit and forget
Our gratitude: and since his hand is dipt
In civil blood, his life must expiate what
His arm unfortunately committed.

Dor. My lords,
The services which I have done the state
Were but my natural duty; I atchieved 'em
To gain me fame and glory, and you safety; and
Should esteem them traitors to honour, if their intercession
Be a protection for my crimes: I mean not
To plead to save a dis-respected life,
'Cause I fear death: a sea-incompass'd rock
Is not less timorous of th' assaulting waves,
Than I of the grim monster; but there is
A fame surviving which I would be loath
Should tell posterity I tamely yielded
My head to the axe, and died, because my spirit
Durst not desire to live: to quit this scandal,
I hope, what I can urge in my defence
Shall have indifferent hearing.

Tri. Speak freely.

Dor. Know then, my intention
Is not by excuse to extenuate my fact,
Which I confess most horrid, and would pay
A thousand showers of sorrow could this hand
Re-edify that goodly frame of flesh
Which it demolish'd; but my priceless fame,
In whose dear cause, I slew him, will to justice
Boldly proclaim, I did no more than what,
The truth I owe my reputation tells me,
Was right in point of honour.

Tri. But the law
Does disallow it, as unjust, and that

Must be your judge; and not that idle breath
Which you abusively term honour.
Dor. Your laws cannot, without partiality, pronounce
Judgment against me, for they do acquit
That man of guilt that, to defend his life,
Is forc'd to slay his enemy; my act
Carries the same condition: since my fame,
Whose safety urg'd me to kill him, is my life,
My immortal life, as far transcending this
As the soul does the body; for the sword
Returns that to its primitive matter, dust;
And there it rests, forgotten; but, a wound
Struck upon reputation leaves a brand,
(So self-diffusive is dishonour's guilt,)
Even to posterity, and does revive
After it has suffer'd martyrdom.
Sen. Yet, this
Cannot excuse your fact; for civil reason
Allows a reparation for the loss
Of fame, but gives no man a lawful licence
To snatch the privilege from the hands of justice,
Which would dispose it equally.
Dor. This strictness destroys all
Right of manhood, since a coward
May, fearlessly relying on this sufferage
Of law, affront even valour's self: consider
That the most cunning pilot cannot steer man's
Brittle vessel 'twixt these dangerous rocks
Of law and honour; safely sail by this,
And on that suffer shipwreck: for, suppose
I had with patience borne this scandalous name
Of a degenerate coward, I not only had
Nipp'd the budding valour of my youth,
As with a killing frost, but left a shame inherent
To our family; disgraced
My noble father's memory; defamed,
Nay, cowarded my ancestors, whose dust
Would have broke through the marble, to revenge
On me this fatal infamy.
Adorni. Well urg'd; and resolutely.
Dor. Nay, more: yourselves,
That hate the deed being done, would have detested
The doer worse had it not been perform'd;
Withdrawn my charge in the army, as from me,
Protested for a coward; I might then

Have abjur'd the trade of war, in which I have been nurs'd.
Yet, for preserving this unvalued gem
Of precious honour, that hangs on my soul
Like a well-polish'd jewel in the ear
Of the exactest beauty, must I suffer
The laws' stern rigour.

Tri. Sir, I could refute,
With circumstance, your wrong opinion; but, in brief,
Religious conscience utterly disclaims
An act so barbarous: to take man's life
Is to destroy Heaven's image; and if those
Are held as traitors, and the law inflicts
Severest tortures on them who deface
The stamps of princes on their coin, can they appear
As guiltless, whose rude hands disgrace
The great Creator's image, and commit
Treason 'gainst awful Nature. Oh! my lord,
Collect your serious temper, and put of
The over-weaning fantasies of youth;
Consider what a vain deluding breath
Is reputation, if compar'd with life;
Think, that an idle or detracting word
May, by a fair submission, which our laws
Of honour do require and will enforce,
Be wash'd away; but the red guilt of blood
Sticks, as a black infection, to the soul,
That, like an Æthiop, cannot be wash'd white:
Think upon this, and know, I must, with grief,
Pronounce your fatal sentence.

* * * * *

Enter Sabelli disguised in female apparel, accompanied with virgins.

Sab. My honour'd lord,
The charity I owe my native country,
That, in the ruin of this brave young man,
Would suffer infinitely, has forc'd us strive,
With early zeal, first to present our duties
For his redemption, 'mong ten thousand virgins
That would attempt it; and my true affection
Has won this favour from my fellows, that
To me they yield their interest, which I claim
As my desir'd prerogative.

Tri. 'Tis an act the State will thank you for, unveil yourself,
That we may know to whom we owe our gratitude.
A most excelling beauty! such an eye
Would tempt religious coldness to a flame,

Thaw age's chilly frost; at such a cheek,
The Spring might take a pattern to create
A most accomplish'd freshness; in her looks
Are modest signs of innocence, such as saints
Wear in their liveliest counterfeits. Doria, hear—
A lady begs you; whom, if you refuse,
The times would black you with the hateful title
Of your own wilful murder: take her to you,
And live a fortunate husband.

Dor. Noble maid! my misery is so extreme a sum,
It cannot meet your bounty without breach
Of vows, which, should I violate, would pull
Eternal torments on me: keep your beauty
For one whose soul, free as the air he breathes,
Can yield a mutual fancy to your flame,
And not destroy his honour for your goodness;
Since my expir'd date cannot yield you thanks
Worthy the boundless merit of your love,
If there can be a gratitude after death
Express'd by prayers, my soul in heav'n shall pay it
To your kind charity.

Sab. O, my lord!
I did expect this answer; my poor worth
Cannot deserve your value; yet there is
A constant purity in my thoughts, that intend you
So much of bliss, that had your safety no
Dependence on my suit, it would be deem'd
Most cruel to contemn me. I have lov'd you
These many years; wish'd you as many glories
As I have number'd days; have vow'd I never
Will marry any man but your blest self, my lord:
Should you neglect the justness of my request,
Besides the danger waiting on your life,
A thousand virgins, whose unspotted prayers,
Like hosts of guardian angels, would have borne
You on their wings to heaven, will, for my sake,
Convert their zeal to curses, and, in tears
Of anguish, drown your memory.

Vit. Why, friend, this is
Such an o'er-weening passion as does question
The soundness of your judgment, fills the world
With a conceit you die, because your fears
Dare not accept of life. Besides your mistress,
To whom you would so strictly keep your faith,
Does so much scorn your constancy, that no

Entreats could move her pity undertake
This honourable employment.
Tri. Do it with speedy diligence.
Dor. Her causeless frailty
Shall more confirm my truth.
My noble lord, pronounce
My happy sentence; 'twill be welcome to me
Enter Priest and Executioner.
As charming harmony, and swell my breast
With more than human pleasure.
Tri. Are you come? approach;
Behold this executioner, and this priest!
This is to wed you to destruction—that,
To this rich mine of purity; your choice
May accept either. If you fix on this,
Besides your own redemption, you enjoy
A lady who may claim as many hearts
As she has virtuous thoughts; but lean to that,
Your spring returns unpitied to the rude
Arms of perpetual winter, that will freeze you
To a ne'er-melting icicle: be sudden,
And wise in your election.
Dor. 'Tis but vain: a saint may sooner be o'ercome to sell
His native piety. Come, thou grim man;
Thou art to me more lovely than the face of perfect
Beauty. Do thy office; it will free me
From these perplexities.
Sab. Well, my lord,
Since I'm unworthy to enjoy in life
Your fair society, my soul shall haste
To wait on you to death; there is no bliss
Without your presence: since you will not have
Mercy on your own life, by your example
I'll be as harsh to mine. I'll go
Before you to the other world,
And be your lov'd ghost's harbinger.
Tri. Hold, hold the lady!
Sab. Let no hand presume to seize me;
For the meanest touch that shall
Endeavour to prevent my will,
Shall urge my speedier ruin. Good, my lord,
Shall I have answer? I would fain be going
On my long journey.
Dor. I'm confounded
In my imagination. I must yield.

You have enforc'd a benefit upon me, I
Can hardly thank you for: yet I will try
To love you as my wife. That I were lost
In clouds of black forgetfulness!

* * * * * * *

Enter Chrisea and Eurione.

Chri. Sir, we come to gratulate your beauteous bride,
And wish your joys immortal.

Sab. I hope, madam, my innocence has giv'n you no offence,
That you refuse me, being a stranger to you,
The ceremonious wishes which pertain
To new-made brides, and only do confer them
Upon my lord.

Chri. Your happiness already
Is so superlative, I cannot think
A new addition to it; You enjoy
The very sum of fortune in your match
To such a noble and illustrious husband;—
I can no longer hold my passion in.
These walls of flesh are not of
Strength sufficient to contain
My big swoln heart. My lords, behold a creature
So infinitely wretched, I deserve not
The meanest show of pity, who have, like
A silly merchant, trifled away a gem
The darling of the quarry, lost a love
By my too foolish niceness, to regain
Whose forfeiture I would lay down my life;
But he is gone for ever, and I left
A piteous spectacle for the reproach
And scorn of wiser women.

Eur. Is this possible?
Was all her passion to Vitelli feign'd?
My hopes recover life again.

Tri. Why, Chrisea,
Whence springs this passionate fury?

Chri. Oh! my lord,
When you shall hear it, you will sigh for me,
And shed a charitable tear, at thought
Of my unkind disaster: sir, my justice
Cannot accuse your constancy, which stood
In the first trial of your love, as fast
And spotless as an alabaster rock,
That had it but persisted in that height
Of honourable loyalty, your glory

Had been advanc'd to heaven as the fix'd stars
To guide all lovers through the rough
Seas of affection.
Vit. This taxation
Cannot be just from you, who did enforce
The sad revolt upon him.
Dor. Is there in heaven no friendly
Bolt left, that will strike this frame into
The centre, and set free a wretch
So overgrown with misery, from life,
That death would be a comfort above health,
Or any worldly blessing. May time blot my name out
Of his book, that such a prodigy
May not affright succession, nor strike,
Like an o'erspreading leprosy, upon
The beauteous face of manhood.
Chri. Oh, my lord, each grief of which
You 're sensible is mine, and not your
Torment: every sigh you breathe is an
Afflicting motion expir'd by my vex'd
Spirit; and if you could weep, each drop
Would be my blood, who am the spring
Of the whole flood of sorrow. Oh! forgive
The too exceeding honour of my love. I would
Have had you for your perfect truth so glorious,
Your loyalty should not, for
Preservation of your fame, have needed
To adopt a statue for its heir, or builded a
Monumental pyramid—but love
Is oft-times love's undoing.
Tri. This is such a cunning labyrinth of
Sorrow, that no clew can lead them out of.
Dor. It would be
A great affront to misery, should there live
A person half so wretched to out-dare
The strength of my affliction. Methinks,
I'm like some aged mountain, that has stood,
In the sea's watery bosom, thousand shocks
Of threat'ning tempests; yet, by the flattering waves,
That cling and curl about his stony limbs,
Is undermin'd and ruin'd. I have 'scap'd
War's killing dangers, and, by peaceful love,
Suffer a strange subversion. Oh! Chrisea,
While I have reason left that can distinguish
Things with a cool and undistracted sense,

Let's argue mildly th' unhappy cause
Of our undoing.
Eur. Truly, sister,
'Twas a suspicious rashness I could wish
You never had attempted.
Chri. My lord,
Human condition always censures things
By their event; my aims have had success
So strangely hapless, that will blast the truth
Of their intention's purity. I never
Harbour'd the least suspicion of your faith,
Which I did strive to perfect by the test,
As richest gold refin'd and purg'd
From dross of other baser metals; and besides
The trial of your constancy, I meant
To sound Vitelli's depth, upon whose love
My sister doted, so that I was loath
To see her cast the treasure of her heart
Upon a stranger, of whose constancy—
Tri. Gentle cousin,
Your good intents encounter'd bad success;
But I admire, since you must needs have notice
Of his disaster, that the law would pass
Upon his life, you did not, to prevent
All other virgin intercessors, haste
To pay the early tribute of your love.
Chri. My wretched fate,
With a too quick prevention, has o'erthrown
The justness of my purpose.
I relied so much upon his nobleness; I thought
The ugly horror of a thousand deaths
Could not have mov'd his temper; and besides,
Knowing his mighty courage, I permitted
The law proceed upon him, that hereafter,
He might be sure no merit can appease
Offended justice; otherwise I could
Easily have stopp'd this mischief."

We have only to add in conclusion, that the remaining four plays, written by Glapthorne, were never printed; and that he was also the author of a book of poems.

ART. X.—*The Hurricane: a Theosophical and Western Eclogue. To which is subjoined, a Solitary Effusion in a Summer's Evening.* *By* William Gilbert.

> "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
> Favete linguis: Carmina non prius
> Audita, Musarum Sacerdos
> Virginibus puerisque canto."
>
> HOR. *Lib.* iii. Od. i.

Bristol. 1796.

This is a little poem, interesting on its own account, as well as from the circumstances under which it was composed. It bears evident marks of having been written under the influence of partial insanity, while, at the same time, it contains passages of a high order of beauty. Of its author, William Gilbert, the little we have collected is chiefly from the information obligingly furnished to us by a distinguished literary character, an early friend of the author's, and by whose occasional notice of the work before us, concurring with a similar testimony from another quarter, our attention was directed to *The Hurricane.* He was born in the West Indies, and bred to the colonial bar. At some time between 1780 and 1790 he came over to this country, on a case of a court-martial, and, if we mistake not, passed the remainder of his days here; at first, in a state of distress, owing to the detention of some litigated property, which was, however, afterwards adjudged to him. Little is known of his private life, except that he was one of the large class of literary men who partook in the hopes excited by the breaking out of the French Revolution; an event in which he took a peculiar interest, from its imagined correspondence with some mystical notions of his own, relative to providential retribution, and the causes of the rise and fall of nations. He was likewise addicted to astrology. Besides *The Hurricane,* he published a pamphlet on the legal question abovementioned, and two works, entitled *The Law of Fire,* and *The Standard of God displayed;* these latter, from their titles, (which is all we know of them,) were, doubtless, expositions of the author's peculiar theological tenets.* He likewise wrote a poem in praise

* We remember seeing an extract from *The Hurricane,* in that *rarissimum opus,* Mr. Coleridge's *Watchman,* where it appeared previous to publication.

of Mr. Garrick, in which tragedy and comedy were represented as contending for his exclusive possession. The disorder which overclouded his intellect for many years, became, at length, so violent as totally to extinguish it; but his personal character was such as to acquire for him the unmixed respect and compassion of those who knew him. He died about 1804. Such is the slender memorial that remains of one of the high-minded and highly gifted of mankind.

The Hurricane, as to its more immediate scope, is an allegorical poem, founded on the singular hypothesis, that each of the continents of the globe has a *mind* of its own; a peculiar nature, influencing by emanation the disposition and intellect of its inhabitants. Each particular country, in the same manner, has a distinguishing mind, which constitutes its individuality, and gives a character to the whole of its history; and this he supposes to be what the Jewish prophets meant by the tutelary genii of kingdoms and provinces. To this is added, a belief in the excellence of savage compared with civilized life, and, consequently, in the proper superiority of America to the older parts of the globe, more especially to Europe; together with a faith, founded in the system of judicial compensation, that, as the mind of Europe has forcibly overpowered, and, for a time, annihilated that of America, the American mind will, in its turn, overthrow that of Europe, and remain finally predominant. These are reveries, indeed, but not unallied to philosophical truth, and such as an ordinary mind was incapable of conceiving. Various other notions, equally or more remote from common conception, are promulgated, with considerable energy of thought and language, in the copious notes which accompany the poem; but with these we have no concern, nor would the recital of them afford any gratification, except to those who find a gratification of their curiosity, in tracing the wanderings of a superior mind. We have given the above short explanation, as serving to illustrate some of the passages which we shall hereafter quote with another view. We will, however, extract a passage from the preface, as an instance of the forcible manner in which he propounds his theories.

"Suffice it to say here, that the machinery of my eclogue thus proceeds on this doctrine; namely,

"First.—That all countries have a specific mind, or determinable principle. This character may be traced with as much satisfaction in the vegetable as in the animal productions. Thus, strength with its attributes, viz. asperity, &c. is the character or mind of England. Her leading productions are the oak, peppermint, sloes, crabs, and sour cherries. All elegance, all polish, is superinduced; and primarily from France, of which they are natives.

"Secondly.—That a country is subdued, when it's mind or life, it's prince according to Daniel, or it's genius according to the modern Easterns, or its principle according to Europeans, is either supprest, destroyed, or chemically combined with that of a foreign country, in a form that leaves the foreign property predominant; and not till then. And this cannot ensue but upon suicide; upon a previous abandonment, on the part of the nation, of its own principle. For, when the Creator made every thing very good, He also made it tenable, on the one hand; and on the other complete; consequently, without the necessity, without the desire of encroaching; and, also, without the capability, except under the penalty of surrendering, with its own complete roundness, its own tenability. Thus I arrive at a primary law of nature, that every one must fall into the pit that he digs for others; either before or after success, or without success.

"Thirdly.—That, in the European subjugation of America, the American mind or life only suffered under a powerful affusion of the European; and, that as the solution proceeds, it acquires a stronger and stronger tincture of the subject, till at length that, which was first subdued, assumes an absolute, inexpugnable predominancy, and a final—inasmuch as the contest is between the two last parts of the world, and there is no prospective umpire to refer to; but it must be decided by the possession of first principles, or the highest mind in the hierarchy of minds; and the European possession of mind having previously arrived at perfection, from her long intercourse with Africa and Asia, and not being able to rescue her from the present grasp and predominancy of American mind, the question is now settled for ever, and Europe yields to the influence, mind, and power of America, linked in essential principle with Africa and Asia, for ever. Besides, Europe had full success in her encroachments; she succeeded in throwing America into the pit; and, of course, it must be her own turn to go in now: she depopulated America, and now America must depopulate her."

But our concern is chiefly with the poetry of *The Hurricane*. Its character is vivid description, pervaded with moral pathos, and intermixed with passages of pure reflection. Descriptive poetry, which the example of Thomson, almost alone, had maintained in existence during the *middle ages* of English poetry, was just then reviving under happier auspices. Accordingly there is a fire and a living freshness in his paintings, united, however, with a compactness of manner which his associates wanted. His views of torrid scenery are of a piece with his subject; rich and glowing in all cases, and breathing alternately of the voluptuous calm, and the awful turbulence of the regions he describes. The story of the poem is allegorical; typifying, by the figure of a hurricane in the Island of Antigua, the final conflict which is to terminate in the subversion of Europe by America, and the annihilation of the artificial system of society. The natural or unsophisti-

cated state of being is represented under the guise of a young female, preserved from the wreck of a vessel:—this, like the rest of the conception, is sufficiently outré; but the portrait in question is one of exquisite beauty, of that species which the old dramatists and the modern Lake poets delight to describe,—simple, affectionate, guided purely by the impulse of her own heart, and unsuspicious of evil either in herself or in others. We shall omit what may be called the mythological introduction, and pass on to the description of the storm. It will be perceived that the author had peculiar notions of metre. "Metre," he says, "is the focus of union between the sense and the sound: it is a contrivance to throw the accent, not where a common speaker or reader would throw it, but where an impassioned orator or judicious actor would throw it;" and he proceeds to illustrate his meaning by an analysis of some lines of *The Hurricane*. We shall, however, leave the ear of the reader to decide as to the effect of this singular metrical system.

"The Eastern shore receives the welcome gale;
And leads to caverns, or the brow of rocks,
To gravel banks with glittering shell-fish strew'd,
To deep-green mangrove, or the shadowing branch
Of lofty cedar dropping blossoms white,
That tremble as they fall, and meet the wave
Progressive to their root. Here, oft, at even,
When lengthening shadows to the calmy wave
Shot dubious twilight and alluring gloom,
I sat contemplative; and viewed the breeze
Chequer the water with far-streaming light,
That glistened as with gems: I sat and thought
Ambition was a folly; glory, madness;
And all the hopes attending various man
Were robbers of his rest; I thought, that Love
Was all the sum indulgent Heaven e'er made
To constitute his bliss. I thought so and was blest.
For four long days a calm through nature reigned;
A calm as dead as ever struck the deep;
As ever mark'd the silent air with awe,
Or still'd the leaf high trembling on the bough;
The fifth at eve to my accustom'd haunt,
Along the shadow of a cocoa grove,
Down to the beach I stroll'd. The setting sun
Was dyed with crimson; and the full-orb'd moon,
That palely rose above the dusky arch,
Was deeply burr'd. Settl'd, encreasing, black,

The jagged clouds, voluminous and deep,
Scudded along the northern verge of ocean,
And a long labouring swell hove the large
Billow lifeless on the shore, while adverse clouds
In dark battalia swiftly met in air.
Just where the horizon bends to meet the wave,
Within the farthest reach of human ken,
A sail appeared. The mild ray far beaming
From the western sun glanced on her canvas,
And beheld it spread before the rising breeze.
The rising breeze far from the northward mov'd,
Ruffling along, and blacken'd as it came;
The affrighted plover from its blast retir'd;
The lizard nestled in the watchman's hut,
And heavy, awful, gloom pour'd deep'ning on.
Soon reigning darkness o'er creation drew
The deep-black curtain of involving night:
The tempest thicken'd; and the dark wind howl'd
Encreasing horrors and sublimer blasts
Heavy the deep-hung atmosphere along.
Retired as soon as straws around me felt
The wind, I, hence, enjoy'd in silent peace
The rending gale; but, ever and anon,
Some crash of trees or noise of swift destruction
Met my ear. Soon the expected signals of
Distress roll through the heavy storm; the wind
Almost suppress'd the deep-mouth'd sound it bore.
Reiterate at rapid intervals,
The guns were heard, and oft-times join'd the thunder.
The firing ceas'd. The aggravated storm rode
Wide and unrivall'd through the midnight air;
All else was silence."

Thus ends the first canto; the second introduces us to the young Elmira.

" 'Twas where the sound of guns had mark'd a wreck,
My own selected path I took, in search
Of objects breathing from the eastern storm.
Wild and tremendous was the nightly sky:
The clouds involv'd in vast confusion, deep
And ripening still for action, ascended
Swiftly from the south and west. Exhausted
To the east they thinn'd, and nearly oped there
The lowering sky; where, dimly seen, one star

Glimmer'd on night's dull brow, and then was hid.
Pale twilight from the shrouded moon discovered
Shatter'd Nature; and, as we near'd the dreadful
Sounding ocean, large torches held aloft
Gleam'd fearful on the loud tempestuous waste.
Ocean, why in darkness hid, sounds so deep
Your midnight roar? Clouds, enclosing warring
Winds, why so solemn flit ye o'er? Tell me
All your mighty ravage! Hear I not some
Female shriek, now faintly sighing on the
Wings of night? Straightly appear'd a gleam of
White before us. Advancing quickly forward,
We saw, on near approach, the tatter'd sail
Of a ship driven by billows over shelves
Of rocks, high up the creek, and lodg'd on shore.
Around, no form of life was seen. 'Twas ravage.
No hand remained. The tempest was her pilot,
And the mighty arm, that wing'd the ruin.
Hung o'er the side, female attire we found
In shreds; its owner sought in vain, was lost.
Within with speed through every hold we search,
And cabin. The first were empty. The last
Repaid my zeal; for here I found, softly
Reclining on a leeward couch, a form
Divine. Wak'd by the noise and lights, her eyes,
As on I came, return'd the beams of mine.
With hurried speed she said—

Elmira.

Where is my mother?
And the captain? How glad I am, that they
Directed you to me!

I.

'Twas no direction
But our own. Come quick, thou mildly-beaming
Angel-form, with me—The moments stay not—
And I'll lead thee into peace and safety.

Elmira.

Where is my mother gone? And are we yet
In England?

I.

No: with truest friends you are.

"I plac'd her in an idle hammaque near,
Which, held by negroes, bore her gently on.
And as we went, I aim'd, with tenderest talk
To cheer the droopy maid; who, not reluctant
Seemed to solace: for to sea unused, young
And innocent, she knew not the dangers
She had passed; but hearing English spoke, and
Dreaming nought of strangers, having sunk to sleep
Among accustomed friends, supposed herself
Still known. Simply eloquent, she told me,
How they disturbed her with their noise on board;
How, being still at length, she hugg'd her couch,
Rock'd by the winds and seas to dead repose,
Till thence awoke by me. So infant spirits,
Who wing their animating flight of death
In pleasing slumbers from their mother's arms,
Alight unknowing on celestial ground:
Then press with firmy step the flowery path,
Nor dream of serpents they have never known;
Embrace with smiles their first angelic friend,
And ope the little treasure of their hearts:
Thus sweet Elmira told her gentle tale,
And lit each generous ardour in my breast."

She is taken to the stranger's home, and looks round her with surprise.

Elmira.

" Where is my mother's room?
Or where is she? I want to sleep again:
For you removed me when but half awake.
What is this country?

I.

A country 'tis, where—
Daughters and mothers seldom live together.

Elmira.

Why not?

I.

They cannot. Young with young, and old
With old together dwell, where you are now.
Your mother, fully welcom'd, just is gone
Where you can never follow. The distance
Is but small; yet bad the road, and water
Lies between you. She begs you here to rest,

Till, with a few days' use, you like the place.
You will command whatever you may see,
And all this house is your's. All varied pleasure
Shall attend the varied day. The morning
Breeze luxuriant shall be your's, in this saloon,
Or in the Orange and Acacia shade;
Where flower or fruit alike regale your taste.
For you shall noon pour tranquil splendour wide,
Not unair'd, nor void of rich aroma;
For shrubs that love to drink his ray and live,
Will skreen it from Elmira. The purple
Sorrel-nectar high, or milk of cocoa nut
You then shall drain; and in its sportive shade
Hearken the breeze race on its rising stem.
Evening shall bear us to the thicket shade;
Or else, at large, we'll catch the rambling air;
And when we see the peaceful breast of ocean
Just rippl'd over with the wild'ring breeze,
We'll then descend the beach; and, pleas'd, inhale
The freshest breath of genial air that blows;
Or snuff the showers collecting in the east
To cool the atmosphere and green the earth.

Elmira.

But, will my mother never come? I long
To tell her of those pleasant things.

I.

Better
Enjoy them first, and know them true yourself.
Then, sweet companions of your sex and age
Will join your walk, and mix their joys with your's;
With equal transport catch the lively glow
From nature's face, and beam it in their eyes;
While with extatic smiles you hail the scene,
And eager tell what various pleasures swell.

Elmira.

Will none else be with us?

I.

I, when you please,
Will join my sweet Elmira and her friends.

Elmira.

I shall always please.

Safely lodg'd at home,
And all secur'd against the wind stern rising,
I press'd refreshment on my travell'd guest,
Who well enjoy'd the delicate repast
Of viands flavour'd, new and cooling drinks.
Full easily she believed herself brought
By design to this so happy spot: and sure
She deem'd aright—It was her God's design:
Only she thought from God and not from man.
Think still, sweet maid, the same! No reasoner
Shall e'er disturb thy God's domain in thee!
Still from the same pure fountain thou shalt drink!
Still, in the Light Divine shalt thou see light.

* * * * *

With rising morn the wind subsides: the clouds
Fly lighter and to higher air sublime,
Discharg'd of all their weight. The eastern breeze
Resum'd is balmy; and creation lives.
The wreck we next examine: there, nor man,
Nor boat is found: a mile to leeward shews
The wreck of both: a female wash'd on shore
Proclaims Elmira's mother. But from her
The tragic fact is hid.
She broods no tempest
Who conceals no guilt. No mean lust of gain
Propell'd Elmira; nor guilt-infected hopes
Taught her the fear of ill, or yet, to fly
To man for safety, which deity would not
Grant, nor her own breast could claim.
The sailors hop'd
To fetch the quiet creek in boats; and haste
Could not await Elmira; nor would fear
Surcharge their yawl; nor their trust in human
Aids permit to take a poor helpless hand:—
Yet, alone, would innocence have sav'd them!
The female age matur'd and wise, her child's
Guardian, hung for life on men! While she pray'd
That they would save her daughter's life and her's,
A sweeping billow bore her to the deep.
Shortly awake, Elmira join'd me soon,
Treading with cheerful step and unrestrain'd
The stately portico. 'Twas all enchantment
To her soul. The sun burst brilliant forth, and
Welcom'd her: all the isle, the conquer'd ocean
Lay before her: smaller isles attract her:

Unknown diversities of landscape strike:
The distant hills cite curiosity:
Her God is in her heart, in love and bliss;
And through the isle and air she lives."

We are sure our readers will forgive the eccentricity of the above extracts, for their sweetness and beauty. Subjoined to *The Hurricane* is a poem, entitled, *A Solitary Effusion*, the excellence of which induces us to transcribe it entire.

"What is the cloudless sky to me? Nature's
Develop'd radiance, and her thousand charms?
No heart joins mine: no kindred step with me
Winds the lone dingle, or pursues the track
Slow opening through the mazy thicket's shade:
None rests with me upon the verdant slope,
And runs his eye enraptur'd o'er the glade,
On to the distant sleeping stream, *that walks,*
With slow and measur'd lapse, his round of ages
In the circling mead; saw the woad-painted
Briton; beheld, or bore, his sharp-scyth'd chariot;
Was oft dash'd by the fierce arm that rul'd it;
Yielded indignant to the new Roman;
Echo'd, with languid joy and presage sad,
The desperate shouts of fainting freedom,
As they rang from loud Caer-Caradoc amain,
And with their last rude crash shook every dale,
Rous'd each cot in vain; and has liv'd to hear
That song again, from centuries of death,
On Mason's lyre reviv'd.
Hark! Here are groves
That hold, or held some Druid. Dark mantling
Round they throw impenetrable shade; and hide,
And have for ever hid, aye, unprofan'd,
By Roman, or by savage conqueror's step,
Some temple sacred by the mystic sage.
Here, too, are haunts of love, as well as grand
And rudest wisdom's darkest, drear domains.
Groves were sacred once to love: once were heard,
Low murmuring through the many-turtl'd shades
Of peace, respondent sighs, or liveliest notes
Of placid and accordant love, that mix'd
Airs with the zephyr, whispers with the sacred grove.
Long hush'd to sullen silence, groves no more
Echo to human loves: the loves refin'd,

Or antient minstrels sung, of Dryad or
Of Naiad, or perchance of human maid
From cottage or from palace; or of gods,
From halls of light descending to the plain,
Unconscious of a change; nor so immix'd,
Can learned retrospection trace distinct,
The nymph, the goddess, or terrestrial maid.
Lonely their solitary haunts I view:
And welcome solitude where they are not:
Where such are not companions of the walk!
Tell me, ye gentle and ye graceful, tell—
Tell me, ye chaste, yet not averse from love—
Tell me, ye great, who guarded all these fair,
And make the lofty groves of love, that tower
In zenith air, terrific to the vain;
As all within was mild, serene, and pure—
Tell me, who most have ravag'd your retreats:
Who worst your secret delicacies wound,
And boldest all your hidden depths profane?
Which age is vile, the Gothic, or refin'd?
'That, which the heart lays waste!' I hear exclaim'd
In choral harmony of fair and great.
'Ah! what avails to us, pure Nature's spirits!
The manag'd body and the manag'd tongue,
Which chaunts no concord to soft nature's notes?
The manag'd foot, that dreads our shady brakes,
And shuns our holiest, wildest, deepest walks?
We give no music to the high-train'd ear:
Our concert lov'd is nature's voice divine,
And God's and love's; one unison, that sounds
Through every branch, and trembles in each leaf.
Here oft, when man awakes not, hear we sweet
The voice of God conversing in the calm,
And preaching of his inmost works Himself;
Till all the seraph glow in all his fires,
And melts the high society in one
Enraptur'd diapason's holy sound.'
'Twas not the warrior's gleam, that thinn'd our shades
And harshly grated human discords there:
He pass'd unheeded when the storm was o'er,
And left no measured ravage. Not the man
Of boisterous nature was our foe; that man
Was nature still, and her behests obey'd.
The man of art, is nature's foe and man's
And God's. His desolating axe wastes all,

That speaks a God, Creator of the land;
And marks it for his own. The ground not then
Yields an impartial feast to man, to fowl,
And all the family of God; but train'd
To furnish famine, mocks at God and all.
No shades are holy, nor are rural scenes.
The man of art proscribes all nature; marks
For dread the embow'ring thicket form'd for love
And love's delights of peace; and wise in this
Career of ruin, he; for love itself
Is the first dread—love the first great terror
Of the man of art—commutual foe!
And yet is love the universal friend:
And, (hear the choir of nature, man and God!)
The man of art, the universal foe,
He dreads himself—hates love he can't subdue—
His God arraigns—all nature desolates!
But hence, let Nature rise and reign in man!
And him destroy who has destroy'd the earth;
While God inspires, and love unites the world!'
I hail the blest alternative! Content
To live dissociate of the man of art
And his dissociate earth, usurp'd and curst!
Shortly his ruin whelms; the dam is broke!
The founts of fire are broken up, as erst
Of the great deep, and fire now streams along,
Innocuous round my rest! See! It comes!
And claims the springs of nature for it's own!"

We cannot conclude better, than with the following noble passage from the notes.

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the world, by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere, but alas! that sphere is microscopic. It is formed of minutiæ, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the man of mind. He who is placed in the sphere of nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brookes's, and a sneer at St. James's. He would certainly be swallowed alive by the first Pizarro, that crossed him:—But, when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long and watered Savannah; or contemplates from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—His exaltation is not less than impe-

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rial. He is as gentle too as he is great: his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them.' He becomes at once, a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues and from hence he acts; and he argues unerringly and acts magisterially: his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars. He knows where he is; his speculations do not outfly his practice; for he thinks he knows nothing but what he proves. The vast pride of discovering experimental philosophy cannot, indeed, be his; for discovery is precluded by incessant knowledge."

ART. XI.—*Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters.*

—— Λόγος ἐςι ψευδὴς εἰκονίζων ἀλήθειαν.
Aphthonius Progymnas. Pr.

London: Printed for J. Robson, *New Bond-street.* 1780. *Cr.* 8*vo.*

Some works derive a considerable portion of the interest attached to them from the character of the writer; an observation that will, in a certain degree, apply to the publication before us, which was one of the earliest literary efforts of the author of *Caliph Vathek.* It possesses, however, other claims on our attention, and, though obviously a juvenile production, is by no means deficient in interest, as will appear from the extracts which we shall proceed to lay before our readers.

In a short prefatory advertisement, the editor states himself to be in possession of some particulars relative to the author of these Memoirs,—" which might interest the curiosity of a respectable class of readers, and even prepossess them in favour of the publication. As, however, an impartial judgment on its merits is wished for, and the editor's availing himself of such an advantage, might suggest the idea of attempting to bias the public opinion, no communication of the sort is allowed. Permission could not be obtained to mention even the particular age at which the author wrote these pieces. It was in vain the editor's partiality for them, induced him to express something more than a hope that their merits with the public might rest little on that circumstance. For he has ever been persuaded that the success of the most admired productions of the *ingenium præcox*, at least in our own language, has been much more owing to their intrinsic worth than to the period of life at which they were written. His principal motive, could he

have imparted the particular last alluded to, had been only to contribute one fact more towards the science of human nature. The author's delicacy, however, was not to be overcome."—" It was the design of the writer to exhibit striking objects, both of nature and art, together with some sketches of human life and manners, through a more original medium than those usually adopted in the walk of novel-writing and romance."

There is something rather amusing in the mode in which the editor thus betrays the prohibited secret of the author's youth, and indirectly claims for him the merit of precocious talent.

The work itself consists of five narratives of the lives and adventures of imaginary painters. All these sketches display the same traces of a fervid fancy and satirical wit, which charm the reader in Mr. Beckford's more finished production, *The Caliph Vathek*. We here perceive the preluding efforts of the powerful mind which invented that impressive tale of oriental scenery and adventures. There is, also, a corresponding perception and developement of the effects of regret, remorse, and unavailing repentance, on the intellectual faculty. But these pieces consist of mere outlines, which shew the ability of the writer to be equal to the production of something more worthy of his own talents, and of the attention of the reader.

The memoirs or narratives are entitled,—*Aldrovandus Magnus; Andrew Guelph and Og of Basan, disciples of Aldrovandus Magnus; Sucrewasser of Vienna; Blunderbussiana;* and *Watersouchy*. These stories are almost entirely unconnected with each other, or with real history, though the names of several celebrated painters are introduced as the contemporaries of these imaginary heroes of the brush; and in the last piece Gerard Dow, Mieris, and Madame Merian, are among the personages of the narrative.

The sketch entitled, *Andrew Guelph and Og of Basan* is the longest, and by much the most interesting, though the others exhibit occasional touches of nature, which manifest the hand of a master. The cool inattention of the father of Aldrovandus, when his friend Hemmelinck, having taken up some of the first attempts at drawing of the young artist, enquires who was their author, is well struck off. "Hemmelinck had pulled old Aldrovandus by the sleeve three times before he cared to give him any answer; at last he coolly replied,—'that they were his son's scratches; and that he believed he would ruin him in paper, were he to live much longer in such an idle way.'"

The story of *Andrew Guelph* and *Og of Basan* contains several picturesque descriptions of the face of nature

among the mountains of the Tyrol, and on the classic plains of Italy; but it is in the delineation of the workings of the human mind, and in the excitement of strong passions, that the master-genius of the author is chiefly visible. Og of Basan, who is represented as of a bold and ardent disposition, and as an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, loiters among the shades, grottos, and ruined temples of Tivoli; where he gives himself up to a passion for a beautiful Italian female, and spending his days in her society, deserts, for a time, his profession; while his friend Andrew was closely employed at Venice, where Og had left him to finish a gallery of paintings, bespoke by the Pococurante family, "to immortalize the mighty deeds of their ancestors." Og, at last, roused from the lethargy of love, quits his fair companion, as the faithless Theseus did Ariadne, while she slept, and repairs to Rome. His unhappy mistress, on waking and discovering her loss,

"Plunged headlong into the tide, and was seen no more. Whilst this new Olympia* added another victim to love, her Bireno was graciously received by the cardinal Grossocavallo, who lodged him in his palace, and presented him to his Holiness, who was pleased to command two altar-pieces, and to name two famous miracles for their subjects; the one, St. Denis bearing his own head, intended as a present to the King of France; and the other, St. Anthony preaching to the fishers, which was to be sent to Frederick the Simple, King of Naples. Og succeeded wonderfully in both performances. The astonishment in the head at finding itself off its own shoulders was expressed to admiration; and the attitude of the blessed St. Denis, as natural as that of any man who ever carried such a burthen. In the second picture, he placed St. Anthony on a rock projecting over the sea, almost surrounded by shoals of every species of fish, whose countenances, all different, were highly expressive of the most profound attention and veneration. Many persons fancied they distinguished the likeness of most of the conclave in these animals; but this is generally believed to be a false observation, as the painter had no pique against any of their Eminences. What, however, gave rise to this idea, was, as I learn from the best authority, some dislike he entertained against Cardinal Hippolito d'Este, on account of his stupid treatment of his beloved poet Ariosto. He was even heard to repeat one day, when this cardinal was advancing towards him, the following line from the Orlando:—

'*Vi venia a bocca aperta il grosso tonno.*'"

After having increased his fame and fortune by the execution of the pictures ordered by the Pope, and other works, Og devoted some time to a survey of the relics of decayed

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* Alluding to a story in the tenth canto of the *Orlando Furioso*.

greatness, which bestow an interesting and awful grandeur on the ancient capital of the world. While viewing the mouldering heaps which reminded him of the fall of empires, he sinks into a profound reverie, which, at length, leads him to reflect on the past scenes of his life, and especially on his desertion of the fair Italian.

"The recollection of Tivoli now stole insensibly into his mind: he grew troubled, and reproached himself a thousand times with having deserted one who had sacrificed all for him. Though he was ignorant of her sad fate, the delicacy of her sensations recurred to his memory with innumerable circumstances, which revived all his former tenderness, and many dreadful suspicions haunted his fancy. If he slept, his dreams represented her in the well-known woods, wailing as in anguish, or on the distant shore of rapid torrents, beckoning him to console her in vain; for the instant he attempted to advance, tempests arose, and whirlwinds of fire snatched her screaming from his sight. Often he imagined himself reclining by her side, in meads of flowers, under a sky of the purest azure, and suddenly she would become ghastly pale, and, frowning on him, drive him to a flood that rolled its black waves between terrifying precipices, and dashing into its current, drag him after her; and then he would wake in horror, crying, 'I drown, I drown!' Indeed, he seems to have been selected as an example of divine vengeance."

Og returns to Tivoli, and there learns that his worst forebodings have been verified, in the self-destruction of his forsaken mistress. He retraces his steps to Rome; and, on approaching it, finds a congenial spot for the indulgence of his melancholy and self-condemning reflections in the tomb of Cecilia Metella.

"Throwing himself from his horse, which he left carelessly to drink at a fountain, he sought the interior of the sepulchre. There beneath the covert of a solitary pine, he folded his arms and remained till night in silence, the image of despair. The screeches of noxious birds, which frequented the edifice, roused him from his trance. He started up and quitted the ruins with terror, as if he had been personally guilty of the murder, and, without looking for his horse, turned his steps towards a garden he just distinguished in the twilight. As he had taken no sustenance the whole day, some branches loaded with fruit, that hung over the wall, offered themselves opportunely to allay his hunger. Whilst he was gathering them the moon arose, and discovered, faintly, the desolate scene around. There, a pillar yet erect, with a humble shed beneath, whose roof leaned on its base: Here, a tract of uncultivated ground, strewed with the fragments of superb edifices, long since laid low. There, the remains of fountains and aqueducts, whose hollow arches still echoed the murmurs of rivulets, which forced their feeble course, with difficulty,

through heaps of mouldering marbles, and roots of fantastic laurels. Rome lay extended beyond, diversified by its domes and spires, and marked by a dim haze, proceeding from the lights in its palaces. Our wanderer listened to the confused sounds of music, of revelry and triumph, which arose from the numerous habitations, but it was with disgust. He loathed every thing that was allied to joy, and abhorred all that bespoke festivity. He remained uneasy till the uproar ceased, and, when the surrounding regions were hushed in the most profound tranquillity, began his complaints. He was on the very point of depriving himself of existence, and walked to and fro, agitated by all the violent emotions of despair. Half the night was spent in vain lamentations, and the grey twilight was just beginning to be visible, when, wearied with inquietude, he sunk down on the ground, and fell into a slumber, in which the scene hovered before his fancy. A fictitious city was stretched out before him, enlightened by a fictitious moon. The shade of her he loved skimmed along a colonade, which cast its shadows on the plain, and then stood leaning on the lonely pillar, uttered a feeble groan, and glided by his side. Her wet garments clinging around her delicate shape, her swollen eyes and drooping hands announced a melancholy fate. She seemed to say, 'Why do my affections still linger on thee beyond the tomb? Why doth my pale bosom still cherish its wonted fires? How comes it that I do not appear riding on a sulphureous cloud, shaking a torch in my hand, and screaming out, Perjury!—No! my gentle nature forbids me to injure thee. But, mark! Quit yonder fatal city: seek the islands of the south, and mayest thou expiate thy crime!' The form next shed some visionary tears, and seemed to mingle with the mists of the morning. Og, awakened by the sun-beams, recollected his dream, and, without even taking his leave of the Cardinal Grossocavallo, in whose care he had deposited a coffer containing the rewards of his pencil, heedlessly took the road to Naples, resolving to pass into Sicily, and end his days in that island."

At Naples, the pride of Og at first prevents him from making himself known; but he is discovered by means of his famous picture of the preaching of St. Anthony, which had been placed in a chapel he happened to enter. He is patronized by Count Zigzagge, introduced at court, and highly caressed. Soon after he is rejoined by his friend Andrew Guelph, whom he had acquainted with his situation; and the two associates unite their talents to execute a picture of a splendid apartment, or vast hall, in the ark of Noah, which, with another picture, representing a room of a different kind in the same vessel, is strikingly and fancifully described. After finishing this undertaking, Og sets sail for Sicily, to expiate the crime the remembrance of which still haunts his imagination. Andrew Guelph and a young student of painting from Rome, who had joined him at Naples, accompany the unfortunate artist. Arriving at Messina, they establish themselves there

for two years, during which they all assist in adorning the churches and cabinets of the Sicilians with their paintings.

Og then becomes tired of the bustle of a city life, and determines to seek a retreat among the gloomy solitudes of Mount Etna. Thither he is accompanied by his Roman pupil Benboaro.

"They wandered together over all the regions of this famous mountain, and at last pitched upon a spot near the celebrated chesnut trees, where they built a hut and fixed their residence. After they had remained about two months in this sequestered habitation, Og grew restless and melancholy. The parting injunction of the maid of Tivoli rushed afresh into his mind, and with redoubled force. He had now visited those regions which he doubted not were meant by the islands of the south, to which she had commanded him to fly. Recollecting her last wish, that he might expiate his crime, he was one day overheard to say, 'Ah! those last words, so softened by her affection, were surely not so much a wish as a prophecy; and I, who till this moment fondly thought myself pursuing a calm and long retirement in this delicious climate, have been making my progress hither but to finish my course. The time of expiating my baseness draws near, and methinks, at this instant, I see the pale form of her I betrayed hovering over me, and beckoning me up to the summit of yonder volcano. Yes; there must be the fated scene of expiation. Nor shall it be long, gentle spirit! ere I obey thy summons. I shall willingly submit to my doom, not despairing that it may one day render me worthy of thy society and friendship in a happier world!'

"Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Benboaro, who caught every syllable of this strange soliloquy. That youth, concluding his master's senses and imagination disturbed, neglected no means in his power to comfort or assuage him. All his attention, however, failed to alleviate the sorrow which preyed upon Og's mind; and one morning he ordered him peremptorily to leave him in entire solitude. Benboaro refusing to comply, his master rushed into the thickest of the forest, and was shortly concealed from his sight. Seven days the youth sought him in vain, traversing wildernesses where no one had ever penetrated, and ascending precipices which the boldest peasant was afraid to scale; subsisting all the while on the fruits and berries he casually met with: the region of snow which encircles the *crater* did not deter his inquiries. With incredible labour he struggled over rocks of ice, seeking his master's vestiges in vain. By night he was directed by the mournful light of those eternal fires which issue from the peak of the mountain; and by day by a few straggling crucifixes, erected over the graves of unhappy travellers, who had perished in the expedition, served him at once as a mark and a memorial of the perils of his route. On the fourth day, after a night spent almost without sleep, he arose, and lifting up his eyes, saw before him the mouth of that tremendous volcano, which the superstition of the times led him to believe the entrance of hell. The solitude in which he found himself, the sullen murmur of the volcano, and all the hor-

rors of the scene worked so strongly on his imagination, that he fancied he beheld strange shapes descending and ascending the steeps of the fiery gulph. He even believed he heard the screams of desolation, and the cries of torment, issuing from the abyss. Such was his terror, that he neglected to turn his eyes on the vast prospects below, and hastening from the edge of the crater, where he had stood petrified for some minutes, returned over the deserts of snow, fainting with his toils, and in despair of ever beholding his master more.

"As soon as he reached the verge of the woods, he fell on the ground in a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by some peasants, who were collecting sulphur. Of them he eagerly inquired, whether they had seen a man with a long beard and armed with a scymitar? 'Yes,' answered they, 'we have seen him: the vile sorcerer has blasted us with his haggard eyes. He passed us just beneath the cliffs which hang over the great chesnut tree, muttering execrations, and talking to the winds. A violent tempest ensued, which has destroyed three of our cottages; and in the midst of the storm we saw the wretch that occasioned it fall from the cliff, wrapped in a blue flame. The Virgin preserve us from his maledictions!'—Benboaro wished to hear no more——"

The History of Blunderbussiana contains portions of striking delineations which, like the forcible descriptions in some of *Crabbe's Poems*, appear to have been drawn from actual observation.—Blunderbussiana is represented as being the son of a captain of a band of robbers. Like all the painters introduced to us by Mr. Beckford, he displays a native genius for the art; to which he superadds a particular taste for the study of practical anatomy, which he prosecutes as an auxiliary to his favorite pursuit. Accordingly he closely employs himself in dissecting the subjects with which he is supplied by his father's associates, in the course of their professional occupations. At length, his father being killed in an engagement with a band of soldiers, Blunderbussiana escapes from the savage scenes among which he had been brought up. He then devotes himself entirely to painting, as a profession, and, obtaining the instruction of a master of his art, becomes famous for his productions in the style of Salvator Rosa. As an occasional amusement he prompts his convivial companions, when inspired by the juice of the grape, to assist him in despoiling the burying grounds of dead bodies, to enable him to continue those anatomical researches for which he still retained a strong predilection. One of these entertainments proved fatal to Blunderbussiana. Excess in drinking brought on a fever, and being seized with delirium, he

"Began to rave in a frightful manner. Every minute he seemed to behold the mangled limbs of those he had anatomized quivering in his apartment. 'Haste, give me my instruments,' cried he, 'that I

may spoil the gambols of three cursed legs, that are just stalked into the room, and are going to jump upon me. Help! help! or they will kick me out of bed. There again; only see those ugly heads, that do nothing but roll over me! Hark! what a lumbering noise they make! now they glide along as smoothly as if on a bowling-green.—Mercy defend me from those goggling eyes! Open all the windows, set wide the doors,—let those grim cats out that spit fire at me, and lash me with their tails. O, how their bones rattle!—Help! mercy! O!' The third day released him from his torments; and his body, according to his desire, was delivered, with all his anatomical designs, to the college of surgeons."

The last narrative, or the *History of Watersouchy*, of Amsterdam, is a satire on the minute and laborious style of painting which characterizes the productions of Gerard Dow, and others of the Dutch school.

This volume is an object of curiosity, as it exhibits the germs of some of the finest passages in the subsequent work of the writer, *Vathek*. The description of the imaginary hall in the ark of Noah, in the tale of Andrew Guelph, and Og of Basan, possesses much of the wild sublimity and mysterious interest which characterize the account of the hall of Eblis; and the touches of playful satire which frequently occur to relieve the sombre character of the narrative, in some parts of *Vathek*, are not less visible in these 'Memoirs.' We conceive, that few persons can read these fictitious biographies, without wishing that the author had oftener favoured the world with his lucubrations. Industry alone seems to have been wanting to have raised him to a level with the greatest novelists of the age.

END OF VOL. X. PART I.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. X. Part II.

Art. I.—*The Letany of* John Bastwick, Doctor of Physic, *being now full of Devotion, as well in respect of the common Calamities of Plague and Pestilence, as also of his own particular Miserie, lying at this instant in Limbo Patrum, set down in a two Letters to Mr. Aquila Wykes, Keeper of the Gatehouse, his good Angell, in which there is an universall challenge to the whole World to prove the parity of Ministers to be jure divino; also a Demonstration that the Bishops are neither Christ's nor the Apostles' successors, but enemies of Christ and his Kingdom, and of the King's most excellent Majesty's prerogative royall, &c.: printed by the special procurement and for the especiall use of our English Prelates, in the year of Remembrance, Anno* 1637.

"Shepherds of people," says Lord Bacon, "had need know the calendars of tempests in state, which are commonly greatest when things grow to equality; as natural tempests are greatest about the equinoctial; and as there are certain hollow blasts of wind and secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so are there in states. Libels and licentious discourses against the state, when they are frequent and open; and, in like sort, false news often running up and down to the disadvantage of the state, and hastily embraced, are among the signs of troubles." The sagacity of these remarks is fully evinced by the history of the early part of the reign of King Charles the First. At that period, the secret presses which the discontented had established in the metropolis, teemed with publications which the law officers of the crown, and the judges in the ecclesiastical

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courts, could not but deem seditious. The agitation which these publications produced, gradually prepared the mass of the people for resistance to oppressive authority; and the cruelty with which their authors, when discovered, were punished, disgusted the feelings of the public, and mainly enabled the advocates of freedom to raise that banner, before which, after a long and bloody struggle, the royal standard was destined to be lowered to the dust.

The great leaders of the opposition in Charles's parliaments, were influenced in their proceedings by an anxious zeal for the defining of civil rights and the securing of civil liberty; and in their measures they were warmly supported by the people at large. But it may admit of a question, whether they would have experienced the encouragement which they actually met with, had not the minds of a considerable proportion of the nation been exasperated by religious restraints, enforced by the mistaken zeal of bigoted ecclesiastics? The strength of the cause of the opposition lay in the deep resentment and the fiery impatience of the Puritans. No soldiers fight so desperately as those who carry the sword in one hand, and the bible in the other.

The principles of the Puritans were imported into England from the Continent. During the persecutions which took place in the reign of Queen Mary, multitudes of English Protestants took refuge in such of the continental states as professed or tolerated the Protestant religion. Many of these, finding a shelter in the Swiss Cantons, imbibed a love for the ecclesiastical discipline of Calvin, of which they could not divest themselves when the accession of Elizabeth enabled them to return to their native country. Hence originated the schisms which took place in the English Church, and which for so long a period filled the minds of pious people with so much anxiety and distress. The differences between the two parties first took place on the comparatively trifling subjects of dress and ceremonies. To the Puritan, the surplice was an abomination. The true Churchman averred that the wearing of it was a matter of indifference. If, then, said the Puritans, it is a matter of indifference, why do you impose upon our preachers, the donning of this vestment of the vile Lady of Babylon? To this their antagonists rejoined, by a reference to canons and ecclesiastical orders; and by a demand of implicit obedience to those who were endued with spiritual power. This naturally opened a question as to the foundation and extent of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and the contest was embittered whilst the one party haughtily maintained the *jure divino* right of bishops to spiritual domination, and the other vindicated their assertion of the parity of presbyters, and the expediency of lay elders in

the government of a Christian church. As might naturally have been expected, the Puritans, by attacking episcopacy, became embroiled with the state, and were occasionally treated by Elizabeth with considerable harshness. They were, however, connived at, and even protected by some of her ablest ministers; and during her reign they increased in numbers and importance.

As the Presbyterian discipline had been established in Scotland, by the active zeal of Knox and his brother reformers, and as King James had, in the general assembly at Edinburgh, in the year 1590, "praised God that he was born in the time of light of the gospel, and in such a place as to be king of such a kirk, the sincerest kirk in the world"—on his accession to the throne of England, the Puritans entertained sanguine hopes that their religious principles would be adopted by the state. But the futile conferences at Hampton Court, speedily awakened them from their dream of synods and church censures, and convinced them of what, if zeal had not bereft them of common sense, they must have antecedently suspected, that the monarch decidedly preferred a church splendidly endowed, which humbly hailed him as its head, to a kirk struggling with poverty, and marked with austerity; and which claimed a right to sit in judgment on his delinquencies no less than on those of the meanest of his subjects. At the termination of the second day's conference, his majesty declared that "he would make the Puritans conform, or he would harry them out of the land, or else worse." These words of ill omen were a prelude to severities, which, whilst they served to sour the temper of the sectarians, were insufficient for their extirpation. On the contrary, during the reign of James, they still continued to be numerous, and many preachers who were tinctured with their principles contrived to retain their situations in the church, in the capacity of lecturers.

The molestation of these preachers was a direful source of misfortune to Charles the First, and this molestation was principally the work of Archbishop Laud. The wrong which was done to this ecclesiastic at his trial, and the injustice which brought him to the block, have in some degree hallowed his memory: for it is to the credit of human nature, that the general sympathy is on the side of him who is unfairly smitten by the hand of power. But candour must allow that he was a man of a narrow mind, and of arbitrary principles, and that his zeal appears to have been tinctured with malignity. He laid it down as an indisputable postulate, that the Church of England was infallibly correct both in doctrine and in discipline. Hence he inferred, that to dissent from her in the least iota was scandalous and sinful; and thought himself equally

justifiable in law and in equity, in compelling all Protestants in the King's dominions (he was sparing of the Catholics) to come within her pale. Endless were the pains which he took in the enforcement of the wearing of surplices and capes, in regulating the position of communion tables, and in compelling communicants to kneel at the holy eucharist. His love of splendour in divine offices gave colour to the false accusation brought against him by his enemies, of being a secret partizan of Popery. Many were the popular preachers whom he silenced, because they were followed by those who were puritanically inclined. In his zeal for uniformity, he would not suffer the Dutch and French churches, which had been allowed to carry on their worship in this kingdom, to adore their God in peace; but insisted upon it that the children of their members, born since their parents settled in England, should, under severe penalties, conform to the established mode of worship. His universal grasp reached the factories of our trading companies on the Continent, and the chaplains of our regiments in foreign parts; and he meditated the discomfiture of the pious exiles who had fled to indulge themselves in extempore prayer and the power of excommunication, in the vicinity of Cape Cod. Though the church of Ireland was an independent church, he intruded upon the province of the venerable Usher, and corrected its articles to a conformity with those of the church of England. Emboldened by success, he at length attempted to force a liturgy upon the whole people of Scotland. But the failure of this enterprise brought disgrace upon his counsels, and upon those of his royal master, and led the way to that series of calamities, which for a time abolished his favourite church, destroyed the constitution, and brought the unfortunate Charles and himself to the block.

Lest we should seem to bear too hard upon the memory of Laud, we think it expedient to observe, that his error was the error of the times in which he lived. At that period, uniformity was the darling object of every religionist; and no class of people then existed who had the least idea of toleration. It was reserved for future times to discover that religious liberty is the best security for the peace of a nation, and that, when sectarians are protected by law in the profession of their faith and the exercise of their worship, the public tranquillity is in no danger of violation. Toleration is the safety-valve which gives quiet issue to that zeal which, like steam, if too strongly compressed, would spread mischief and ruin all around.

At the period of the Scottish Reformation, the rapacity of the nobles had made such depredations on ecclesiastical property, that the kirk was reduced to a state of poverty, which, however primitive, was not entirely satisfactory to Knox and

his brother reformers; whose descendants, both in Scotland and in England, could not but regard with an evil, perhaps with a jealous eye, the splendid revenues which, in spite of similar invasions of the laity, were still left to the English church. Wishing to regulate all ecclesiastical affairs by the standard of their own discipline and circumstances, they professed to regard a superfluity of worldly goods as the bane of a churchman; and they were of opinion, that the political power conceded by the English constitution to the episcopal order was incompatible with the piety, the humility, and the active exertions in the cause of the gospel, which were requisite in those who were set apart for the exercise of spiritual functions. Hence, bishops were the objects of their abomination; and from the time of Martin Mar-prelate, to the period when those stumbling blocks to the faithful were expelled from the House of Lords, the mitre and the lawn sleeves were the perpetual objects of their virulent abuse. Amongst those who signalised themselves by their assaults on these remnants of Popery, as they styled them, was Dr. Bastwick, the author of the tracts, which this article may rescue from oblivion, in which, like thousands of other fugitive pieces, they have been long involved. We have thought it expedient thus to bring them into notice, as affording a specimen of the style in which theological controversy was conducted in the times of our ancestors; and as throwing some additional light on a striking incident in the history of Charles the First.

John Bastwick was born in the county of Essex. This is intimated in the following quaint passage, which we extract from the dedication of his "*Letany*," to the virtuous and elect lady, the Lady Walgrave.—"Calves, you know, in old times were good sacrifices, and well accepted of; and I doubt not but they may yet be well pleasing. Now I am an Essex calf, and the prelates have made me one, and pent me up in a coop a fatting. If they shall in fine, and after all this, sacrifice me upon the altar of the pillory, I will so bleat out their episcopal knaveries, as that the odour and sweet smelling savour of their oblation, I hope, shall make such a propitiation for the good of this land and kingdom, as the king himself and all loyal subjects shall be the better for it."

Bastwick must have been born to the inheritance of a decent property, as he was educated in Emanuel College, Cambridge, whence he repaired to the University of Padua, for the purpose of studying medicine. Having taken his degree in that celebrated school of physic, he returned to his native country, and established himself as a M. D. at Colchester. Here he appears to have met with a good deal of encouragement, and might have lived usefully and happily, had he not

been diverted from his regular practice by a desire of healing the disorders which, in his opinion, afflicted the church. Regarding the extravagant assumptions of the bishops to be the principal of these disorders, he examined their claims in a Latin treatise, entitled "*Apologeticus ad Præsules Anglicanos in Curiâ Celsæ Commissionis;*" in which he attempted to prove that bishops did not derive their authority from Divine right. At the same time he appears to have taken the precaution to except from his animadversions such prelates as might acknowledge that they derived their spiritual and temporal power from the civil institutions of their respective countries. But in the estimation of Laud, it was an offence of the greatest atrocity to deny the *jure divino* right of himself and his brethren. He therefore caused the unfortunate disciple of Galen to be arrested by a pursuivant, and had him duly brought up before the court of high commission. In vain Bastwick pleaded that "his book was only written against the pope, and Italian bishops, and such as vindicated authority over all kings and princes, and ecclesiastics *jure divino*." This plea was treated, as we remember that of a luckless cobler was treated in the year 1792, who, being accused before a magistrate of damning the king in a pot-house, acknowledged the fact, but protested that he meant the King of France. The *Apologeticus* was declared a scandalous libel; its author was condemned to pay a fine of one thousand pounds, besides the costs of the prosecution, and to be imprisoned in the Gate-house till he should recant his errors"—"a goodly censure," says he, in his dedication of his "*Letany*" to Lady Walgrave, "of which I may say as a poor silly old countryman spoke, coming once to London in the time of a great plague, and seeing a superscription over a door, not being acquainted with such things in the country, and reading it, it was *Lord have mercy upon us.** 'I promise you,' saith he, 'a good and a godly saying, I would every house in the town had as much on it,' meaning no ill, poor man; so I say, their sentence was a good and a godly sentence, I would every prelate in England were under the same."

It is a trite remark, but no less true than it is trite, that pains and penalties are of no efficacy in the correction of opinion. Bastwick took up his lodgings in prison with a dogged resolution, that if the archbishop waited for his recantation, he should wait, as he himself expresses it "till doom's-day in the afternoon." He cared not for the loss of fortune or of friends; he was not alarmed by the impairing of his health; nor did the

* Houses, which were shut up, on account of the inhabitants being infected, bore this inscription, along with a large cross in red.

sufferings of his wife and family cause him to give way. In his seclusion he brooded over his wrongs, and studied the subject of church discipline, till his feelings were exasperated to the highest degree, and he was determined to persist in disseminating his opinions, whatever might be the consequences.

"If Father William, of Canterbury," says he, in a letter to the keeper of the Gate-house, "think that I am afraid of him, he is metropolitically mistaken; for I neither fear him, nor love him; neither is there any affection or passion in me so contemptible, that I deem him, or any prelate in England, worthy to be an object of it. For I know they are enemies of God and the King, and of all goodness. I fear not the face of man, neither do I tremble at the foul fiends of Acheron. Can the prelates tell me of any thing worse than hell and death? If they cannot, it is not dreadful to me; for the Devil hath no power over me; and Death is my loving friend and kind neighbour. I am a physician, and have been bred in the tents of mortality, and have had Death by the hand every day. He is *solamen miseriarum;* neither have the prelates any more power over me than the Devil had over Job." Having thus screwed up his spirits to the sticking point, he declares that he is "resolved to put a few nettles under Antichrist's tayle, and to make him frisk a little before he dies;" and that as "the Prelates have taken away his practice among men, he is willing to try if he can heal beasts, and, among others, that scarlet whore, and all those that commit fornication with her."

In this spirit of defiance, Bastwick proceeded to compose, and to publish his *Letany*, which was printed "by special procurement," (*i. e.* surreptitiously) "and for the special use of our English Prelates, in the year of Remembrance, 1637." This work is introduced by a dedication from John, the Physician, to the vertuous and elect lady, the Lady Walgrave, at her house in Wormingford, in Essex, who had been one of his patients, and whose sympathy in his puritanical opinions led her to commiserate his sufferings in the cause of their common faith. Next follows a short address to the courteous reader, and next a letter to Meester Aquila Weekes, keeper of the Gate-house. These prolegomena form an introduction to the *Letany* itself, in which the incarcerated author poured forth his wrath against the reverend bench, and the whole system of the church established by law.

For this important work, John, the Physician, prepared himself by a course of meditation, by which he seems to have worked himself up to no ordinary pitch of enthusiasm. For thus he commences his letter to his honourable patroness:

"Madam,—In these times of great danger, being every way environed with the contagious sickness of the plague, and seeing all possibility taken away (without a miraculous kind of deliverance) of ever

escaping the common calamity of mortality—having set my cottage in order, which was quickly done, (little, I thank my good friends, being left unto me,) and having bequeathed my wife and children, and all my stock and substance, to the benediction of the grand Creator and sovereign Preserver of all things, and my spirit into the hands of my blessed Redeemer, nothing solicitous for my body, (now none of mine own,) and being most assured of a happy meeting and sweet conjunction, though we have tasted here of much bitterness, and forced to a violent separation—having, I say, thus ordered all things, I gave up myself, being then full of devotion, to the meditation of the vanity of all things here beneath, and to the contemplation of celestial blessedness; in the comparing of which two things together, I found such a surpassing excellency and transcending beauty in the one, as the other seemed nothing but mere deformity to it. I began then exceedingly to rejoice at mine own condition, and to think it none of the smallest beatitudes in this life to meet with adversities, and to be confined to solitude in the midst of peril. For it was as tinder and fuel, for the kindling and cherishing of all good motions, and a most excellent means of the soul's retiration from the love of these sublunary things, the desire of which makes men restlessly miserable. To speak the truth, in this privacy of mine, in the apparitions of my heart, methought I was in the suburbs of the empyrean paradise, enjoying the beatifical vision. But reflecting my eye from this surpassing beauty and excellency, and looking again into the glass of the creature, I saw the perpetual revolution of all things, and the inevitable inconstancy of the same; by which my affections began more to abhor them, and more inflamedlier to love the place of permanent and glorious immortality. Withal, I came there to discover which were the best creatures, which were the worst, which were the most subject to their Maker, which were most disloyal, which were the most useful, which were the most noisome, which were the most to be beloved, and which were most to be abominated."

The heavenly musings of enthusiasts are very liable to be tinctured by the notions and the passions which they have imbibed in their intercourse with the present world. The lusty Mahomet, in his visions of celestial bliss, was delighted by the charms of his houris; and our Danish ancestors gratified their intemperate, their warlike and revengeful, dispositions, in fondly imagining that, after death, their prowess would be rewarded by copious draughts of ale, drained from the sculls of their enemies. On the same principle, the peep which Bastwick took into the empyrean kingdom seems to have exacerbated his spirit against the priestly domination under which he was suffering, and to have confirmed him in his opinion, that of all noisome animals with which the earth was infested, Bishops were the most abominable. In his contempt of their assumptions, he assailed them with a notable pun, "They, forsooth," saith he, "must be recorded among the nobles, and called *Mag-*

nates Ecclesiæ; and the verity of the matter is, they are *magnæ nates Ecclesiæ.*" He declared that they were "God's rebels and enemies, both by the law of God and the land, to God and the king, and, like the giants of old, engaged in warfare against the clouds." He affirmed that, "so far from being the pillars, they were the caterpillars of the church, inasmuch as they devoured the church of God, and eat up his people like bread." In opening upon them what he is pleased to call his "cataracts of Greek and Roman oratory," he thus described their worldly pomp and magnificence, which he, of course, held to be incompatible with that primitive simplicity of dress and equipage which became the ministers of the gospel.

"I pray, good Madam, again consider their magnificent and stately palaces and buildings, their great revenues, their retinue, the delicacy, variety, and deliciousness of their fare; the pomp and state they wallow in by the mere goodness of the king, surpassing the eminency of the greatest of the most ancient nobility; and take notice of the sumptuosity of their service at their meals, their dishes being ushered in with no less reverence than the king, their lord and master's; their server and servants going before, and crying out, 'Gentlemen, be uncovered, my lord's meat is coming up,'—so that all are forced to stand bare to his platters, and no more state can there be in a king's house. Yea, nobody, without penalty, may **** within the compass of their yards and courts; and if any chance so to do, he is constrained either to pay for it, or else he is hailed and drawn into the porter's lodge as a prisoner, and tormented with those knaves, as a delinquent; and this daily experience can witness. So that in the court itself, and king's family, there is no such grandeur and state, nor in none of the king's houses; and yet they cry out, the poor despised church and clergy.

"To say nothing of the Bishop of London, that was put into his office with such supreme dignity and incomparable majesty, as he seemed a great king, or mighty emperor, to be inaugurated and installed in some superlative monarchy; rather than a priest, having all the nobility and the glory of the kingdom waiting upon him, all which proceeded from the overflowing bounty and debonerity of a most excellent and clement prince, and for his mere favour and gracious donation. But see the Prelate of Canterbury in his ordinary garb, riding from Croydon to Bagshot, with forty or fifty gentlemen, well mounted, attending upon him; two or three coaches, with four or six horses apiece in them, all empty, waiting on him; two or three dainty steeds of pleasure, most rich in trappings and furniture, likewise led by him; and wherever he comes his gentlemen ushers and servants crying out, 'room! room for my lord's grace! Gentlemen! be uncovered, my lord's grace is coming!' Now what, I pray, could be done more to the king's majesty, or queen, or the prince of Wales, or to the royal blood.

"Behold him, I beseech you again, not only in his journies, but in his hourly passing from Lambeth to the court; and look upon his

attendance and train, and the reverence the king's household, and all men, give unto him; and listen to the crying out of his waiters to the people, for the making of his way, and to be uncovered, and you would think it were the king himself, if you saw not the priest."

"Again, if you should meet him coming daily from the Star-chamber, and see what pomp, grandeur, and magnificence he goeth in, the whole multitude standing bare wherever he passeth, having also a great number of gentlemen and other servants waiting on him, all uncovered, some of them carrying up his tail, others going before him and calling to the folk before them to put off their hats, and to give place, crying, 'room! room! my lord's grace is coming;' tumbling down and thrusting aside the little children a playing there; flinging and tossing the poor costermongers, and souce wives' fruit and puddings, baskets and all, into the Thames, (though they hindered not their passage,) to shew the greatness of his state, and the promptitude of their service, to the utter undoing and perishing of those already indigent creatures. I say you would think, seeing and hearing all this, and also the speed and haste they make, that it were some mighty proud Nimrod, or some furious Jehu, running and marching for a kingdom, rather than a meek, humble, and grave priest; which spectacle, though in itself merciless, yet one can scarce keep from laughter to see the drollery of it; and considering the whole passages of the business with the variety of the actions, hearing on the one side, the noise of the gentlemen, crying 'room!' and, on the other side, seeing the wailing, mourning, and lamentation the women make, crying out, 'save my puddings,' 'save my codlings, for the Lord's sake;' the poor tripes and apples, in the mean time, swimming like frogs about the Thames, making way for his grace to go home again; on the other side, hearing the diversity of all men's discourse, concerning the pride, arrogancy, barbarousness, and cruelty of the prelate; it would, I say, move laughter to men, though disposed otherwise to seriosity. Most certain it is, his most excellent majesty goeth not in greater state, neither doth he suffer such insolency to be done to his poor subjects, wherever he cometh. And this, I say, is the ordinary deportment of the prelate.

"But how magnificent and glorious will this man be, think you, good madam, when he goeth in state and great power to Cambridge and Oxford, in his metropolitical rogation and perambulation, and with a rod in his hand, in the schools, to whip those naughty scholars that will not well learn their lesson of conformity, and those lewd and wicked boys that will not be reverend at devised service, nor will not cringe to the altar, nor turn their faces to the east, nor worship the communion table, nor cap and crouch at the naming of the letters and syllables of Jesus, and do all other ecclesiastical and tumultuous drudgeries: I am persuaded there will be mighty state, and crying out, 'room for my lord's grace! gentlemen and scholars, be uncovered—put off your hats and caps, and be hanged; my lord's grace is coming—my lord's grace sees you.'"

Having thus held up the bishops as objects of public scorn

and reproach, the imprisoned polemic proceeded to vilify the ornaments and ceremonies of the church, and to state the objections which were usually maintained by the Puritans against the use of the established liturgy in divine worship. "Ceremonies," he observed, "with the prelates, are laymen's books, and little better than the idols among the papists, which they set up for the same purpose." He demurred to the obligation of their observance, as imposed by human authority. And as to the prescribed habiliments of the clergy, he heaped upon them every species of indignity. With great shrewdness he remarked, that when John the Baptist came forth to announce the coming of the Messiah, he preached in the wilderness, in his ordinary habit, made of camel's hair, with a leathern girdle about his loins,—"and what," says he, "shall we say now to this business? Here we see the simplicity of John the Baptist. He preacheth and baptizeth in his ordinary habit; but to do so now were an heinous offence, and would cost him his living." It is very much to be marvelled at, that this staunch advocate of ancient simplicity did not propose, in imitation of the Baptist, to feed the priesthood on locusts and wild honey. For the plainness of clerical attire, he, moreover, found a precedent in the practice of the apostles. "Now that they are forbid to take two coats," he argues, "this shews the simplicity of the administration of the gospel ordinances and sacraments, in Christ's and the apostles' times, who, by Christ's own appointment in their divine service and offices, are confined to their ordinary habits, both in preaching and administering of the sacraments, and all ministerial functions, which is evidently manifest; for they had but one coat apiece, and they either preached and administered the sacraments in that, or naked."

As a Puritan, Bastwick might be expected to prefer the pouring out of the spirit in extempore prayer, to the use of a printed form of public devotion; and when we remember that the established church of one of his majesty's kingdoms has adopted and long practised the former mode of worship, it would be presumptuous to deny that it may admit of a question, which of these two modes is to be preferred. The point is an important one, and admits of a great extent of argumentation. But the enthusiasm of our medical polemic did not condescend to argue. He, at once, proscribed the liturgy as "a devised service, and man's, or devil's, invention." He branded it as "a linsey-woolsey service, a mere translation of Latin superstition into English superstition."

In descanting upon the thraldom imposed upon the spirit, in binding the ministers of religion to the use of prescribed forms of prayer, he states this grievance in the following homely terms:

"In this they tie God to his ordinary and allowance. He gets not a bit more of prayers than his stint, except it be for the love of some saint, and on his day, or some great festival time: then, perhaps, he shall have a collect more, or a cantle of a gospel, or a shred of an epistle, or, it may be, a joule of the apocrypha, and some two or three little prayers, with the often repetition of the Lord's prayer; and if they be merrily disposed, he may also get an anthem, and a little music; and then this is high service. And if there be some extraordinary rain, or wet weather, that they fear their tythes will not come well in, and their paunches be well filled, then, upon this occasion, they will come forth with, 'Thou, that with rain once destroyed'st the world,' &c.—and this also is a settled allowance, upon all such occasions; neither must they vary from it, or give a bit more; neither may the people look for better provision."

In further discussing, or rather deciding on this topic, he observes,—

"God hath given unto all Christians their themes of praying unto him, with the rule of direction to pray aright. And he hath also given them his holy spirit to guide them in prayer, and dictate unto them; and he expects that they should not always use a primer, or another to make prayers for them: for it would be ridiculous in a very beggar to sit begging at any man's door, by book, and reading all his beggary out of it. Nay, it would be an occasion to make a man kick him from his door, rather than to give him an alms. So, in like manner, we may suppose that God as little takes delight in such kind of service and prayers made unto him, when they must always have their books in their hand, to tell them what they must ask, and what they have need of."

The publication of this curious farrago of abuse against the whole system of the church establishment, in the estimation of Laud, filled the cup of Dr. Bastwick's iniquities to overflowing. The culprit was contumaciously obstinate in offence, and the archbishop was determined to bring him to a severe reckoning. He accordingly caused an information against him to be exhibited in the Star Chamber, for the publication of his *Apology* and *Letany*. This instrument was filed in that Court on the 11th day of March, 1637; and, on his petition, Bastwick was allowed to confer with his counsel on the subject of his answer thereto. At the same time, proceedings of a similar nature were taken against the celebrated William Prynne, for his *Histrio-Mastix*, and against the Rev. Dr. Burton, for preaching and publishing two seditious sermons; and carried on, *pari passu*, with those taken against Bastwick. The legal ingenuity of Prynne suggested to him the bold measure of filing a cross bill against the archbishop and others, in which he charged

them with "usurping upon his Majesty's prerogative-royal, with innovations in religion, licensing of Popish and Arminian books," and other particulars, which bill was signed by the three defendants; but when it was delivered to the Lord Keeper, he refused to admit it. On the 28th of April, Bastwick, and his brothers in offence, were enjoined to put in their answers to the information by the next Monday sevennight, by the advice of their counsel, and under their hands, or else the matters of the information should be taken against them, *pro confesso*.

Bastwick accordingly prepared his answer. This document was a gross aggravation of his original offence. In it he professed to demonstrate that the prelates were invaders of the king's prerogative royal, contemners and despisers of holy scripture, advancers of popery, superstition, idolatry, and profaneness. It was of enormous length, occupying five skins and a half of parchment, closely written; and in print, (for he printed it "to shame the rogues,") twenty-nine goodly pages in quarto, in the smallest type. Of its tone and temper our readers may judge by the following extract, which we have culled from a variety of sweets which occur towards its close:—

"Now he," (Archbishop Laud) "is a father of the church, and that of Canterbury; and he is holy—at leastwise would be so reputed, and would deem it a *scandalum magnatum* to be styled prophane or unholy. Ergo, he is Father William of Canterbury, his Holiness; and the defendant is resolved never to detract any thing from his Holiness, but shall ever pray that he may grow, and ever more increase in holiness. And for the prelate of London, he should be feeding of Christ's flock in the pulpit; and he is at the receipt of custom, telling of money, like Matthew the publican, before his calling to the apostleship,* the love of which is the root of all evil, and hath got himself no small honour by it, which the defendant would not in the least diminish; and therefore, being no skilful herald, nor acquainted with the titles of honour they usually style men in that place, he was constrained to make use of a little of his Roman rhetoric, and called him *Magnificus Rector* of the Treasury; a fitting, honourable title, as he conceived, which he doth not, nor ever shall repute a scandal, nor repent of that invitation."

He concluded his defence by protesting that he never meddled with any of the church dignitaries "till they, by their delinquency against God and the king, did manifestly demonstrate they were fallen from grace;" and declared that, till death, he would "devoutly pray, from plague, pestilence, and famine, from bishops, priests, and deacons, good Lord deliver

* The Bishop was Lord High Treasurer.

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us!—ever meaning," added he by way of salvo, "from usurping popish bishops, priests, and deacons, and such as challenge their standing and authority, *jure divino*."

In the practice of the Court of Star Chamber, it was required that all answers to informations should be signed by counsel. But a prudential regard to the safety of their ears, deterred the learned gentlemen to whom Bastwick applied for the requisite sanction, from making the perilous experiment of attaching to it their signature. Prynne, from the same cause, found himself in the same predicament. They both, therefore, petitioned the Court to receive their respective answers under their own signatures; but this request was refused, and they were taken *pro confesso*. Burton had procured the requisite signature to his answer; but on its exhibition in court, a considerable portion of it was objected to as scandalous and impertinent, and accordingly expunged; and, as he would not recognise the document in its amended state, the bill was also taken, *pro confesso*, against him.

On the 14th day of June, 1637, the three defendants appeared in the Star Chamber, when Prynne, who for a previous libel had been condemned to lose his ears, rising to speak, was welcomed by Sir John Finch with the following brutal speech:—"Is that Mr. Prynne? I had thought Mr. Prynne had had no ears, they being adjudged to be cut off by the sentence of this Court: but methinks he hath ears, and it is fit the Court should take order that the decrees thereof should be better executed, and see whether Mr. Prynne hath ears or no." The Usher of the Court, according to orders, turning back his hair, it was found that a remnant of his auditory apparatus was left, a circumstance which was severely animadverted upon by some of the lords who sat on the judgment seat. This barbarous proceeding was the prelude to a wrangling dialogue between the defendant and the Court, who, in conclusion, refused to take his answer, which he tendered on oath. Bastwick was then heard, who, finding that his answer, too, would be rejected, finished his speech by a bold defiance. "If your honours shall refuse it," exclaimed he, "then I protest, before men and angels, this day, that I will put this answer of mine in Roman buff, and send it through the whole Christian world, that all men may see my innocence, and your illegal proceedings; and this I will do if I die for it." After uttering this threat of appeal to the literati of Europe, he threw his parchments into the Court; on which the Lord Keeper said, "Dr. Bastwick, it seems we *must* have your answer." Having a presentiment of the sentence which awaited him, and which he charged the Court with having predetermined before he was heard, he deprecated it in the following pithy peroration to his speech:—

"I shall, therefore, now presume only to beseech you to give me leave to say unto your honours, as Paul spake unto the Centurion, when they were about to whip him, 'What,' saith he, 'will ye whip a Roman?'—so, my good lords, let me say unto your honours, What! will you cut off a true and loyal subject's ears for doing his duty to his king and country?—will you cut off a scholar's ears?—will you cut off a doctor of physic's ears, able to cure lords, peers, kings, and emperors? Will you cut off a soldier's ears, able to lead an army into the field for the honour of his king and country? Will you cut off a Christian's ears?—will you make curs of Christians, my lords? Will you cut off a Catholic, Apostolic, or Roman's ears? Ανδρες, αδελφοι και πατερες, men, brethren, and fathers! what an age do we live in, that we must thus be exposed unto the merciless fury of every malignant spirit."

Burton was heard the last. He seems to have conducted himself with much more temper and coolness than Bastwick, but this was of no avail to him. He was involved in the same censure with the author of the *Letany*. The sentence was pronounced by Lord Cottingham in the following words:—"I condemn these three men to lose their ears in the Palace-yard, at Westminster;—to be fined five thousand pounds a man to his Majesty;—and to perpetual imprisonment in three remote places of the kingdom, namely, the castles of Carnarvon, Cornwall, and Lancaster." To this sentence the Lord Finch added,—"Mr. Prynne to be stigmatized in the cheeks with two letters, S and L, for a seditious libeller;" to which addition the majority of the lords agreed.

On the 30th day of June, the corporal part of this atrocious sentence was executed with extreme severity. But the cruelty of the government was firmly encountered by the patience and boldness of the sufferers. They were received with zealous plaudits by the multitude, who strewed sweet herbs on the way by which they were conducted to the pillory. When Bastwick mounted the scaffold, he was immediately followed by his wife, who, "like a loving spouse, saluted each ear with a kiss, and then his mouth; whose tender love, boldness, and cheerfulness, so wrought upon the people's affections, that they gave a marvellous great shout for joy to behold it." Burton was also supported in his painful trial by the affection of his wife. Seeing a cloud of anxiety pass for a moment over her brow, he said,—"Wife, why art thou so sad?" To whom she made answer, "Sweetheart, I am not sad."—"No!" said he, "See, thou be not; for I would not have thee to dishonour the day, or to darken the glory of it, by shedding one tear, or fetching one sigh." Prynne smarted most keenly under the barbarity of the executioner, who, in cutting off the remnant of one of his ears, took off a piece of his cheek, and narrowly missed

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dividing the jugular vein; and, in stigmatizing him, took care to make a much more than a nominal cautery. The spirits of the martyr, however, were not subdued. On the contrary, his genius was excited; and, on his way back to the Tower, where he had been confined before his trial, he recorded his triumph in the following punning distich:—

"S. L. Stigmata Laudis
"Stigmata maxillis referens insignia Laudis
"Exultans remeo, victima grata Deo."

On the 26th day of July, Dr. Bastwick, before his wounds were perfectly cured, was removed from the Gate-house, and compelled to set out on his journey to Lancaster castle. His faithful wife followed him, but, for some days, was not permitted to speak to him. On the 1st of August he arrived at the place where it was intended that he should end his days, and was quartered in a part of the building, which was so ruinous, that it was constantly in danger of being blown down. This being represented to Judge Finch, his Lordship mercifully replied, that "the Doctor, by his faith and prayers, would hold it up from falling." In aggravation of his sufferings, Laud procured a warrant, prohibiting all access to him on the part of his friends, and debarring him the use of pen, ink, and paper, and of all books, save the Bible and Common Prayer book, and such devotional works as were consonant to the faith of the Church of England.

But the vengeance of the archbishop was not yet satiated. A few weeks after the settlement of the prisoners in their respective places of confinement, finding that their residence in England made them objects of public attention, and that the wives of Burton and Bastwick had made attempts to procure access, and to send letters to them, he determined to remove them from the reach of sympathy or comfort, and procured an illegal order for their banishment from the island. Prynne was accordingly conveyed to Jersey Castle; Burton, to Guernsey; and Bastwick was ordered to be sent to the Fort of Scilly. He was accordingly conveyed, on the 10th day of October, 1637, from Lancaster to Plymouth, where he was embarked on board a vessel, into which his wife was not permitted to enter to take leave of him. On the 16th, he arrived at the islands of Scilly, "where," says Prynne,* "many thousands of robin red-breasts (none of which birds were ever seen in those islands before nor since) newly arrived at the castle there the

* In his "*New Discovery of the Prelate's Tyranny.*"

evening before, welcomed him with their melody; and, within one day or two after, took their flight from thence, no man knows whither."

In all probability, Bastwick regarded the appearance of these birds as comfortably ominous of his future deliverance from the hands of his enemies. If so, he was not mistaken, though the accomplishment of his favourable prognostic was somewhat tardy. The assembling of the Long Parliament, as it is well known, discomfited all the tyrannic plans of the court. The relatives and friends of the captives petitioned the House of Commons for their release. Their petitions were readily granted; and the requisite orders, backed by the Speaker's warrant, were issued on the 7th day of November, 1640. On the 28th of November, Burton and Prynne made their triumphant entry into London, attended by such multitudes of people, that they found it difficult to make their way into the city. Dr. Bastwick, in consequence of the distance of the place of his confinement, did not land at Dover till the 7th of December: the 8th, being Sunday, he spent at Gravesend in company with his wife and children, and many of his friends; and, on the ensuing day, he also entered the metropolis amidst the acclamations of the populace.

The three martyrs in the cause of puritanism, after their restoration to liberty, lost no time in presenting petitions to the House of Commons, requesting an examination of their respective cases, and a redress of their grievances. These petitions were favourably received. On the 25th of February, the House resolved, "that the proceedings against Dr. Bastwick in the Star Chamber, and the sentence of that Court against him, and the execution of that sentence, were against the law, and liberty of the subject; and that the sentence ought to be reversed, and Dr. Bastwick discharged of the fine of £5000, and of his imprisonment, and to have reparation for the damages sustained by the foresaid proceedings, sentence, and execution." The like condemnation was passed on his illegal removal to the fort of Scilly; and, on the 1st of March, it was ordered, "that the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all those who voted against Dr. Bastwick in the Star Chamber, should make satisfaction to him for his damages sustained by that sentence." Similar resolutions were soon afterwards passed in favour of his fellow sufferers. The wheel of fortune made a complete revolution. Many of the persecutors of this hot-brained, but firm-hearted triumvirate were driven into exile; and Prynne had the gratification of assisting in, and of recording that trial, which, in its issue, consigned his arch enemy to the scaffold.

We have not room to enlarge on the reflections which sug-

gest themselves to the mind, on the conduct and catastrophe of this drama—but these will naturally spring from the feelings of the reader. We shall, therefore, conclude this article, by expressing our hope that it may contribute, by its details, to throw some additional light on the dispositions of the public in the reign of Charles I., and to elucidate an important incident in the history of our country.

Poésies de Dorat. 4 *vols.* 18*mo. à Geneve.* 1777.

It has often occurred to us, that a very simple theory will explain the prevalent distaste for French poetry amongst those of our countrymen who are disciples of the Shaksperian school, and to the numerous scions and offsets which that school has sent forth in so many various directions. We shall strip it as much as possible of its metaphysical dress, since nothing is held less appropriate by the purely literary class, than the use of scientific forms in critical discussion.

It seems, therefore, unnecessary to define, with metaphysical exactness, the meaning of the term *emotion*. What state of the mind is indicated by that term, the reader may be supposed to understand with at least tolerable accuracy. What is meant by the term *idea*, is also sufficiently precise. Now it seems to us, that the difference between that class of English poets we have alluded to, and the whole, or nearly the whole, body of the classical poets of France, consists in this;—that the effect of English poetry is produced by the *emotions*, that of the French by the *ideas*, they are respectively calculated to excite.

It is well known, that by the utterance of a single phrase, or even a single word, to which, through the intervention of but one, or at least a very limited series of ideas, a certain kind of emotion has once been affixed, that same emotion may be subsequently recalled without the intervention of the idea, or, what is the same thing, without its *sensible* intervention. This gradually becomes a habit of the mind. Thus the single word *assassination*,—although, in the first instance, it undoubtedly required a process of thought, in which all the evils of that act were set in array before the judgment, before it could affect the imagination with the full emotion of horror, at last becomes so habitually connected with that emotion, as to excite it ever afterwards on the bare enunciation of the word. So, of other

terms of the same class, as *love*, *beauty*, and the like; and so, also, of others of a different order, in which, from the greater number of ideas originally intervening between the term and the emotion, the connection between the two, though felt to exist in equal force, is less easily traced. Thus, *verdure*, *zephyr*, and other words of similar import, inspire the mind with emotions of easy tranquillity, which may be hunted through distant associations of the warm air, and the sunshine, and the innocent pleasures which follow in the train of Spring,—but which attach themselves immediately to the term, and spare the poet the labour of metaphysical investigation. These terms may, of course, be so handled as to produce an infinite variety of agreeable emotions in a mind which gives freely into the illusion; and which, without busying itself with the severe exactness of the expression, is content to catch those emotions from the respective terms, as they glide through the passive intellect. We hold that they have so been handled by the order of English poets we describe; and every page of their works will illustrate the truth of our position. As no species of poetical composition can give so much pleasure, with so little trouble; and as no other can, by any possibility, produce such a constancy, and thereby intensity of excitement; so none seems so well calculated to captivate that state of the mind, in which poets and their readers are habitually known to indulge.

The poetry of *ideas*, which is ascribed by this theory to the French school, supposes a pleasure resulting from a different state, and a different exertion of the intellect. It is, in fact, by supplying that chain of ideas between the abstract term and the emotion,—by working out the problem—by entering into a detailed analysis, that this species of writing produces its effects on the reader. How the intensity of the *emotion* must be frittered away by this process, is sufficiently obvious. It does not permit us to shudder at the sound of murder;—we must first recollect the pangs inflicted on the victim—if necessary, the anatomical cause of his death,—the perforation of the lung, the opening of the artery, the wound of the brain, and the thousand minute circumstances which precede the phenomena of dissolution;—we must pass in review the father's grief, the mother's agony, the wife's despair, the children's destitution;—we must advert to the horror of the neighbours, and the universal indignation of society;—we must look to the fate of the assassin, the prison, the court of justice, the rack, the wheel, and the gibbet, and transfer the list of sufferings from the family of the buried victim to that of the dying felon;—and after this ratiocinative detail, we are left to what share of *emotion* the catalogue of *ideas* may have left us. From this, however, it

must not be inferred, that no pleasure arises from the kind of writing we describe. On the contrary, it gives rise to one of a considerable magnitude—the pleasure of pursuing something like a chain of reasoning—a deduction of successive consequences from successive premises—a gratification in its nature metaphysical. It is true that this species of poetry requires, proportionally, more energy and attention; and, therefore, on the whole, is probably less amusing than the other. We need not say Boileau or Racine; let the reader try a page of Pope, and a scene of Shakspeare, and he will feel the difference between the poetry of *idea* and that of *emotion*.

From this, therefore, it seems to follow,—we say *seems*, for we cannot swear on any critical theory—that the English poetry of emotion is productive of more amusement than the English or French poetry of idea. It also follows, that in as far as instruction can be predicated of any poetry whatever, the poetry of idea is more instructive than that of emotion.

Hence it is, that Shakspeare has been justly, though somewhat too vaguely, styled the poet of the heart; Voltaire, the poet of the head; Shakspeare, of the passions; Voltaire, of the moral feelings.

This also explains the reason why the disciples of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and the whole of the ultra-Shaksperians, have altogether denied the title of poet to Pope, and his French prototypes. They do not understand each other. For a man who looks for ideas, the terms of art of the school of *emotion* are without meaning; for the man of passion, so are the theorems of Boileau. To the Englishman, Boileau is somewhat worse than a *bad* philosopher; to the Frenchman, Shakspeare is little better than a madman.

Shall we give an example of what we mean? We will open the works of Voltaire, and the first we hit upon is his translation of the celebrated soliloquy,

"To be, or not to be—that is the question!"

This is by no means one of Shakspeare's flights; by no means a good specimen of the poetry of emotion; but even in translating this, the French writer has not ventured to do more than paraphrase the English. The reader will observe with what care he has rejected the exclamatory style of the original, and attempted to reduce it to the almost syllogistic regularity of the French theatre.

"Demeure; il faut choisir, et passer à l'instant
De la vie à la mort, et de l'être au néant.
Dieux justes, s'il en est, éclairez mon courage.
Faut-il vieillir courbé sous la main qui m'outrage?

Supporter ou finir mon malheur et mon sort?
Qui suis-je—qui m'arrête—et qu'est—ce que la mort?
C'est la fin de nos maux, c'est mon unique asile;
Après de longs transports, c'est un sommeil tranquille,
Ou s'endort et tout meurt.—Mais un affreux réveil
Doit succéder peut-être aux douceurs du sommeil.
On nous menace, on dit que cette courte vie
De tourments éternels est aussitôt suivie.
O mort! moment fatal! affreuse éternité!
Tout cœur à ton seul nom se glace épouvanté.
Hé, qui pourrait sans toi supporter cette vie;
De nos fourbes puissants bénir l'hypocrisie;
D'une indigne maîtresse encenser les erreurs;
Ramper sous un ministre, adorer ses hauteurs;
Et montrer les langueurs de son âme abattue
A des amis ingrats qui détournent la vue?
La mort serait trop douce en ces extrémités,
Mais le scrupule parle, et nous crie, arrêtez;
Il défend à nos mains cet heureux homicide,
Et d'un héros guerrier fait un Chrétien timide."

These, and more especially the lines in *italics*, are fine, terse, flowing, forcible verses, possessing the greatest merit when interpreted according to the rules of the school of Idea; and although, as we remarked before, the original is, by no means, the kind of example we should have selected, as a striking specimen of the poetry of Emotion, both the French and English versions square exactly with our theory. Shakspeare has uttered a series of unconnected exclamations, which move and harrow the feelings, on the subject of the unknown hereafter. Voltaire has shewn why it is that our feelings are so moved, by a succession of logical proofs. He has been compelled, therefore, to omit the terms of Emotion, which lie thickly strewn in the original, and to adhere simply to the argument of the speech. Hence the beauties of the two versions are totally distinct; and we have no doubt, that in spite of the extraordinary vigour and felicity of the last two lines of the translation, the Shaksperian will persist in finding it not endurable—just as the school of Idea would be apt to decide of the original.

Having satisfied ourselves, however we may have failed with the reader, in accounting for the great diversity between the tastes for French and English poetry, we may now be permitted to give directions for the application of our theory. Like many other mis-called general rules, the exceptions to its application are far more numerous than the instances in which it may safely be adopted. If the reader, however, has gone with

us in our observations, we trust we shall find no difficulty in pointing out the mode of using it. The principles of Emotion and Idea are merely the most highly distinctive, and not universally characteristic of the two schools of poetry. Hence, much poetry of Idea in the English, much poetry of Emotion in the French school. Witness Shakspeare, *passim*; witness also Phèdre, Zaïre, Tancrède, the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, and the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*. But as the leading character of each school is what we have described, the taste of the two parties is in effect decided by that circumstance. Still, however, it seems likely from the admixture of Idea and Emotion in both schools, that although the sectaries of each should respectively reserve their highest approbation for that leading excellence which distinguishes their particular sect from its opposite in the highest degree—still, we say, it seems likely they may attach some, however inferior a value, to the peculiar merits of the party to which they do *not* belong. In effect, we have numerous examples of Shaksperians, who take a certain pleasure in Pope and Racine; and of partizans of Pope and Racine, who are no small admirers of Shakspeare. If we thought otherwise, we should not have begun those critiques on the *Minor French Poets*, which we commenced in our sixteenth number, and propose, from time to time, to continue. We believe that some degree of pleasure, however small, is derived from the perusal of these authors; and acting on the principle, that the least possible pleasure is better than none at all, we shall proceed in our undertaking, without any apprehension of so seriously annoying the zealots of the school of Emotion, as to counterbalance the satisfaction we may be so fortunate as to contribute to the disciples of the sect of Idea.

We began with Bernard. Our present dish is of equal lightness, and of much the same *goût* and flavour—Dorat, a man of many volumes, but who will occupy our pages not much the more for his prolixity. A page a volume is all we shall allot to him; and as we have filled several already, by propitiating the ultra English reader, the only mode we can hit upon for keeping within our proposed limits, will be by omitting whatever has been written by our author in the shape of plays. This, as will be seen hereafter, is no very considerable sacrifice. It has been said, somewhat too harshly, of Dorat, as the reader will presently, we think, admit,

> Qu'il eut des mots, des riens charmans,
> Qu'il fut léger, doux, *presque* tendre;
> Je crains seulement dans vingt ans
> Qu'on ait de la peine à l'entendre.

We certainly have found no such difficulty, although we somewhat incline to acquiesce in the rest of the portrait. His copiousness no man can deny. Fourteen or more volumes are, we were about to say, a living proof of his talent for words. His frivolity was the effect of his French temperament and education; his good temper he owed to the same causes. As to his defeat in the *tender* sentimentalism of love, however little we may be inclined to sympathise with the critic in his complaints of its deficiency in Dorat—the fact is undoubtedly true. It cannot be denied, that disgusted with the over-scrupulousness of the rigorists of his day—for such were not wanting in Paris, however the contrary opinion may prevail—he rather slid into the opposite extreme, and felt inclined to declare with Helvétius, "*qu'il n'y avait de bon en amour que le physique.*" His poems of gallantry are very much like running comments on that text; and there is no more frequent object of his censure and ridicule, than the system of feminine morals which then prevailed. Of the "riens charmans"—which mean, in fact, the author's works—we shall take the liberty of speaking at some length.

Our business, however, even here, shall be rather confined to making a very few of the best extracts from the best of his writings, than to the criticism of their merits. That may be safely left to the reader, who will, perhaps, be more candid, and whose observations are sure to possess the recommendation of pleasing himself.

The principal work of Dorat is a poem on *Theatrical Declamation*;—a term to which our readers must give a little more latitude than usual, and which in fact is made, in this instance, to include the whole of dramatic exhibition. It is by far the most elaborate, as well as the most polished, of our author's numerous productions. The poem is divided into four cantos: the first comprising rules for tragic; the second, for comic acting; the third, embracing the operatic; and the fourth, the choric, or the art of dancing. We shall not follow our author through his numerous rules for the conduct of the head, voice, arms, and feet, in their different departments; our selections will be made rather with a view to their poetic, than their didactic merits.

The opening conceit—for there is much of the *conceit* about it, in spite of its ingenuity—is marked by great force and vivacity:

> "Dans ses jeux instructifs la Fable respectée
> Nous vante les talens du mobile Prothée,
> Qui, possesseur adroit d'innombrables secrets,
> Changeoit, en se jouant, sa figure et ses traits;

Tantôt, aigle superbe, affrontoit le tonnerre ;
Tantôt, reptile impur, se traînoit sur la terre ;
Arbre, élevoit sa tige ; onde, ou feu dévorant,
Petilloit dans les airs, ou tomboit en torrent ;
Rouloit, tigre ou lion, sa prunelle enflâmée,
Et, près d'être saisi, s'exhaloit en fumée ;
Le vrai vous est caché sous ce voile imposant.
Quel étoit ce Protée ? un acteur séduisant,
Qui de son art divin possédoit la science,
De chaque passion distinguoit la nuance,
Déployoit d'un héros l'essor impétueux,
Peignoit la politique et ses plis tortueux,
D'un tendre sentiment développoit les charmes ;
Là, frémissoit de rage ; ici, versoit des larmes,
Ou faisoit dédaigner, par tous les spectateurs,
Le songe de la vie et celui des grandeurs."

The description of the trickery of Proteus is old ; but we do not remember any similar use of it in the way of metaphor. The following is both judicious advice and fine writing :

" Le jeu muet encore veut une étude à part :
Il est et le triomphe et le comble de l'art.
C'est là que le talent paroît sans artifice,
Et que toute la gloire appartient à l'actrice.
Il faut, pour le saisir, savoir l'ouvrage entier,
En suivre les ressorts, et les étudier :
Réunir, d'un coup d'œil, tous les traits qu'il rassemble,
Et ces effets cachés qui naissent de l'ensemble.
Tel, dans tout ce qu'il trace, un peintre ingénieux
Doit chercher des couleurs l'accord harmonieux.
Laissez donc la *routine* aux actrices frivoles ;
Sachez approfondir et raisonner vos rôles."

This shews considerable study of the theatric art, which, indeed, the author exhibits upon all occasions; and on none more than in the detection of those very minute defects which so frequently destroy the illusion of good acting; as, for instance, in the following advice to a popular actress :

" Que jamais vos regards n'aillent furtivement
Mendier la faveur d'un applaudissement.
Le public dédaigneux hait ce vain artifice ;
Il siffle la coquette, il applaudit l'actrice."

We could mention a striking example of this defect, in a deservedly favourite actress of the present day; but so difficult is it to look our own vices in the face, that she would probably not recognize the portrait if we should run the risk of holding it before her.

The following might be mistaken for a picture of the incomparable Siddons:

" Contemplez de Macbeth l'épouse criminelle,
Sous ces murs, où son roi fut égorgé par elle;
Cette femme s'avance aux yeux des spectateurs,
Et vient, en sommeillant, expier ses fureurs.
L'inflexible remord, dont elle est la victime,
Agite son sommeil des horreurs de son crime.
Ses bras sont teints de sang, qu'elle détache en vain;
Sous la main qui l'efface il reparoît soudain;
J'admire en frissonnant; ô muette éloquence!
Quel mouvement! quel geste! et sur-tout quel silence!"

Indeed, the poet's talent is peculiarly adapted to description. Take, for instance, the happy picture of Tartuffe.

" Jouez-vous le Tartuffe? observez d'autres loix;
En sons pieux et lents mesurez votre voix;
De ce fourbe imitez le mystique sourire,
Lorsque son œil dévot s'attache sur Elmire;
Lorsque, laissant errer une indiscrète main,
Des genoux chatouilleux il monte jusqu'au sein;
Avec suavité médite un adultère,
Et veut, au nom de Dieu, déshonorer son frère."

Or the following portrait of (we believe) Gaussin:

" Ah! si la scène encore offroit à notre vue
Cette actrice adorée, et trop tôt disparue,
Qui par son enjouement savoit tout animer,
Et que, pour son éloge, il suffit de nommer!—
Je vous dirois sans cesse, ayez les yeux sur elle;
Et je croirois tout dire, en l'offrant pour modèle.
Il me semble la voir, l'œil brillant de gaîté,
Parler, agir, marcher avec légéreté,
Piquante sans apprêt, et vive sans grimace;
A chaque mouvement acquérir une grace,
Sourire, s'exprimer, se taire avec esprit,
Joindre le jeu muet à l'éclair du débit,
Nuancer tous ses tons, varier sa figure,

XUM

Rendre l'art naturel, et parer la nature.
Vous, qu'elle-même invite à marcher sur ses pas,
Emules en talens, rivales en appas,
Luzzi, jeune Fanier, volez dans la carrière;
L'Amour en souriant vous ouvre la barrière,
Tresse un myrthe nouveau pour orner vos attraits,
Et ba dest mains lui-même en voyant vos succès."

Or this:

" Quel souvenir cruel se mêle à ces images!
Le talent qui n'est plus, veut encor des hommages.
Tendre Guéant, mon cœur ne t'oublîra jamais.
Puissé-je dans mes vers ranimer tes attraits!
Combien elle étoit simple, intéressante, et belle!
Amour, tu t'en souviens, tu lui restas fidelle.
La douce illusion accompagnoit ses pas:
Les Graces l'inspiroient, et ne la quittoient pas.
Amour, graces, beauté, rien ne la put défendre:
La tombe s'entr'ouvrit, il y fallut descendre.
Ainsi l'étoile brille, et bientôt, à nos yeux,
En mourantes clartés semble quitter les cieux.
Que dis-je? elle respire: il est d'heureux ombrages,
Asyles des héros, des belles, et des sages.
Sous ces berceaux rians, et fermés aux douleurs,
Près de Ninon peut-être elle cueille des fleurs:
Peut-être qu'à Maurice, élevé sur un trône,
De myrthe et de lauriers, elle offre une couronne,
Se rappelle des vers, qu'il lui fait déclamer,
Et n'envie aux mortels que le plaisir d'aimer.—
Mais quoi! quelle beauté s'avance sur la scène?
Le sentiment conduit sa démarche incertaine.
Sa voix se développe en sons doux et flatteurs;
Son œil est un rayon qui luit au fond des cœurs.
Sur ce front ingénu quelle grace enfantine!
C'est la naïve Hébé qui sourit et badine:
C'est la rose qui naît, qui va s'épanouir,
Lentement se déploie, et craint de s'entr'ouvrir:
Charmante Doligni, puis-je te méconnoître?
Toi, si chère à l'Amour, que tu braves peut-être,
Poursuis; ce dieu léger, qui brigue tes faveurs,
Séduit par les attraits, est fixé par les mœurs."

The episode of the nymph and the fawn, in the fourth canto, is a still more striking example of the descriptive power;

and is a favourable specimen of the author's facility of versification.

" Indifférente et libre, une nymphe des bois,
Pour seule arme aux amours opposoit son carquois,
Et souvent renversoit de ses flèches rapides
Le faon, aux pieds legérs, et les biches timides.
Errante, l'arc en main, de réduit en réduit,
Un faune l'apperçoit, s'enflamme et la poursuit.
Voyez les mouvemens dont leur ame est atteinte;
Et l'aile du desir et le vol de la crainte.
Ils s'éludent tous deux par d'agiles détours:
Le faune joint la nymphe; elle échappe toujours.
Elle se sauve enfin tremblante, sans compagne,
Et gagne, en haletant, le haut d'une montagne.
Là, se laissant aller près d'un arbre voisin,
Son col abandonné touche aux lis de son sein.
Le faune reparoît: il tressaille de joie,
Et retrouve sa force, en retrouvant sa proie.
Ses yeux sont des flambeaux; ses pas sont des éclairs:
Une flèche est moins prompte à traverser les airs.
La colombe se lasse, et sent foiblir son aile:
Au front de son amant l'espérance étincelle:
Il va toucher, il touche au terme de ses vœux;
Son souffle de la nymphe agite les cheveux;
Il la tient dans ses bras, il demande sa grace:
Le faune s'embellit, la nymphe s'embarrasse,
Se livre par degrés à ce trouble enchanteur,
Tombe, se laisse vaincre, et pardonne au vainqueur."

We were scarcely less pleased with the animated description of the temple of the Tragic Muse, and especially that part in which the poet turns aside from his subject to pay his compliment of veneration to the living deity of the drama:

" Les yeux étincelans, quel vieillard dans ce lieu,
Environné d'autels, semble en être le dieu?
Un mortel moins altier, assis au même trône,
Reçoit des mains du Goût sa brillante couronne.
Leur terrible rival, pour tracer ses tableaux,
Dans le sang et les pleurs trempe ses noirs pinceaux.
Et leurs lauriers épars, couvrant le sanctuaire,
Viennent se réunir sur le front de Voltaire.
La grande actrice, admise en ce séjour divin.
Marche et s'enorgueillit près du grand écrivain.

Récitant ces beaux vers, où l'amour seul domine,
Champmeslé pleure encor dans les bras de Racine;
Et Le Couvreur, l'œil sombre et de larmes baigné,
Attache les regards de Corneille étonné.
Vous, de ces demi-dieux modernes interprètes,
La gloire vous attend, et vos palmes sont prêtes.
Chef-d'œuvres du pinceau, dans ces pompeux réduits,
Déjà vos traits brillans sont par-tout reproduits.
Ici pleure Gaussin, toujours sensible et tendre.
Là, c'est toi, Dumesnil, toi que l'on croit entendre;
La nature enrichit ton simple médaillon,
Et l'art couvre de fleurs le buste de Clairon."

No part of the scandalous chronicle of French manners opens a more amusing, as well as characteristic, page than the history of the Parisian actresses. Le Sage, in his description of the theatrical morality of Madrid, which was meant for Paris, has not much overcharged the picture. That a state, we were about to say of such undisguised debauchery, should have revolted the puritanism of Rousseau, will not excite surprise. Our readers are familiar with the diatribes of Jeremy Collyer, and others of his cloth and colour, against the deadly profaneness of English actors. Their spleen would have been more justifiable at Paris; although the invectives of Jean-Jacques were, even there, outrageously hyperbolical. Dorat has not omitted, in this system of theatrical rules, to legislate for theatrical morality. He cannot, of course, be suspected of siding with the philosopher of Geneva; but he recommends, if not an abstinence from intrigue, which he would probably, and even justly, have regarded as "a wild and visionary scheme of human perfectibility," at least a more cautious practice of incurable vice. His receipt is palliative only; his system, "gradual reform."

"Je sais qu'un sage illustre, un mortel renommé,
Qui hait tous les humains, lorsqu'il en est aimé,
Du fond de sa retraite, où l'univers l'offense,
A fait tonner sur vous sa farouche éloquence.
Contre lui cependant je dois vous rassurer.
Un sage n'est qu'un homme; il a pu s'égarer.
Le monde à ses regards prend un aspect sauvage;
Ne peut-on s'en former une riante image?
Des crédules humains, précepteurs rigoureux,
Pourquoi nous envier nos mensonges heureux?
Ah! laissez-nous du moins une douce imposture;
L'ingénieuse erreur embellit la nature;

Et nous ôter nos arts, nos talens enchanteurs,
C'est ravir à la terre et ses fruits et ses fleurs.
Sachez donc repousser de frivoles atteintes ;
Déjà les vents légers ont emporté ses plaintes ;
Tout sévère qu'il est, on peut le désarmer :
Opposez-lui des mœurs, il va vous estimer.
Ce n'est pas que je veuille, en sage atrabilaire,
Fermer vos jeunes cœurs au desir de nous plaire :
La flamme de l'amour peut dans un cœur brûlant
Allumer et nourrir la flamme du talent."

But this "flamme de l'amour" must be kindled with caution; and one place is especially to be avoided, however seductive :

"Il est un lieu charmant, et toujours fréquenté
Par ce folâtre essaim qui poursuit la beauté.
Là, dans les jours brillans, l'habitude rassemble
Tous les états surpris de se trouver ensemble.
Un plumet étourdi, de lui-même content,
Se montre, disparoît, revient au même instant.
Infectant ses voisins de l'ambre qu'il exhale,
Le grave magistrat se rengorge et s'étale ;
Et l'heureux Financier, dispensé des soupirs,
Va toujours marchandant et payant ses plaisirs."

This seems scarcely reconcilable with the following draft of a moral code ; but we suppose the project of an extensive reform was too bold for the poet's imagination.

"Pour vous faire adorer, vous respectant vous-même,
Adoptez de Ninon l'ingénieux système.
Que l'amant, enchanté de vos frêles appas,
Vous trouve plus charmante, en sortant de vos bras.
Que la réflexion, qui suit toujours l'ivresse,
En la justifiant, augmente sa tendresse,
Et qu'enfin l'amitié, nous fixant à son tour,
Pare encore votre automne, et survive à l'amour.
Voilà par quels moyens et quelle heureuse addresse,
Hors du théatre même, une actrice intéresse ;
Sur sa trace brillante enchaîne tous les cœurs,
Dompte la calomnie, et l'hydre des censeurs."

Calumny must have put off the bands and cassock of Jeremy Taylor, if she permit herself to be appeased by sacrifices

so moderate as these. However, in this instance, we may overlook the sentiment for the sake of the verses in which it is so agreeably conveyed.

We have only space for one more quotation; but that is marked by peculiar merit. It is the passage in which the author attributes the dearth of good actors, which afflicted his play-loving, pleasure-loving countrymen, at the time when his poem was written, to the want of original writers for the stage. A complaint of the same nature might be justifiably offered at the present moment, with regard to both actors and authors of the British drama.

"Le plaisir m'égaroit; la raison me ramène.
Muses, dont le pinceau peut enrichir la scène,
Joignez à mes essais vos efforts plus certains.
Pour former des acteurs, il faut des écrivains.
Tel qui, depuis long-tems, rampoit foible et timide,
Dans des rôles nouveaux a pris un vol rapide.
Remettez sous nos yeux le tableau de nos mœurs;
Badinez avec nous pour nous rendre meilleurs.
Qui retient vos crayons? Quels seroient vos scrupules?
Molière est sous la tombe, et non les ridicules.
Oui, chaque âge a les siens vrais, caractérisés:
Ceux-là sont apparens, ceux-ci mal déguisés.
Il faut leur arracher cette enveloppe obscure:
Il faut à chaque siècle assigner sa figure:
Avec des traits divers le nôtre a ses Orgons,
Il a ses Imposteurs, il a ses Harpagons.
La nature, en créant, toujours se renouvelle:
Les vices, les travers sont variés comme elle.
Observez, parcourez et la ville et la cour:
Dans nos cœurs, en riant, venez porter le jour.
Quel léger tourbillon, va, vient, revient et roule:
Dieux! que d'originaux se présentent en foule!
Voyez-vous celui-ci, que l'on vient d'empâter,
Dans son faste bourgeois tout honteux d'exister?
Cet autre, embarrassé de sa vaine richesse,
Qui cherche en vain ses sens usés par la molesse;
S'ennuie au sein des arts qu'il rassemble à grands frais,
Dîne, soupe, s'endort au son des clarinets;
A sa meute, sa troupe, et sur-tout sa musique,
Fatigue, tout le jour, son ame léthargique,
Et retombe le soir, en bâillant de nouveau,
Sur un lit d'édredon, qui lui sert de tombeau?
Transportez à nos yeux la jeune courtisane,

Qui, fille de l'Amour, le sert et le profane,
Avec grace sourit, intrigue savamment,
Désespère avec art, et trahit décemment.
Ce protecteur banal entouré de Thersites,
Et qui pour ses amis compte ses Parasites;
Ou ce présomptueux, ivre de ses talens,
Qui regarde en pitié jusqu'à ses partisans;
Et d'un œil prophétique, où le dedain repose,
Dans les siècles futurs lit son apothéose.
Alors je cueillerai le fruit de mes leçons.
Qu'un Molière s'élève, il naitra des Barons."

We could, however, have suggested other causes for the decline of the French theatre, more adequate to explain that effect, than the want of original writers. Let the reader but glance at the condition of the French actor "under the old *regime*.' Deprived of all the privileges of a citizen, he was still subject to the penalties of law without sharing in its protection. Expelled by vulgar prejudice from an equality of intercourse with those for whose society nature and education had fitted him, he only mixed with the better part of the world, by submitting to perpetual insults, or with the worse, by the sacrifice of their virtue. Imagine Garrick, or the elder Kemble, in the situation of Le Kain,—an actor of rival genius and fame. At the latter period of his life, when Le Kain had amassed a competent fortune, he was one day accosted in a large assembly by a brutal military officer—the standing pests of continental society—with a complaint, that the government should leave men of his merits to starve on half-pay, whilst a play-actor had the privilege of riding in his coach. "Sir," said the insulted man of genius, "do you count it for no privilege that you are permitted to address me thus?" Think of Barron, Brizard, Le Kain, excommunicated—dying without the sacrament—refused the burial of the church, and flung into the common-sewer, in consequence of treading those boards, from which, had they absented themselves for a single night, they would have been sent to the Bastille!—Of Le Couvreur, contumeliously cast into unconsecrated ground; whilst the body of Garrick was attended by British peers to Westminster Abbey! Our readers will remember a similar event which took place not *seven* years ago, in the French metropolis; an outrage which was repeated by the same priesthood on the corpse of Lady Hamilton. The French actor was a perfect slave. An eminent performer, justly irritated at the interruption of the pit, of which the hinder benches called out to him to speak louder—*plus haut*—in the midst of a pathetic scene, replies, in a moment of passion

—*Et vous, Messieurs, plus bas.* An apology is demanded, and refused. He is sent to prison, and liberated only on condition of begging pardon of the tyrannical audience. He begins,—"Gentlemen, I have never before felt my situation to be one of such deep humiliation, as in preparing to apologise."—Even the Parisian pit was affected by this forced degradation of a man of genius, and drowned the remainder of his apology in vociferous applause. Clairon, the illustrious Clairon, refuses to play in some unworthy character; she is sent to La Force. Le Kain, for the same offence, suffers the same indignity. No class of performers was exempt, from the hero and heroine of tragedy, to the dancers of the Opera. The younger Vestris was desired to appear for the gratification of a royal stranger. He had injured his foot, and had long been disabled from treading the boards of the Opera. He endeavoured to obey the royal order; and in practising for the evening, increased the lameness so much, as to render his appearance impossible. He is sent to La Force. It was on this occasion that his father, the celebrated *Dieu de la danse*, made the pathetic observation:—*Hélas! c'est la première brouillerie de notre maison avec la famille des Bourbons.* The family which could perpetrate such an act was not disgraced by the comparison.

We are not writing a history of the French stage. We must return to Dorat, and his verses. Of his lighter productions, or, more properly speaking, of his lightest, the Ode to Hume, the philosopher, is one of the best. He justly wonders at the philosopher's pastime amidst the frivolities of Parisian society.

"Toi, qui d'un sévère burin
As, dans tes archives sublimes,
Arbitre juste et souverain,
Gravé les vertus et les crimes;
Qui, de l'homme pesant les droits,
Les défendis avec courage,
Et dans les cabinet de rois
Fis pénétrer l'esprit d'un sage;
Toi, chez qui la religion,
Sans cruauté, sans imposture,
Est l'organe de la nature,
Non l'opprobre de la raison:
De ce sommet philosophique,
D'où ton œil mesure les cieux,
Et des êtres unis entr'eux
Suit la chaîne métaphysique;—
Peux-tu bien descendre à nos jeux,

T'emprisonner dans nos usages,
Supporter nos diseurs de mots,
Qui vont citant à tous propos
Les Jean-Jacques, les Diderots,
Et qui n'ont point lu leurs ouvrages?
Etre oisivement occupé;
Courir, assiéger les toilettes;
Partager l'honneur d'un soupé
Avec un chanteur d'ariettes;
A tout moment t'extasier,
Malgré toi prodiguer l'éloge,
Et t'enfermer dans une loge,
Pour applaudir au Serrurier?
Mais l'œil de la philosophie
Par-tout découvre des secrets:
Il n'est point de petits objets
Pour qui les voit avec génie."

With more variety, perhaps, than candour, he thus contrasts the English character with this frivolous picture of his countrymen. He is speaking of the English:

" Je vous admire et je vous aime,
Quand vous ornez d'un diadéme
Le front auguste des talens;
Quand d'Olfieldt la cendre chérie,
Que n'osent point troubler les loix,
Figure dans une abbaye
Auprès de la cendre des rois:
Mais ne prétendez plus nous plaire,
Quand vous dressez des échafauds;
Quand votre sanglant ministère
Du glaive ose armer les bourreaux;
Ou, persécutant des héros
Aussi fidèles que les nôtres,
Fusille un de vos amiraux,
Afin d'encourager les autres."

The *mot* in this extract is Voltaire's. The conclusion of the ode is elegantly turned.

" Hume, souris à mes chansons,
Enfans légers de mon délire:
Ma main, parcourant tous les tons,
Aime à s'égarer sur la lyre.

J'oubliois, pour déraisonner,
Le philosophe respectable;
Et ne voyois que l'homme aimable
Qui voudra bien me pardonner."

Of the Ode to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the three first lines are excellent.

" Aristarque éloquent et sage quadrupède,
J'aime assez tes sermons; mais ils sont superflus:
L'homme est sur ses deux pieds; c'est un mal sans remède:

and precisely what would be expected from the author of the following lines:—

" Il est un champêtre réduit,
Temple paisible du mystère,
Où l'on s'envole à petit bruit
Loin de l'etiquette sévère,
Qu'en riant l'Amour éconduit.
C'est là que sur une Ottomane,
Qu'ombragent les festons légers
D'un voile errant et diaphane,
Volent les jeux et les baisers:
C'est là que, plus vive et plus belle,
Le feu, là gaîté dans les yeux,
Hébé verse le punch aux dieux,
Qui ne s'enivrent qu'avec elle.
C'est là que, vers la fin du jour,
La liberté, convive aimable,
Met les deux coudes sur la table
Entre le plaisir et l'amour."

Hebe is Mademoiselle Fannier, an actress with whom Dorat is said to have practised the maxims of his theatrical morality.

Much in the same spirit is the *Grande Idée morale, addressé aux femmes,* which contains the essence of the poet's creed in that particular.

" Oui, Mesdames, la dignité
Dût-elle punir ma franchise,
C'est dans les sens que l'amour puise
Son charme et son activité.
Phœnix de la fidélite,
Pénélope s'y trouva prise;

Le fait dans Homère est cité.
Ils désarmèrent la fierté
De l'inconsolable Arthémise.
Soit par attrait, ou par surprise,
Plus d'une prude en a tâté;
Et le sentiment si vanté,
N'est qu'un desir qui se déguise,
Pour être plus vîte écouté··
La rougeur vous monte au visage?
Hé bien, tant mieux ; ce coloris
Est leur triomphe et leur ouvrage.
Convenez donc qu'ils ont leur prix,
Sans eux, vous auriez du courage,
Et les plaisirs seroient bannis.
Avec vous enfin, dit un sage,
Le cœur penche pour Adonis;
Mais Alcide obtient davantage."

We can only afford another extract. It is an Ode on the death of Garrick, a subject not easily accommodated to the prejudices of French poets. Dorat is both candid and just in his criticisms on Shakspeare, and the most illustrious of his representatives on the stage.

" De la servitude des sots
Ils ont affranchi leur génie;
Ils font cas des nobles travaux;
Chez eux enfin, malgré l'envie,
Les talens ont leurs piédestaux
Près de l'autel de la patrie.
Ne voyons point comme un abus
La belle pomp funéraire
Qu'ils viennent hardiment de faire
A ce moderne Roscius,
Qui charma long-tems l'Angleterre.
La douleur surmontant l'orgueil,
Et faisant taire son murmure,
Des lords ont escorté le deuil,
Jusqu'au lieu de la sépulture.
C'est là, c'est en ce lieu sacré,
Que l'impérieuse éloquence,
Le front morne et décoloré,
S'arrête, et dépose en silence
Son sceptre, d'un crêpe entouré.
A ses côtés, la Tragédie,

Sans diadême, sans poignard,
Levant au ciel un long regard,
Déjà se croit ensevelie
Près du mortel qui, par son art,
L'avoit tant de fois embellie.
Que dis-je, hélas ! même Thalie,
Thalie, étrangère aux douleurs,
Du sort accuse les rigueurs,
Et semble oublier sa folie !
Jettant sa couronne de fleurs
Aux pieds de la parque farouche,
Elle sent mourir dans les pleurs
Le rire égaré sur sa bouche !..
Enfin, partageant ses regrets,
Les trois graces inconsolables
Redemandent les tons si vrais,
Et la dignité sans apprêts,
Et les gestes inimitables
Du confident de leurs secrets.
Dans la même enceinte il repose
Près de ce fameux Sakespir,
Qu'ici l'on tâche d'avilir,
Que, là, pour modèle on propose ;
Qui, des fortes émotions
Peignant les chocs involontaires,
Va nourrir ses impressions
Au creux des antres solitaires,
Y recueille tous ces mystères
Qu'arrachent les réflexions,
Et joint sous ses crayons austères,
Au tumulte des passions,
Le trait profond des caractères.

Garrik, fidèle imitateur
De ses différens personnages,
Dort aux pieds du sublime auteur,
Qui, lui renvoyant les hommages,
Semple du doigt montrer l'acteur,
Digne organe de ses ouvrages."

We will not venture on the *contes,* in the third volume. We leave them to the reader's criticism.

We like concluding a critique of an author's works with some little history of himself. We warn our readers, that all we shall hazard with respect to Claude-Joseph Dorat is said on the authority of Grimm, or whoever it might have been, who

wrote the account of our author's death in the *Correspondance Littéraire*, for August, 1780.

Dorat was born at Paris, in 1734. His family was distinguished *dans la robe*, and in easy circumstances. The poet himself began life with a competent fortune, quite sufficient for the ease of a man of letters, and much more than is usually allotted by fate to the beggarly sons of the Muses. Having, like so many others, gone through the discipline of a legal education, he followed the common example of 'men of genius,' and quitted the bar for the army. His restless imagination seemed quite as uneasy beneath the helmet as it had been under the wig; although he assures us, in one of his epistles, that he left the profession of arms in compliance with the prejudices of an old jansenist aunt, who thought it a hard matter for a man to work out his salvation in a red coat and leather breeches. In fact, he lays it at the door of his unfortunate aunt, that, by his inconsiderate renunciation of the army, he eventually missed the bâton of a marshal of France. Be this as it may, he consoled himself for the fabulous bâton, by other poetical fictions; and his comely person, easy manner, and gay temper, with the assistance of his poetical talents, soon introduced him into all that Parisian society, in which it was then the main object of a young Frenchman's ambition to be inrolled. A pretty notion of his character and manners may be formed from the little engraving which represents the author's head, shoulders, queue, and lace frills, before the title-page of the edition from which we quote. His head-dress is set out in all the dignity of the old French perruque, exposing a placid forehead, a smiling position of the eye-brows and nose, and precisely that curvature of the mouth which indicates that its possessor thinks, feels, wishes, and endeavours to express every thing *couleur de rose*. On one side, are represented a couple of cooing doves; on the other, the quiver of the god of Love—appropriately, but we think satirically, grouped with a cup and balls; beneath, two chubby little boys, near relations of Cupid, but no way connected with Hymen; and the whole rather copiously bedecked with roses and other amatory emblems, contributed by the goddess of flowers to adorn the deity of Love—and two modest sprigs of something like bays or laurel. The epigraph, which is not good enough to quote, is supplied by the hand of Madame *la Comtesse*, a friend of the author's; and engraved in the neatest style of Italian writing. There he stands—the happy Dorat! in all the externals of mundane beatitude.

With all these requisites of a state of complete felicity, such is the hatred which, according to the Greek tragedian, the gods bear to human happiness, that the inoffensive Dorat could not escape entirely from the kicks and buffets of fortune.

Toward the summit of his reputation, he was sorely nettled by the rebuffs of the French Academy, and the awkward quarrels he had got into with the *philosophers* in consequence of the indiscreet *persiflage* with which he had treated some of their party, and which is the sure ruin of 'the men of wit and taste about town,' both in Paris and in London. He was still more roughly attacked by the hebdomadal and diurnal critics, and more particularly La Harpe, whose jealousy could not endure the least participation of public favour, and who looked upon every smile bestowed on the verses of Dorat, as so much subtracted from his own share of popular applause. The same insolent vanity which induced him afterwards to attack his benefactor and master, Voltaire, impelled him to inflict in every succeeding *Mercure*, of which journal he was editor, a large monthly dose of castigation on the shoulders of poor Monsieur Dorat. The gentle poet was at last roused to vengeance; and dreadful was the punishment endured by this Zoïlus of the *Mercure*, in the shape of a tweaked nose, a splashed stocking, and the jeers of the Parisians. We must, however, for the honour of the parties, relate the cause and mode of their reconciliation.

La Harpe, when his quarrel with our author was at its height, received one day a letter, signed by a capuchin, in which the latter appointed to meet him in the chapel of a convent at some distance from Paris. At the rendezvous, the monk informed him that he had once been an amanuensis of M. Dorat, from whom he had received certain injuries, and now proposed to take his turn of vengeance. Owing to his known hostility to Dorat, he thought no one so fit to co-operate in the business as La Harpe. Thereupon he drew from the sleeve of his friar's cloak, a large packet of manuscripts, which he had pilfered from his master, consisting of violent satires against the members of the Academy, and more particularly La Harpe himself; and an entire correspondence with a married lady, which, as he suggested, might be wrought up into a very stimulating, scandalous novel, and one which could not fail to ruin the reputation of M. Dorat—more especially if the proper means were taken to transmit a copy, with the requisite explanations, to the lady's husband. La Harpe, horror-struck at this act of perfidy, endeavoured to remonstrate with the friar; but, not succeeding in persuading him to abandon his flagitious project, he left him in a passion of indignation. In going home, he reflected that, although a capuchin was inaccessible to motives of common honesty, he might not be equally impregnable against inducements of another nature. In fact, he purchased the papers, which he immediately sent to Dorat, with an account of the manner in which they came to his hands. All their previous literary quarrels were immediately

forgotten by the rival authors; and Dorat ran to kiss the cheek, whose neighbour nose he once treated with so little ceremony.

Toward the close of his life, Dorat seems to have grown more susceptible on the score of his poetical reputation, than was compatible either with his ease, or, as it turned out, with his fortune. His plays were successively hissed at the French theatre. He endeavoured to defy public censure, and cram his pieces down the throats of the pit, not by better writing, but by bribing actors and actresses, and bribing spectators to applaud at so much the round; so, at least, it is averred by his biographers. These miserable intrigues not only soured his temper and his spirits, but injured his reputation amongst the true play-goers, and contributed in effect to procure worse and worse receptions for his dramas. What was still worse, the bribes impaired his fortune; and between mistresses and actors, it seems not unlikely that his premature death rescued him from an old age, not only embittered by disappointment, but rendered miserable by dependance and poverty.

In spite of the misfortunes which attended the decline of his life, he played out his character with resolution, and died at the age of forty-six, as became the poet of love, or, more properly, of the loves. His last moments were occupied in writing verses, laughing with his friends, and his mistress—unless, with regard to the latter, it would be more correct to speak in the plural number. The evening before his death he received the visit of his curé with decent politeness, but declined his professional assistance. Two hours before he expired, he dressed himself with the same care as usual, and gave up the ghost in his arm chair, with his hair well combed and powdered, and according to the approved forms of fashionable society. This was in keeping with his whole life. The reward of his labours, if they deserve the name, is perhaps not now so precarious as the author of his epitaph believed; still, although some portion of his poetry may escape from the clutches of time, his literary character was not unfairly depicted in the following elegant stanza, which we have in vain endeavoured to translate:

De nos papillons enchanteurs
Emule trop fidèle,
Il caressa toutes les fleurs
Excepté l'immortelle.

ART. III.—Dr. Martin Luther's *Sowohl in Deutscher als Lateinischer Sprache verfergtigte und aus der letztern in die erstere übersetzte Saemtliche Schriften. Herausgegeben von Johann Georg Walch. Halle im Magdeburgischen.* 1740. 24 *vols.* 4*to.*

Martin Luther, the son of Hans Luther, and Margaret Lindeman, was born on the 10th of November, 1483, at Eisleben, in Saxony. His father, Hans Luther, was a miner by occupation.—"I am a peasant's son," said Luther. "My father, grandfather, and great grandfather were all honest peasants."

At the age of fourteen, Luther was sent to the College of Magdeburg, accompanied by his friend and school-fellow, Reinecken. Here he was obliged to earn his subsistence by praying and singing in the public streets. The following year he removed to Eisenach, where he continued the same course of life for some time; and at length a benevolent female, moved by his devotion, received him into her house and treated him with maternal kindness. He distinguished himself at the college by his superior diligence and capacity. His chief recreation at that time, and ever afterwards, was music. He played on the flute and the lute; his voice was an agreeable counter-tenor, and he even composed several songs. From Eisenach he went, when sixteen years of age, to the college at Erfurt, where, to the study of dialectics, he added those of history and the classics; and, in his twenty-fourth year, was made Doctor of Philosophy. He next turned his attention to jurisprudence, but, owing to too intense application, he was attacked, in the year 1503, by a severe illness, which, together with an event which shortly afterwards happened, induced him to relinquish the study of the law. An old priest, who came to pay him a consolatory visit during his sickness, thus addressed him:—"Be comforted, my son, you will not die of this illness; God will yet make a great man of you, and you will prove the consolation of many." After his recovery, he visited the university library, where he met, for the first time, with a Latin Bible: he had no sooner looked into it than he was seized with the most ardent desire to become its possessor. About a year afterwards he had the misfortune to lose one of his dearest friends, Alexius, who was killed one night in the streets of Erfurt. This event was followed by a tremendous thunder storm, during which the lightning struck very near him, and caused him great alarm. This circumstance produced a considerable change in his mind; he grew melancholy—and, absorbed in his own reflexions, resolved to forsake the world, and retire into a cloister: he selected for this purpose the convent

of the Augustins, much to the dissatisfaction of his father. The services required of him in this cloister were of the most general nature, and he had much to endure from the stupidity and ignorance of the monks. His diligent study of the scriptures was considered a crime. In their opinion, his time would have been better employed in soliciting bread, corn, fish, and money for the convent. He at length excited the attention of John von Staupitz, Vicar of the Convent, who discovered that he was calculated for something higher than for the routine of monastic duties; and, in the year 1508, placed him at the lately founded university of Wittemberg. The following year he gave lectures in theology. Some business, connected with the order to which he belonged, carried him, in 1510, to Rome, where he first beheld Pope Leo X. in all the pomp and magnificence of his court; a spectacle which, he told his friends, he would not have missed for a thousand guilders. He returned the same year, and was shortly after invested with the degree of Doctor of Divinity; the expense of which was defrayed by Duke Frederic. This Elector admired the vigour of Luther's mind no less than the excellence of his doctrines. The scriptures were, at that time, quite neglected for the logic of Aristotle; an error which Luther opposed with a boldness greatly to his honour. "I desire nothing so earnestly," he thus expresses himself, "as to unmask those dissemblers who introduced these Grecian mummeries into the church." In another passage, he adds, "Did I not know that Aristotle was a man, I should certainly have imagined he was the devil."* He now renounced the philosophy of the schools, that he might exclusively apply himself to the study of the Gospel. By his exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, and of the Psalms, he threw so much light upon these subjects, "that," says Melancthon,† "it appeared to all pious persons, like the breaking of a bright day, after the darkness in which learning had been so long wrapped." Even the learned were not displeased to behold the clouds dispersed, which had so long enveloped the doctrines of Christianity. The earliest of Luther's works, of which we are in possession, is an Introduction to German Theology, written in the year 1516; a book displaying great talent and piety. We may trace, even in this first attempt, the germ of his subsequent noble efforts. Notwithstanding the unpolished style, and frequently incorrect language, in which this little book is written, it is invaluable from the knowledge and divine wisdom it contains. The following year, at the desire of Staupitz, Luther went to Dresden; where he

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* Luther's Werke, xvii. 5, 6. † Melancthon. Vita Luther.

XUM

preached several times in the presence of Duke George, afterwards one of the bitterest enemies of the Reformation. The papal chair was at that time filled by Leo X., who, under the pretence of building the church of St. Peter, sent his envoys into Germany and Switzerland, to raise money by the sale of indulgences and relics. Amongst the vendors of indulgences sent by Leo X. into Germany, the most audacious, blasphemous, and dishonest Tetzel, was a monk of the order of St. Dominic. He had already been employed in a similar service under several preceding popes, and was a perfect master of the art of cozening the people. On entering a city, he caused the papal bull to be carried before him on a cloth of velvet, embroidered with gold;—was solemnly received by the priests and magistrates, and greeted with songs and processions; and the organ pealed loudly as he was conducted into the church. When Tetzel arrived in Germany, and began once more to pursue his avocation at Iuterbock, near Wittemberg, and the deluded people flocked around him, Luther failed not to proclaim, both publicly and in private, the inefficacy of absolution. This proceeding displeased Tetzel; he poured forth reproaches and maledictions upon Luther: and, in the hope to intimidate him, even caused a fire to be lighted in the marketplace, as a warning to him of the manner in which heretics, who should oppose the doctrine of absolution, should be treated. "I was at that time," says Luther, speaking of himself, "a young doctor in theology, and feeling an ardent delight in the study of the scriptures."* He therefore continued to preach that more important things might be done, than to purchase absolution. On this subject there is a sermon in his work, which he wrote on absolution and grace, wherein he points out the chief of the prevailing errors; and that, especially, which taught that penance consists of three parts,—repentance, confession, and the making compensation for the crime committed; that the place of this last might be supplied by prayer, alms, and fasting; a doctrine in direct contradiction to the holy scriptures, and to the sentiments of the fathers of the church. This sermon appeared in print shortly after, and was, in fact, the first work upon the Reformation, composed by this extraordinary man. It was of too moderate a nature to contend very effectually with the audacious arrogance of Tetzel, or with his little book, entitled, "*Summaria Instructio pro Sacerdotibus.*"* This induced Luther to resort to the usual mode of an academical disputation. On the eve of All Saints' day, in the year 1517, he attached, pursuant to an old-established custom, to

* Luther's Werke, xviii. 533.

the church door at Wittemberg, ninety-five theses, challenging any person to answer them in words or writing. These theses were composed with much prudence and circumspection, not in the least directed against absolution itself, but merely against the abuse of it. He testified his zeal for the doctrines and authority of the scriptures; and, without openly attacking the pope, and the Holy See, he contrived, by some strokes of irony, to let his opinions on this subject be a little understood.

To these theses Luther subjoined a protest, in which he declared himself willing to listen to the objections of any one who could suggest a better doctrine than his own. "I am not so presumptuous," said he, "as to expect my opinions should be preferred before all others; nor am I so senseless, as to permit the divine word to be sacrificed to the inventions of men." He next applied to the Elector of Mentz, and to the Bishops of Brandenburg, Meissen, and Magdeburg, to whom he dedicated his Maxims, beseeching them, but without effect, to put a stop to the corrupt proceedings of Tetzel. In the mean time his theses were rapidly gaining ground; in less than a fortnight they had spread over Germany, and, within the short space of six weeks, were disseminated throughout all Christendom. Before a month had elapsed, they were well known in Rome; but no one yet had conceived the effect they would produce in Germany: the sensation they created at that time cannot be described; it was a fortunate circumstance that the court of Rome, not apprehending any real danger, thought it more expedient to employ force than artifice. Tetzel drew up an ill-written refutation of Luther's propositions, but which contained little else than utter nonsense. In answer to this, Luther published a defence of his sermon against indulgences. He pointed out how grossly the scriptures had been falsified, "Men might, if they pleased, call him a heretic, a visionary, an evil speaker, and he could forgive them; but he could not endure to see the holy scriptures, the only true comfort of mankind, thus mangled with such brutal violence." He concluded, by inviting him to a personal conference at Wittemberg. "Here I am, Dr. M. Luther, an Augustin Friar, residing at Wittemberg; and I announce to every member of the Inquisition, who wishes to eat iron and split rocks, that he may have safe conduct to this place, a favourable reception and maintenance here, by the gracious permission of the worthy and Christian Prince, Duke Frederick, Elector of Saxony."* In the mean time, the number of his adherents augmented considerably.

* H. von der Hard. Hist. Reform. Literaria. T. iv.

"When I first attacked indulgences," Luther himself says, "and made the first effort to open the eyes of mankind, the prior and sub-prior, moved by the general cry, came to me in considerable alarm, beseeching me not to bring discredit on the order, for all the other orders had already begun to exult, most especially the Dominicans. 'Holy Father,' I replied, 'if this be not of God, it will pass away; but if it proceed from him, let it operate.' They were silent, and it now extends itself and will do so until the end." The challenge to Tetzel was of no avail; he did not make his appearance at the disputation, but caused a fire to be kindled, in which Luther's theses were publicly burnt by his command, which so greatly incensed the students of Wittemberg, that they procured a copy of Tetzel's works, and proclaimed, that whoever was desirous to witness the burning precepts of Tetzel, might be gratified on a certain appointed hour. They then actually burnt the book; Luther had, of course, no share in this act of youthful intemperance.† On the 13th of April, he journeyed to Heidelberg. Whilst in this city, he presented forty paradoxes upon the doctrine and efficacy of works, and the study of Aristotelian philosophy: the discussion procured him fame and friends, and to the church most important benefits The number of his opponents also increased, and became daily more violent; the religious orders, especially the Dominicans, loudly preached against him, calling him an infernal heretic, deserving to be brought immediately to the stake. Silvester Prierio, an Italian Dominican, attacked him violently in a paper, which he caused to be printed; the performance was of so contemptible a nature, that Luther was at first inclined to leave it unnoticed. On second thought, however, he composed an answer, which he published within three days after.‡ One of the learned men of that time, Von Eck, Vice-Chancellor of the university of Ingoldstadt, next appeared against him, in a work called *Obelisken;* Luther commented on this in another of his own called *Asterisken.*§

A member of the inquisition, Jacobus von Hochstraten, also rose against him, and urged the pope to have recourse to the more effectual means of fire and sword. But Luther was not to be intimidated. In the same year (1518) he published illustrations of his Theses against Indulgences, which, together with the other writings, he sent not only to the Bishop of Brandenburgh, but also to the pope. This exposition contains an account of the circumstances which led him to the public denunciation of the abuse of Indulgences: he declaimed with

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* Luther's Werke, xviii. p. 564. † Ibid xv. anhang.
‡ Ibid xviii. p. 20. § Ibid xviii. p. 796.

great independence against the prevailing sins of the church, and concluded with these words :—" Let me briefly declare, that the church wants reform, and that this reform cannot be the work of one man like the pope, nor of many cardinals, as was proved by the council lately held ; the keys are in bad hands, and yield to the influence of gold and avarice. The banks of the river are broken down, and it is no longer in our power to stem the violence of the torrent."* " By this publication," says Luther, in a subsequent passage of his works, " my shame was publicly testified, and the weakness and ignorance which caused me to kindle the spark in fear and trembling. I stood alone, an insignificant and despised monk, resembling a corpse rather than a living man ; and who was I that I should presume to lift up my voice against the majesty of the pope ; before whom not the kings of the earth alone, but the whole earth itself, and even heaven and hell, if I may be permitted the expression, stood in awe, and dared not to act in opposition to his orders ?" As soon as he had despatched this production † to Rome, by Staupitz, he devoted his whole attention to such compositions as might tend to give his beloved countrymen more definite and more moral ideas of the Christian religion. He was in every respect well qualified for such an undertaking, being gifted with the power of persuasion in a greater degree than almost any other being that ever existed.

He is admirably and justly described by Melancthon in the following passage :—" Justus Jonas is a grammarian, he well understands the signification of words ; I am a logician, and can demonstrate the relation and connection of things ; Justus Jonas is an eloquent and a polished orator ; but Luther is all in all, and a wonder among men. When he speaks or writes, his words pierce the minds of his auditors, and plant daggers in their hearts." His sermons on the Ten Commandments,‡ his exposition of the Lord's Prayer for the use of the laity,§ and his discourses on Repentance, spread like wildfire throughout the German States.‖ In the exposition of the Ten Commandments, his object is to awaken the attention of men to the spirit of those laws, and to expose the false explanations of them by the Pharisees of ancient and modern times. Speaking of pilgrimages he observes, " that spirit of roaming and wandering was first suggested by the devil ; that it answered no other purpose than to turn away the affections of the people from the holy cities, and excite an idle thirst after novelties : that for the sake of these pilgrimages the word of God

* Luther's Werke, xviii. 30. † Ibid xiv. 496. ‡ Ibid iii.
§ Ibid vii. 1086. ‖ Ibid x. 1477.

was neglected by the clergy, together with their other duties; not to mention that the people wasted their time and money in them, burthened themselves with many additional sins, heard, saw, and uttered many unprofitable things, besides abandoning their houses, their wives, and their children." In his exposition of the Lord's Prayer, he gives an admirable description of the truth and ardency of mental prayer. This is a work suited to all times, and directed against the hypocrites of every sect. "The prayers of men," says he, "should be couched in few words, accompanied by intense thought and feeling. The fewer the words, the more excellent is the prayer; the prayer is less perfect in proportion to the multitude of words. The Christian's prayer consists of much meaning in few words; that of the heathen, in many words with little meaning. The prayer of the hypocrite is offered up in the sight of men; the prayer of true devotion consists in sighs and secret aspirations."

In his sermons on repentance, Luther endeavoured to establish the idea that the sacrament of repentance is the peculiar gift of God's grace conferred on true faith. "If this faith be the gift of God, it is then the true faith; if this be wanting, all else is vain. The sum of all is, that to him who believes, every thing is profitable; to him who has not the true faith, every thing is injurious."

Yet even in the prosecution of these peaceful labours, Luther was not permitted to remain undisturbed. A fresh accusation appeared against him from the pen of Prierio. He, however, himself published the *Dominican Buck*, accompanied by some annotations in which he made the first direct attack on Popery. In one passage of this work, he compares Rome to Babylon, asserting "Anti-Christ to be seated in the temple of God, and the court of Rome to be merely a synagogue and school of Satan."* In the mean time the opponents of Luther in Rome had not been inactive. A commission had already been appointed to sit against him in the month of July. At the head of this commission was Prierio, in the twofold capacity of accuser and judge. On the 7th of August arrived the papal brief, requiring Luther to make his appearance at Rome within the period of 60 days, unless before its expiration he should retract his errors and sue for grace. To go to Rome under such circumstances would have been to inevitably expose himself to death, whether in the form of prison, the dagger, or the faggot. Luther wrote therefore to Spalatin, the Elector's private secretary, urging him to use his influence with his master, that the council to which he was cited might be held in Ger-

* Luther's Werke, xvii. 214.

many rather than in Rome; to which the Elector humanely consented. Leo X. hoping probably to bring the affair to a conclusion without farther publicity, directed Cardinal Cajetan to hear Luther's cause at Augsburg. Luther no sooner received the summons, than he began his journey thither on foot, furnished by Spalatin with recommendatory letters and money to defray his travelling expenses, and arrived at Augsburg the 7th of October, in the year 1518, in good spirits, although greatly fatigued. He caused the legate to be informed of his arrival on the same day, but would not venture into his presence until he had received a safe conduct from the emperor. This proceeding much incensed the legate, for Luther was the first monk who had ever presumed to seek temporal protection against the supreme and spiritual power of the pope. The safe conduct being obtained, Luther went to the cardinal on the 12th of October; but this and several subsequent interviews were productive of no important consequences; for, although Luther expressed himself willing to come to an agreement, the cardinal would be satisfied with nothing less than a recantation. Writing of this man, Luther thus describes him:

"The cardinal may be a celebrated Thomist, but he is certainly an unintelligible, abstruse, and unenlightened theologian and Christian, and, consequently, about as well calculated to take cognizance of such an affair as this, and give a decision upon it, as an ass is to play the harp. My affairs are therefore neglected; because they appoint judges, who not only are inimical, but utterly incapable also of comprehending the matter. But God is the disposer of all things, to whom I commit myself and all belonging to me. I possess the favour of all men, excepting, perhaps, those who are immediately attached to the cardinal's party, although the cardinal himself always called me his beloved son, and told my vicar that I have not a warmer friend than himself. Of this I am well convinced, that I could give no higher satisfaction than by pronouncing the word *Revoco;* but sooner than I will become an heretic by the renunciation of that opinion by which I first became a Christian, I will perish at the stake or live an excommunicated exile."

On Luther refusing to consent to the recantation required of him, the cardinal forbad him his presence. Measures, however, were privately taken to make him, if possible, their prisoner, and carry him to Rome, where they hoped an opportunity might offer to despatch him by the sword or poison. Luther being informed of this by his friends, immediately quitted Augsburg, and rode off before break of day on a swift horse, without a saddle, and not even provided with boots. The magistrate furnished him with a guide, a good old man, who was well acquainted with the country. He rode that day eight hours, but was so exhausted, that on alighting at the stable, he fell to the

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ground. Staupitz, who, although well disposed, was a man of a weak mind, and had been led by his fears to abandon Luther, left Saxony, and established himself at Salzburg, in the Benedictine Monastery of St. Peter, where he died December 28, 1524. At Nuremberg, the Pope's letter to Cardinal Cajetan fell into the hands of Luther. It was dated from Rome 23rd August, 1518, and, amongst other instructions, contained the following:—

"Invite this heretic into thy presence; and as soon as thou hast him in thy power, see that he be closely guarded, until thou shalt receive instructions from us relative to his being brought before us and the apostolic chair. Should he show signs of repentance, and sue for grace, you are authorised to receive him again into the bosom of the church. Should he, however, remain stubborn, and you are unable to conquer his resolution, we empower you throughout all Germany by public proclamation to denounce him, and all his adherents, as heretics and outlaws, under the curse and anathema of the church; and to command all faithful Christians to avoid intercourse with them. In this proclamation it shall be required of all prelates, secular and spiritual orders, dukes, markgraves, counts, commissioners, universities, and potentates, to seize on Luther and his adherents, and deliver them up to Cajetan. Should, however, which God forbid! the said princes, prelates, universities, &c. or their subjects, harbour the said Luther, or any of his adherents, or counsel them, or yield them in any way assistance, support, or relief, or openly favour or secretly protect them, we declare the said princes, &c. together with their cities, lands, &c. wherein the said Martin Luther may have retired, also under the interdict of the church. In this case, the aforesaid persons are deprived of all their lands and revenues."

Such were the formidable arms with which the Romish church thought it expedient to contend against the doctrines of the reformers; even the pretence of prudence or justice was not sought for a moment. After Luther's return the face of affairs seemed to wear an evil aspect: for when he arrived at Wittemberg, the Elector forbade him to publish his negociations with Cajetan; furthermore, he caused it to be signified to him by Spalatin, that he should be glad if he quitted his dominions. He, in consequence of this, invited his friends to a farewell feast at Frankfort. During the repast, a letter arrived from Spalatin, informing Luther that the Elector was much astonished that he had not yet taken his departure, and commanded him to hasten it. He was at first greatly disturbed and thought himself forsaken by all the world; but he soon took courage, and said aloud, "My father and my mother may forsake me, but the Lord will uphold me." He had not yet risen from table, when another letter arrived from Spalatin, the contents of which were, that if he were

not already gone, he should remain, for he had hopes by a powerful interposition to be enabled to arrange matters. Thus did the Elector vacillate between conviction and worldly prudence.

Luther was then under considerable anxiety, lest, by his fall, Karlstadt and the whole university should be involved in his ill fortune. At this period, the university was in a very flourishing condition. It had lately added to its members Philip Schwarzerd, better known by the name of Melancthon. This great man was born at Bretten, in the Palatinate, February 15, 1497. He had studied at Heidelberg and Tubingen with great success, and, so early as the year 1514, was made professor of philosophy. When the Elector, Frederick the Wise, visited Augsburg, in the year 1515, he heard of the fame of this extraordinary young man, and offered him the Greek professorhip at Wittemberg. Melancthon readily accepted the proposal, and on the 25th of August, the same year, went thither, being then but 22 years of age. He immediately formed the most intimate and confidential friendship with Luther.

In the month of October of the same year, Cajetan wrote a letter to the Elector, containing various charges against Luther, and asserting that this monk taught doctrines in direct opposition to those of the apostolic church. He then recommended him to seize the person of this innovator, and deliver him into the power of the church, that he might avoid the imputation of being a partaker in his errors. The Elector at first hesitated in what manner to act; but, after some reflection, he caused a copy of this letter to be given to Luther, in order that he might reply to it. Luther's answer to this letter is a master piece of eloquence:

"How earnestly do I wish this letter had been written by a Silvester Prierate, that I might be at liberty to answer it with my usual frankness and boldness. I would then clearly point out how difficult it is to conceal an evil and ill-disposed mind under the mask of virtue. But respect and reverence for this worthy and friendly man oblige me, in some measure, to controul the violence of my feelings. I cannot, however, endure to see an excellent prince, who acts in all things with sincerity and liberality, converted, by the machinations of others, into a Pontius Pilate. For when the Jews brought Christ before Pilate, and were asked, what evil he had done, they answered, if this man had not been an evil doer we should not have delivered him over to thee. The reverend legate does the same thing, for when he delivered brother Martin into the hands of the Elector, after much vehement discourse, upon the Elector inquiring, what the unhappy brother Martin had done? the legate replied, the Elector may believe that I do not speak from mere report or caprice, but from certain information. Then, were I the Elector, I would reply, prove to me that you do not speak from mere caprice, but from certain information. If you

can do that, I will send brother Martin to Rome; I will even seize him myself, and execute justice upon him. I would then answer, but your highness requires, in this case, neither teacher nor counsellor. He says further, that he intends to recant only when his principles and scripture texts are refuted by principles and corresponding texts; for he desires nothing better than to be instructed, and this no Turk would refuse to him. I beseech your electoral highness, once more, and for the third time, not to give credit to those who say, that brother Martin has spoken, or taught, that which is wrong: let him be heard, and convicted of having done so. Simon Peter erred after having received the Holy Ghost; in like manner, a cardinal may also err, however learned he may be. Therefore, I hope your electoral highness, in your honour and conscience, will not send me to Rome, a measure to which no man can compel you, be he who he may, for it is impossible I can be in safety at Rome. An act like this would be not less criminal than if your highness were to command the blood of an innocent Christian to be shed, and you would thus become guilty of my murder."

He concludes by declaring that, as he perceives his enemies threaten to bring even the Elector into trouble, on his account, he is willing, in God's name, to quit his dominions. "I will wander wheresoever it shall please the eternal and merciful God to ordain, resigned to his divine will; let him do with me according to his pleasure, for it would grieve me to the heart, that any man, and still more your highness, should be exposed to ill-will or danger, on my account." He then thanks the prince for all the kindness he had shewn him. "In whatever place my destiny may lead, I shall never forget your electoral highness; but, with the warmest sincerity and gratitude, offer up my prayers to God, for the welfare of you and yours."*

The prince was so well pleased with this answer, that he secretly resolved to protect its author. He wrote to Cajetan, (to whom he inclosed the above letter,) expressing his astonishment that Martin should be called upon to recant before his opinions had been refuted, and that no one had yet appeared amongst the learned, or in the universities of Germany, who had been able to point out any thing anti-christian in his doctrines, except some few persons, who knew them to be detrimental to their own interest. At the same time, urged partly by his own inclination, and partly at the solicitation of the university of Wittemberg, he wrote to his minister at the imperial court, to do his utmost to induce the emperor to order the matter to be investigated in Germany, before impartial judges. During these negociations, the em-

* Luther's Werke, xv. p. 772.

peror Maximilian died, and the Elector of Saxony became vicar of the empire. "At this period," says Luther, "the storm began to abate, and the bann, by which the pope had shortly before terrified the world, as by a thunderstroke, gradually sank into contempt." The court of Rome had, in the mean time, with more consideration than usual, slackened the persecution against Luther, for his cause was now becoming that of the whole German nation. The pope's nuncio, therefore, Von Miltitz, was sent into Germany, under pretext of delivering the consecrated rose to the Elector, but, in fact, to investigate the affairs of Luther. Miltitz endeavoured to repair, by prudence, the mischief caused by the violent proceedings of Cajetan. He brought to light all the knaveries of Tetzel, and proceeded against him with so much severity, that he shortly after died of terror. He conducted himself, however, with so much candour and courtesy towards Luther, that the latter professed himself ready to make every submission, except in the article of recantation. He even wrote a very submissive letter to the pope, on the third of May, wherein he thus expresses himself: "Holy father, what shall I do? I know not what further counsel to take in this affair; I cannot endure the weight of your holiness's indignation, and yet know not by what means I can escape it. I am required to recant my disputation. If my recantation could produce the desired effect, I would, without delay, obey the behest. But since my works, owing to the opposition they have met with, have spread so widely, they have taken too deep a root in the hearts of many, to expect that these also should recant; and now, that the whole German nation offers so fair a promise, and contains many learned and enlightened men, the number of which is daily increasing, who comprehend, and are able to judge and reason upon it, I must be doubly cautious, never, in any way, to recant, however I may otherwise revere the court of Rome." Precisely at this period, in order to make manifest his inclination towards the offered accommodation, he published a work, under the title of *D. M. Luther's Explanation of certain Articles attributed to him by his Ill-wishers.* This work must be considered throughout, as having been composed with the view of preventing, by moderation and self-controul, the threatened breach with the church. He was inclined rather to act, in some measure, contrary to conviction, than to take a, perhaps, too hasty step; at that time also, his view of the subject was not quite so decided as it afterwards became. It was this which induced him to say, "There is no doubt that the Romish church is more approved in the sight of God, than any other. If, unhappily, there be some things in Rome which required amendment, yet, neither this nor any

other cause is sufficient to induce a separation from it. The worse its condition, so much the more is it the duty of all to cling to it and support it; for no good can arise from separation and contempt. With respect to the power and authority of the papal chair, and how far they may extend, let the learned decide that question. The beatitude of the soul is in no way connected therewith, and Christ did not found his church on outward and visible power and authority, or on any temporal advantages, but on internal love, meekness, and unanimity."

All these efforts, as well as another meeting between Miltitz and Luther, which took place Oct. 8, 1519, were fruitless. In the mean time, Luther devoted himself entirely to preaching the gospel, and daily improved in experience and knowledge. At this period, his correspondence with Erasmus first commenced; but Luther soon found out that Erasmus was much more of a scholar than a religionist, and that his easy and philosophical temperament led him rather to the elegant pursuits of literature, than to the stormy and dangerous path of the reformer and martyr. No answer had yet arrived from Rome to the communications made by Miltitz, when the Franciscan monks took up arms against Luther, and openly attacked and accused him of heresy. He repelled this assault with great force. At the same time, Von Eck, author of the *Obelisken*, once more appeared against him. This proud and self-conceited man charged Luther with having preached against the doctrine of absolution; and even went so far as to vent his spleen against the university of Wittemberg. Constrained by circumstances, Luther once more took up his pen. In the preface to this work, he apologises for the incorrectness of his style. "I do this," says he, "with eagerness, because, I hope my name will not long be vilified, in a manner of which I know no example."

He then touches on a reproach made against him, that his conduct towards his opponents was too harsh and rigorous:

"If I have gone too far in this work, I entreat, with all humility, to be excused. I did it merely from too great displeasure, at seeing myself compelled publicly to express my opinions and anger against those who robbed me of my precious time. Also, because I met with obstinate and stubborn opposition, which seeks, artfully and zealously, to extract from every syllable I utter, shame to me, and to itself the glory of the Christian name. And I know not, if a milder line of conduct could be pursued, with any effect, towards those who assume to themselves the right of censuring the writings of others, and deal around them the appellation of Heretic, to all who differ from their own old and deeply-rooted prejudices; who are so deaf to the accents of truth, that a voice from heaven would scarcely rouse them. I cannot express how difficult I find it to act with moderation towards those

men, who convert God's temple into a den of thieves, and make it an offence to study the holy scriptures. Christ himself drove similar offenders from the holy city with rods, and Paul considered them as deserving severe chastisement. This they must confess, whether they are willing to do so or not, that the holy scriptures have remained undisturbed in the universities, however they may value themselves on expounding them according to the judgment of men, rather than the true meaning of the scriptures. I cannot, nor will not, dance to their piping: I cannot explain the scriptures according to the judgment of men; but according to the judgment of the scriptures, I must view the writings, discourses, and actions of all men."

In this work, Luther combated the doctrine of the pope's supremacy, with the most powerful and acute arguments. The attack of Von Eck drew after it a disputation, which took place at Leipzig, in the month of June, 1519. Von Eck, Karlstadt, and Luther, were the principal actors in this disputation.

Amongst the auditors were George, Duke of Saxony; Melancthon; Moselanus; the Duke of Pomerania; and many students, who, armed with halberts, accompanied him to Leipzig. The disputation commenced on the 27th of June, and, after continuing for nearly four weeks, broke up, leaving both parties more irritated than before; each claiming the victory. The accounts given of this disputation are written with the partiality usual on such occasions. The most impartial is that of the eye witness, Peter Moselanus, whose description of Luther we present to our readers.

"Martin is of a middle stature, but so meagre, through care and study, that his bones might be counted through his skin; he is yet in the vigour of his age, and of a manly appearance. He possesses great learning, and is so intimately acquainted with the scriptures, that he may be said to have them at his fingers' ends. He knows enough of Greek and Hebrew to be able to judge of the correctness of the translations from those languages. His manners are affable and friendly, and there is nothing sour or harsh in his deportment. He can conform himself to all situations; in society, he is lively and jocose, and serene, at all times; always of a gay and cheerful disposition, although his enemies menace him so dreadfully, that it is difficult to believe a man could resist such things without the aid of God."*

The Leipzig disputation greatly increased the number both of Luther's friends and enemies; and Melancthon, who had attended the meeting merely as a spectator, now took an

* Luther's Werke, xv. p. 1356–1422.

active part in the contest. He had sent his friend Œcolampadius a full account of the whole transaction, which fell into the hands of Eck, who instantly published a work, in which he treated Melancthon with great contempt, calling him a grammarian, with whom no theologian would condescend to dispute. To this, Melancthon made a dignified reply.* These attacks, to which Luther and Melancthon were exposed, served to increase their mutual friendships. Neither envy nor suspicion ever disturbed the intercourse of these men; and although they differed on many points, they yet remained united, and did ample justice to each other. "Master Philip's books," wrote Luther, on a certain occasion, "are more agreeable to me than my own. My destiny is to take the field against heresies and devils; therefore, my works are vehement and warlike. I must pluck up root and branch, remove the thorns and thistles, fill up the pits, and be the rough harrow, that must clear the path and prepare the way; but Master Philip proceeds gently and moderately; he plants and cultivates, sows and waters, according to the gifts bestowed on him so bountifully by God."†

Charles V. had become emperor in the year 1519. Had this young prince been better acquainted with the German nation, or formed more correct notions of the spirit of the Reformation, the cause of the gospel would have prevailed without a sword being drawn for its support. But he was misled by flatterers and priests, that it might be rendered the more apparent to all, how inefficient is the utmost power and might of man to check, or repress, the progress of truth. The storm seemed now bursting, on all sides, against Luther. The bishop of Meissen published a decree against him, in which he was classed with Wickliffe and Huss. The two universities of Lowen and Cologne had formally condemned the works which he published at Basel. An Italian theologian bitterly attacked him, in a Latin work, addressed to the princes and authorities of Germany. To the first, Luther replied himself; the other was answered by Melancthon, in his discourse *Didymi Faventini adversum Thomam Placentinum oratio, pro Martino Luthero Theologo.*‡

He demonstrated, with much energy, the falsity of the accusation brought against Luther, that he aimed at the destruction of primitive Christianity, and proved that all his efforts were intended, by the aid of the holy scriptures, to point out the abuses which had crept into the church, during the last century, together with the inventions of the popes, and scho-

* Luther's Werke, xv. 1495. † Ibid. xiv. p. 200. ‡ Ibid.

lastic errors, and to cause them to be reformed. He observed, how much true godliness and the genuine knowledge of Christianity had been sacrificed to the subtleties of the schools; that men seemed to build their hopes of salvation on human doctrines, and almost revered Aristotle as a god; and cited several instances of these errors. He then turns, with much spirit, to the princes of the empire; examines them upon what grounds the primate of the Romish church establishes his authority in Germany; inquires into the right of such papal pretensions; and proves, both from scripture and history, that the Germans are authorised to reclaim the privileges they had granted to the popes. This clear and comprehensive representation of the Lutheran cause was favourably received among the learned, and produced an effect on many who were warmly attached to the Romish church.

But it was not only the theologians who were interested in the cause of Luther. Whilst Von Eck was forging arms at Rome, and the emperor and German princes were using all their efforts against him, the first and most excellent men in the German nation offered him protection and support. In the month of May, this same year, a worthy knight, Sylvester Von Schaumburg, thus wrote to him: "Dear Martin,—If you should not feel secure from danger in Saxony, take refuge with me, for I, and a hundred knights, whom, God willing, I can raise, will receive you as a brother, and protect you from every impending peril." Franz Von Sickingen, one of the bravest and noblest knights in Germany, twice offered him the protection of his castle and his sword, against the attacks of his enemies. Ulrich Von Hutten, the pride of Germany, distinguished as a writer, as a man brave, honourable, and powerful, the declared enemy of the Romish usurpations, and the protection of his country's liberty and honour, also wrote to Luther the following letter:

"Awake, glorious freedom! and should any impediment arise to that which ye are now pursuing with so much zeal and ardour, it would truly be a very small cause of joy to me. May God be on our side, to strengthen us, that we may be enabled to set forth his divine and saving doctrines, purified from the errors and corruptions with which they have been defiled and darkened, by the papal decrees, and the statutes and doctrines of men. You carry on this work powerfully and irresistibly—I, according to my means. Would to God that all paid attention to it, and understood it, and that, without our assistance, they could acknowledge and return to the true doctrine. It is reported, that you are excommunicated, and placed under the bann. Oh, how blessed art thou, Luther! what a blessed man art thou, I repeat; for all pious and godly hearts will say of thee, they strengthened themselves against the soul of the righteous, and

condemned the innocent; but God will repay their iniquity, and reward their wickedness. The Lord God will do it, that is our hope and our confidence. Notwithstanding, be circumspect; do not trust them, but watch them narrowly. For consider what a misfortune, heart-felt grief, and injury, it would be to all Christendom, were you now to be cut off! But of this I am certain, that it is your resolution rather to die, than to apostatise and become of their party. Eck has accused me of holding your opinions, in which he has not spoken falsely, for, in all that I have understood, I have agreed with you. But that we had previous communication with each other, as he asserts, or, that we had sworn a league, is not true, but a lie invented by him to please the Roman bishops. Oh, what a shameless, impious man, must he be; but it will be seen that his wickedness will be rewarded according to his deserts. Be bold and courageous; act vigorously, and be not discouraged. But why do I endeavour to animate a man who needs no excitement. Let things go as they will, I will stand by you in every thing; therefore, henceforth, freely and confidently, you may trust me with every project. By God's assistance, we will assert and protect our common liberty, and rescue our country from all that has hitherto oppressed and enslaved it. Thou wilt see that God will be on our side. And if God be with us, who shall be against us? They of Cologne and Lowen have greatly censured and outraged thee; but let not that, in any degree, affect thee, for these places are the devil's own smelting houses, abodes, and schools. By the help of our lord and captain, Jesus Christ, we will powerfully attack, and finally vanquish them."

These accents issuing from the hearts of the German people, finally induced Luther openly to take the field, as champion of evangelical truth; and on the 20th of June, 1520, he published his important work, *On the Reformation of the State of Christianity*, addressed to his Imperial Majesty, and the Christian nobility of the German nation; with a preface to Nicholas Von Amsdorf, urging him to take the field boldly in defence of evangelical truth.

He then proceeds to enumerate the points which need reformation. The first of these is the temporal power and authority of the pope. "Of what service to Christianity is that class of men called cardinals? I will tell you: they seek only to suck up all the wealth and benefices throughout Christendom, as they have already done in Italy, and are now endeavouring to do in Germany. I counsel that fewer cardinals be made, or that they should be maintained at the pope's expense. Twelve would be a sufficient number, and none should enjoy more than a thousand florins annual revenue. In the third place, supposing the hundredth part of the pope's court were left remaining, and then, ninety-nine parts of that were to be annulled, there would still be enough left to render an account in matters of faith."

He then proceeds to call to remembrance all the most striking defects of the papal rights, and having pointed out all their spiritual artifices and desire of gain, he suggests the most efficient means of remedying the evil. "Is it not ridiculous that the pope should assert himself to be the natural heir of the empire, whenever it is vacant. I am indignant when I reflect, we must suffer such lies in the spiritual law, especially that unheard-of falsehood, respecting the gift of Constantine. Let the pope also renounce his claims to the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. He has no more right to them than I, and yet he would be liege lord over them. It is mere robbery and violence, like all his other acquisitions." Finally, he fully sets forth the abuses of the church, justifies Huss, urges the necessity of reformation in the schools and colleges, and of studying the scriptures, instead of the legends of the saints; and also makes many proposals for the good of the people in general, recommending them especially to direct their attention rather to agriculture than merchandise. He concludes with observing, that he has not yet expressed the half of what he has in his heart. "I have hitherto offered peace to my opponents, but I perceive that God has made them the instruments to force me into speaking with greater openness and freedom. Be it so, then! I know a little legend of Rome, and of you. Lend me your ears, I will sing it to you, and pitch the notes in the highest key. Beloved Rome, dost thou understand me?"*

The reception this work met with was in proportion to its merit: by September, 4000 copies were dispersed among the people. At the return of Eck into Germany, the report of the bull of excommunication was very generally diffused. As soon as this reached Luther's ears, he no longer withheld the promised "Legend." In order to nullify the effect of the popish bull, he wrote his work on the Babylonish captivity, wherein he compares the popedom to the kingdom of Babylon, and to the power of Nimrod, the mighty hunter. He denies that there are seven sacraments, and acknowledges three only,—baptism, the Lord's supper, and repentance: he then treats more particularly of the Lord's Supper, and asserts that the withholding the cup from the laity is both tyrannical and impious. Finally, he says,—"I hear that fresh bulls are issued against me, and other papal persecutions, by which I am compelled to a recantation, or to be declared a heretic. If that be true, I am willing that this little book should form a part of my future recantation, that they may not vainly complain of their haughty tyranny. I will shortly, also, make such a recantation as has never yet been seen, or heard of, by the Romish church. Amen."†

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* Luther's Werke, x. p. 298. † Ibid. xix. p. 8.

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In the mean time, Eck had caused the bann to be published, first in Eichstadt, of which city he was canon, and then in other places; where, however, it was not always received with the greatest reverence. In Eichstadt, for example, where Eck endeavoured to have it printed by force, the students surrounded him, with arms in their hands, tore the printed bull to pieces, and threw it into the water. The bull was composed in the usual style; sentenced Luther to excommunication, in case he should not retract forty-one propositions in his writings, within sixty days; and commanded the princes and counts of Germany, under pain of excommunication and forfeiture of their lands, to seize on Luther, and deliver him up to Rome. Ulrich Von Hutten embraced this opportunity to write against the pope, and to excite his beloved countrymen to freedom; to this intent, he re-published the bull, with an excellent commentary; to which he added a preface, and a closing discourse.

"Behold, my beloved Germans," says he, in the preface, "this bull of Leo X. is written to check the rise of dawning truth; that our liberty, which has been so long oppressed, may never flourish more. I ask you, in the name of Christ, can you ever have a more favourable opportunity than the present, to perform something for the honour of the German nation. This is not Luther's cause, it concerns you all generally. The sword is not drawn against one only, but we are all openly attacked. No one will reply to the tyrants: discover the cheat, resist the violence, and impede its progress. If you will hear me,—remember you are Germans. This recollection will be sufficient to awaken you to vengeance. For your sake, and for the general good, I am willing to expose myself to every peril."

Luther himself, thus violently and in defiance of truth thrust out from the pale of the church, resolved to shew his having received the popish bull by some open act. He therefore gave public notice, that on the 10th of December, at 9 o'clock in the morning, it was his intention publicly to burn the pope's decretal and bulls. Let him not be censured for this act; for it should be remembered that at Lowen, Cologne, and Maynz, his books had been burnt as heretical by the common hangman. This act of Luther's was but a just retaliation. A considerable number of doctors and students accompanied him to the Elster gate, where a fire had been prepared, into which the canonical law, with Eck's and Emser's Works, were cast with loud acclamations. When the fire burnt most fiercely, Luther threw the bull into it with his own hand, accompanying the action with these words,—"As thou hast troubled the saints of the Lord, so may the eternal fire trouble and consume thee." This flame was the signal of that remarkable event which caused a

stir throughout all Europe, and secured for ever liberty of mind and conscience to the German nation. The bull met with the same treatment in various parts of Germany, and thus became an object of derision and contempt. Luther himself defended this action in a work under the title, "*The Causes for which the Books of the Pope and his Disciples have been burnt.*"* He then attacks thirty propositions in the canonical law, and adds, "with these thirty, I shall commence serious proceedings against popery, for hitherto I have but trifled and jested with it." He soon had an opportunity of fulfilling his promise, for he was vehemently attacked in several Latin and German works, by a Franciscan monk, Alveld by name, who applied himself especially to the defence of the papal authority, when Luther then composed that important work called "*Of the Papacy at Rome, in Answer to the celebrated Romanist at Leipzig.*" Towards the close of the year 1520, the first Diet of the empire was called at Worms, by the new emperor. The pope's nuncio and his adherents earnestly solicited the emperor, that Luther's works might be burned throughout Germany, and he himself put in confinement. However well inclined to this measure, the emperor dared not adopt it, on account of the Elector's desire that no proceedings should take place till he had been heard. The emperor, therefore, directed the Elector to bring Luther with him to Worms, at the approaching Diet, where he should have a hearing before the most learned and distinguished men of Europe. The Elector made a courteous reply to this letter, but did not give his word to bring Luther with him. He could scarcely imagine, that after the burning of the decretal, this man would consent to appear before his enemies. He immediately caused Spalatin to inquire of Luther, if he would go to Worms in case the emperor should require it? to which he made the following reply:

"*December* 21.

"If I am cited to appear at Worms, as far as I have power to act, I would rather be carried thither sick, than not go at all; for it cannot be doubted, that if the emperor summons me, it is a call from God. If, as it appears, they mean to proceed with violence, the matter is nevertheless in the hands of God. 'He who preserved the three children in the fire, still lives and rules.' If he does not preserve me, my head is a matter of small importance, when compared to Christ, who suffered the most ignominious death. For here, we must consider neither our own peril nor welfare, but use every endeavour that that gospel, which we have received, may not become an object of

* Luther's Werke, xv. p. 1928.

mockery to the profane, and that we do not give our foes an opportunity to boast, that we will not witness to that which we teach, and that we fear to shed our blood for the cause we are engaged in, which shame to us, and proud boast to them, may the All-merciful avert! Amen.

"If, however, I should be delivered, not only into the hands of the high priest, but into those also of the heathen, let God's will be done. Expect every thing of me, except that I should fly or recant. Fly, I never will; recant, still less; so long as my Lord Jesus supports me, against whom I can do nothing without endangering my religion and my salvation."

The enemies of Luther were, however, not willing that his cause should be publicly heard at Worms, before the imperial assembly. It was thought that the very foundation of popery would receive a shock, should a spiritual matter be submitted to temporal jurisdiction. They, therefore, requested the emperor to annul the citation of Luther before the Diet, as being an unnecessary measure, especially as the pope, in another bull, had condemned him, and placed him and his adherents unreservedly under the interdict. This, in fact, was the case; the new bull expressly declared him, together with all his adherents, however considerable their name and rank might be, to be under the church's condemnation and malediction: themselves and their descendants deprived of all their honours, dignities, and offices, guilty of the crime of *læsæ majestatis*. In all places where Luther's dreadful heresy had intruded itself, the priests were commanded, within three days, to proclaim Luther and his adherents, heretics, proscribed and cursed; and on Sundays and festivals, when the people were assembled for divine worship, to publish the bann, the banner of the cross being displayed, with the bells ringing, with lighting and extinguishing fires, casting torches on the ground, and other ceremonies, and fearlessly to preach against the heretics.

Notwithstanding all the bulls and machinations of the pope, the imperial mandate was published on the 6th of May, 1524, citing Luther to appear at Worms within twenty-one days; and granting him the imperial safe conduct: it was addressed to our honoured, beloved, and pious doctor, Martin Luther, of the order of St. Augustin; and nothing was said in either of the writs respecting recantation. The princes, also, through whose dominions he had to pass, sent him letters of safe conduct. Gasper Sturm was the herald appointed to accompany him; and soon after, Luther began his journey to Worms, attended by Justus Jonas, Nicholas Von Amsdorf, Peter Von Schweren, and Jerome Schurf, and his herald. The conveyance in which he travelled, was furnished by the council

of the town of Wittemberg; his travelling expenses by John, Duke of Weimar. At Erfurth, he was received with every demonstration of respect. The rector of the university, attended by forty horsemen, and great numbers on foot, went forth two miles to meet him, and accompanied his carriage in procession through the city, where the people thronged to see him. He was here obliged to preach in the Augustin church. He replied to some of his friends, who warned him to be cautious, because he had many enemies in Worms who would prepare the stake for him, as it had formerly been done for Huss; "That, were they to kindle a fire between Wittemberg and Worms, which would reach to heaven, he would yet appear before them in the name of the Lord; and, for the sake of Christ, he was willing to rush into the jaws of the Behemoth, even between his great teeth, submitting all things to His direction." At Oppenheim, Spalatin warned him not to expose himself to such peril as proceeding immediately to Worms. To this advice, he answered, "That were there as many devils in that city, as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, they should not deter him from his purpose." And he did, in fact, undauntedly enter the city on the 16th of April.

Before the carriage rode the imperial herald, dressed in his costume, with the ensign of the eagle, accompanied by a squire; Justus Jonas followed with his attendant. Many noblemen went out to meet him, and when he entered the city, he was accompanied to his quarters by more than two thousand men. Philip Von Feiltisch, Frederick Von Thunaw, two Saxon knights, and the marshal of the empire, Utrich Von Pappenheim, resided in the same house with him. The next morning, Pappenheim came to Luther with a summons, to be prepared to appear that afternoon before the Council of the Empire. In the afternoon, Pappenheim came to conduct him thither, walking before him, accompanied by the herald; the thronging of the curious multitude was indescribably great. Never had any poor monk, before Luther, been attended with such pomp. As he entered the hall, the celebrated Captain George Freundsberg met him, and laying his hand on Luther's shoulder, said, "Thou little monk, thou art in the way to do a more important thing, than I and many a captain even in our most serious battles have ever done. If thy intentions be good, and thou art certain of thy cause, go on in the name of God; be comforted, he will not forsake thee." Luther also received two letters from Ulrich Von Hutten, wishing him success and strength in the conflict; and even in the assembly, many persons of high consideration did not conceal from him their approbation of his conduct. According to the testimony of an eye-witness, the number of persons collected in the hall,

the anti-chambers, and before the windows, was not less than five thousand, Italians and Germans. On entering the hall, he found himself in the presence of the Emperor and the Electors, and was desired by Pappenheim to be silent until called upon. John Von Eck, Commissioner to the Electorate of Triers, shortly after rose, and asked him, in the name of the emperor, whether he acknowledged the books which were then laid before him, to be his own; and if he would recant what was therein contained? To the first question he replied in the affirmative, as the books were successively shewn to him; he requested, however, time to deliberate before he gave his answer to the other, which was granted him by the emperor. Luther did not do this from irresolution what answer to give, but to shew that in matters of such importance, his resolutions were the fruit of quiet examination and deliberation. The following day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he was again conducted to the hall by the herald; but, from the multitude of people, he was detained nearly six hours. Every one's curiosity was excited concerning his decisive answer. On being commanded to speak, he addressed them in the following words, pronounced in the German language, with a clear and distinct voice:

"Most gracious Emperor, gracious Electors, Princes, and Gentlemen,—I appear before you with all submission, at the hour appointed at the conference yesterday evening. And I beseech your Majesty and your Highnesses, by the mercy of God, graciously to hear this true and righteous cause; and to forgive me, if, through ignorance, I should fail to give to each his proper title, or otherwise offend against courtly usages, seeing that I am unused to courts, and have ever dwelt in cloisters: and I can but assert, that what I have hitherto taught and written, in the simplicity of my heart, has been only with the view to promote the honour of God, and for the service and advantage of the believers in Christ, that they might be instructed in the pure and true doctrine."

He then makes a distinction between his works. Some of them are those, in which, according to the testimony even of his opponents, he gives instructions in a truly Christian spirit, in matters of faith and Christian works: these he cannot recant. "Even the papal bull," said he, "although so precipitate and violent, allows some of my works to be innocent, at the very time, that, by a monstrous and unnatural judgment, it condemns those very works." In the others, he attacks popery and the popish doctrines, which, by their false and evil example, have injured the very soul and body of Christianity. No one can dissimulate or deny what experience teaches, and the hearts of all the pious lament, that, by popish

laws and human doctrines, the consciences of Christians have been most cruelly and lamentably restricted, laden, and martyred: their lands also, and possessions especially, in this renowned German nation, have been exhausted and swallowed up with incredible tyranny, and continue to be so even to this day, in the most disgraceful manner. These books, also, he could not recant, as he should thereby confirm and strengthen their tyranny and wickedness." "Oh, what a cloak for all manner of knavery and tyranny should I then become!" exclaimed he. The remainder of his works are directed against certain private persons who had undertaken to defend the Romish tyranny, and to falsify and suppress the divine doctrines of the gospel; wherein it must be confessed, he sometimes expresses himself with greater vehemence than becomes his office. But even these he would not recant, lest he should thereby give countenance to all profane persons to excite fresh scandals and persecutions.

"Yet," continued he, "as I am a man, and not God, I can in no other way maintain and defend my books, than that in which my Lord and Saviour did his doctrines, who, when he was brought before the high-priest, and questioned of his doctrines, being smitten on the cheek by one of the high-priest's servants, said 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.' If, therefore, the Lord, who cannot err, did not refuse to permit a base slave to bear witness against him, how much rather ought I, who am dust and ashes, and prone to error, earnestly desire to hear what every one may have to censure in my doctrines. Therefore, I beseech his imperial highness, and their electoral and serene highnesses, or any other person, be he of high or low degree, by the mercy of God, to convince me, by the prophetic and apostolic scriptures, that I have erred, and I am ready to recant all my errors, and will be the first to cast my books into the flames. From this it must clearly appear, that I have sufficiently weighed and considered the distress and danger, the sensation and dissension, which will be excited by the promulgation of my doctrines. It is, truly, the highest satisfaction to me to perceive, that dissensions and divisions have arisen on account of God's word; for this is the course and destiny of the word of God. Therefore, the wonderful ways of God, in his counsels and judgments, are well worthy of consideration, lest the means taken to quell the dissensions should, by confidence in our own strength, tempt us to persecution and blasphemy of the word of God, and bring down a dreadful judgment upon us, to our great detriment, both in spiritual and temporal affairs. Besides, it is to be feared, lest the middle and end of the reign of this excellent young prince, Charles V., should be as bad and unholy as the beginning. I might, in this matter, cite many examples from the Scriptures, as those of Pharoah, of the kings of Babylon and Israel, who plunged themselves into the greatest trouble and perdition, when they thought, by the most prudent counsels, to establish and maintain their empire. 'For

He it is, who taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and removeth the mountains, and they know it not.' *Job* v. 13, ix. 5. But I will omit it, for brevity's sake. I do not say this, from the idea that such great persons require to be instructed and admonished by me, but because I neither ought, nor will, deprive the German nation, my beloved country, of the service I owe it; and I have, herewith, most humbly commended myself to your imperial majesty, and your electoral highnesses, and earnestly intreated that my good intentions may obtain your indulgence."

This discourse Luther was requested by the princes to repeat in Latin, especially as Spanish was the familiar language of the emperor, rather than German, to which he had a peculiar aversion. Although much overcome by heat, he willingly complied, greatly to the satisfaction of many of his hearers. Throughout the whole affair the orator conducted himself with great propriety, refraining from all loud and vehement speaking, yet expressing himself with great distinctness and precision. But when Eck, who could not restrain his anger, censured the discourse, and required of him a direct answer, whether or not he would recant, Luther was silent for a few moments; then, with a decided air, and a calm, but energetic and impressive tone, so that not a syllable was lost throughout the whole assembly, pronounced the following words in his favourite German idiom:—

"Since his Imperial Majesty, and their Electoral and Serene Highnesses, require a plain, simple, and strait-forward answer, I will give it them.—Let me be convinced and convicted by the testimony of the Scriptures, or by open, clear, and striking arguments and reasons, (for I do not place implicit faith either in the pope or councils, seeing it is apparent they often err and contradict themselves,) and I will recant; but, as I am thoroughly convinced by the texts cited by me, and by my conscience am engaged to support the word of God, I neither can nor will recant any thing; for it is not wise nor safe to do any thing against one's conscience. This is my determination, from which I will not depart, may God so help me,—Amen!"

Such was the heroism and firm faith shewn by a poor monk, at a time when emperors and kings courted the favour of Rome, and in the very presence of the emperor and the pope's legate, under the eye of nearly five thousand men, with the fate of Huss still present to his memory. Thus was the edifice, which all the consideration, cunning, and prudence of the Romish court had been employed for ages in rearing, overturned, in an instant, like a house of cards, by the breath of a free German. By Luther's declaration at the Diet, the true light of Christianity was kindled in all the German states.

After he had finished his discourse he was permitted to retire, and two men were appointed to conduct and attend him. A murmur arose, and the nobles loudly exclaimed, as if he were led away prisoner: Luther, however, said, "they do but accompany me." He thus returned to his quarters, and was not again summoned to the Diet.

By his courageous defence of truth, Luther gained many noble and princely hearts, which, before, were wavering. His residence was filled with illustrious persons; amongst others, he was frequently visited by Philip, Landgrave of Hess; William, Duke of Brunswick; and William, Count of Henneberg. Eric, Duke of Brunswick, however, sent him a silver tankard of beer, commanding him to refresh himself therewith; and when Luther inquired who had so courteously remembered him, he was informed it was that prince, and that he had first drank out of it himself. Luther then drank it, saying, "As Duke Eric has remembered me, so may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in his last struggle!" which words were remembered by the duke on his death bed, and caused him to request a noble youth, who was standing beside him, to read to him some passages out of Luther's Bible. He listened to them with devout attention, and slept peacefully in the Lord.

After Luther had so strongly expressed himself before the Council, many persons endeavoured, in private, to induce him to change his opinion. The most active of these was the Archbishop of Triers. To every argument he replied in these words:—"If it be the work of God, it will endure; if it be the imagination of man, it will pass away. Certainly, if my cause be not also that of God, it will not last more than two or three years; but if it be of God, as I most assuredly believe, your utmost efforts will not impede its progress." Every endeavour to induce Luther to recant proving fruitless, his enemies were greatly exasperated; and several of the princes, amongst whom was Joachim of Brandenburgh, were of opinion that Luther should be refused the safe conduct on his return, and that his person should be secured. George, Duke of Saxony, then stood up and boldly said, "The German princes ought never so to disgrace themselves as to violate a safe conduct, granted by them, especially at the very first Diet held by the emperor. Such an act would ill accord with the ancient German honour: a promise once given, should be held sacred." These were important words, issuing from the lips of a prince, who, in matters of faith, was Luther's opponent. Luther was then permitted to depart from Worms; and was informed by Eck, by the herald, and by the emperor's private secretary, that, on account of his obstinate refusal to retract his errors, the emperor would be under the necessity, at the expiration of twenty-one days, to

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have him taken into custody; and, in the mean time, he was commanded not to inflame the people, either by writing or preaching. Luther replied, "It is the will of God, blessed be the name of the Lord." He returned thanks to the emperor and princes, for their observance of the safe conduct, and further promise of protection, and expressed himself willing to live or die, and to endure every thing for the sake of the emperor and the empire; reserving only the liberty of freely confessing the word of God, and bearing testimony to it. Luther thus quitted Worms, April 26th, after taking leave of his friends. At Friedburg, where he arrived on the 28th, he parted from the imperial herald, who had conducted him thus far. He preached at Hirschfeld, by the desire of the abbot, and also at Eisenach. On the road between Eisenach and Altenstein, he was taken from his carriage by four knights in disguise, placed on horseback, and brought to Wartburg at 11 o'clock at night. This did not happen without the previous knowledge of Luther; but as the princes had resolved not to impede this first effect of the proscription, and of the emperor's wrath, it was deemed prudent to conceal Luther for a time, and they trusted that time would bring counsel with it. A report was soon spread that Luther was murdered, or cast into prison. His friends put on mourning, whilst his enemies openly rejoiced; and for a long time, few, beside the Elector of Saxony, were privy to the affair. On the 26th of May, an edict was published, more resembling a papal bull than an imperial decree; in which Luther, and all his adherents, were declared heretics, and placed under the double bann: his books were prohibited; and all who should protect him, or his followers, subjected to the same penalty. All his offences were recapitulated, and his books examined. It was also said, that the maxims Luther taught, militated against the doctrine of the seven sacraments,—against the holy institution of marriage,—against the sacrament of the Lord's supper,—against confession,—against the priestly office and orders,—against the holy see of Rome,—and against prayer and fasting:—that his writings tended only to promote sedition, schism, war, slaughter, burning, and rapine, and the total destruction of the Christian faith. The accusation concluded thus:—"To sum up all his numerous crimes and crafty wiles, be it known that this Luther, less like a man than the evil one, but in the form of man, and disguised under the monkish cowl, has collected in one foul pit, many persons guilty of the worst heresies, which had been long concealed; and, having himself devised some new ones, under the pretence of preaching the faith, he endeavours to subvert all true faith and evangelical peace and order, together with the most important parts of Christian doctrine." It was this unchristian, unworthy, and tyrannical pub-

lication, which attacked the faith of the most illustrious men in Germany, and not Luther's appearance at the diet, as has been asserted by some popish authors, that caused the divisions which took place in the German empire.

It was on the 4th of May, Luther arrived at Wartburg. In this mountain-solitude, which he was wont to call his Patmos, he began with fresh ardour to study the holy scriptures in their original tongue, and formed the design of placing in the hands of his beloved countrymen, a powerful weapon, which should enable them to defend and maintain their liberty of conscience through all succeeding ages. This was the translation of the Bible,—the greatest, most useful, and important work of the German reformation. Assuming the name of Junker George, he suffered his hair and beard to grow; used often to walk in the neighbourhood, and sometimes even joined in the chase; devoting, however, the greatest portion of his time to study. Here, also, he composed his energetic little work, "*On Confession,*" which he dedicated to Franz Von Sickingen.* In it he expressly condemns all human doctrines and additions to the scriptures, and especially attacks oral confession. He also prepared his Commentary on several psalms, and wrote a book on ecclesiastical and monastic vows, which he addressed to his father:—

"It is now near the commencement of the 16th year since I first embraced the monastic life, without your knowledge or permission. In so doing I doubtless was mindful of my own frailty, seeing I was a young man of twenty-two years of age only, at that period when the heat and folly of youth are at their highest pitch. As you, however, knew, by many examples, that the monastic vows had often produced unhappy consequences, you warned me, with the best intentions, rather to connect myself honourably and richly in marriage. When, however, I despised your displeasure, you addressed me in a manner which made a deeper impression on me than any words I have ever heard uttered by any other man: these were your expressions;—'What! hast thou never heard that obedience is due to parents?' But I obstinately persisted in my devotion, heard and neglected your words, as proceeding from worldliness; nevertheless I could not despise them in my heart. Now then, what is your opinion? Would you now detach me from a monastic life? for you are still my father, and I am yet your son; and the vows are, assuredly, not binding. You have, on your side, the divine command and authority; on mine, there are but the sinful devices of man."

He then proves that the vow is not only not founded on the

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* Luther's Werke, xix. p. 1015.

divine word, but is absolutely in opposition to it; consequently it militates against the true faith, and is contrary to Christian freedom, love, and human reason. The effect of this work was great and extraordinary; all monastic vows, and those which enforced celibacy, received thereby their death-blow.* In the mean time, the disputes in which he was engaged with the papists were carried on with unabated ardour. He wrote an excellent Latin book against Latomus, a theologian of Lowen, in which he crushes the empty pedant with the weapons of Christianity. He especially attacks that doctrine which teaches that any actions proceeding from the natural power of man, can be of sufficient efficacy to move God to bestow the gift of his grace; although Paul, and after him, Augustin, both assert with a voice of thunder, that without God's grace, man but becomes more guilty by the law.‡ He also composed a very witty and spirited work against a Dominican friar, called Katherinus, who had attacked him as Prierio had done; and also a memorial against Emser.† The Elector of Mentz had that year re-established the traffic of indulgences at Halle, and cast a priest into prison for no other crime than having taken a wife, previously obliging him to renounce her. No sooner did Luther hear of this, than he composed a work, which he sent to the Elector, threatening its immediate publication if he did not instantly remove that scandal.

"Your electoral highness probably imagines that I am lost; that it is an easy thing to oppress a monk, by the imperial edicts and authority. Be it so: but let it be also known to your electoral highness, that I will do what is required by Christian love, in spite of the gates of hell; let alone a set of enlightened people—popes, cardinals, and bishops. For their sake, therefore, I make my earnest petition, that your electoral highness will not permit this unhappy people to be further robbed and pillaged, but commit them to the care of a bishop, instead of a wolf.

"It is sufficiently well known, that indulgences are nothing but knavery and deceit, and Christ only is now preached to the people; so that your electoral highness cannot sin from ignorance. Your electoral highness should remember the beginning, and consider how great a fire has been kindled from a small spark, since all the world thought the poor solitary beggar was infinitely below the pope, and proposed to perform impossibilities. God has pronounced a judgment which nearly concerns the pope and his adherents. The same God still lives, let no one doubt. He is able to withstand a cardinal of Mentz, even if many emperors were combined with him. He has

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* Luther's Werke, xix. p. 1809. † Ibid. xviii. p. 1307.
‡ Ibid. xviii. 1756—1146.

pleasure in hewing down the high cedars, in humbling the proud stubborn Pharoahs. I beseech you not to tempt or despise him—his power is without limits. Let not your electoral highness think that Luther is dead. He will joyfully put his trust in the God who has humbled the pope, and play a game with the cardinal of Mentz, which he is little prepared for.

"Let then your electoral highness be assured, for the last time, by this writing, if this idol be not done away with, that, for the sake of the divine law and Christian blessedness, I shall openly attack your electoral highness, as I did the pope, and shall transfer the odium of Tetzel to the bishop of Mentz, and shew the world the difference between a bishop and a wolf. Finally, I pray your electoral highness will restrain yourself, and leave those priests in peace, who, to avoid unchastity, have either married, or are disposed to do so; that you will not deprive them of what God has given them, especially as your electoral highness can shew neither ground nor title to do so; and that such decided headstrong guilt very ill becomes a bishop. What does it avail you, bishops, to act thus audaciously and boldly, without being able or willing to shew cause or right for your actions. What do you resemble? Are you mere giants, or become Nimrods of Babylon? Do you not know, poor wretches, that such sinful tyranny cannot long endure? Let your electoral highness look to it, lest a voice be heard from the gospel, bidding the bishops pull out the 'beam from their own eyes,' and they would act wise to drive their concubines from their beds before they separate pious married women from their husbands. I wish not to bring shame or dishonour on your electoral highness, but if this offence against God be persisted in, I, and all Christians, are bound to maintain his honour, even though the whole world, not to mention an insignificant individual, a cardinal, should thereby be brought to shame. I will not spare; and if I cannot entirely succeed, I hope, at least, you bishops may not sing out your little song undisturbed. You have not yet extirpated all whom Christ has roused against idolatrous tyranny. I request a just and prompt answer to this, within fourteen days. For after the said fourteen days, if no answer come, my book against the idols will appear at Halle, even should this writing of mine be persecuted by pope and emperor.

"Counsellors should be faithful. A bishop, also, should so govern his court, that all things may appear before him with which he ought to become acquainted. God grant his electoral highness grace to enable him to judge and act rightly."*

Such was Luther's address to a powerful German prince, favoured both by the pope and the emperor, at a time when he himself was under the bann, imprisoned, and destitute of all human aid.

About November, of the same year, he secretly left Wart-

* Luther's Werke, xix.

burg, and went to visit some of his friends at Wittemberg; he, however, soon returned. In the mean time, some of his adherents, especially Karlstadt and Munster, had excited tumults in Saxony, by their too great zeal in endeavouring rashly to introduce innovations. This induced Luther, in opposition to the wish of the Elector, to quit his solitude and hasten to Wittemberg, in order to repress the disturbances by his counsel and assistance. He therefore wrote a letter of apology to the Elector, and began his journey 5th of May, 1522. He here endeavoured, by his writings and discourses, to calm the commotions which had been excited; for he wished the Christian commonwealth to be delivered from the papal chains by words only, and conviction, and not by sedition and the sword. "More than enough can be done against the papists," said he, "by letter and discourse—there is no need of violence. No sedition can in any way promote the destined reformation. Sedition is unreasonable, and generally falls upon the innocent instead of the guilty. Whoever has read and understood my works, will not join in any tumult; they have not learned such things of me. But if some who assume our name have done so, how can we prevent it? How many things are done by the papists, which were not only forbidden by Christ, but which tend to the ruin of Christianity." He reminds them of the difference between cruel tyrants, and such as were only misled by their weakness. "Behold," says he, "you must act differently towards dogs than towards lions, and wolves must not be treated like timid sheep. The wolf cannot be handled too roughly, nor too much gentleness shewn to the sheep." To these exhortations he added a singular request.

"I desire that my name should never be mentioned, and could wish men to call themselves Christians, and not Lutherans. Who is Luther? The doctrine is not mine; it is not I who was crucified for the sake of mankind. St. Paul did not suffer people to call themselves after him or Peter, but wished them all to bear the name of Christians. Should I, then, weak and sinful as I am, should I permit the children of Christ to call themselves after my name? Let us not, then, my friends, thus dishonour the name of God; let us call ourselves after Him from whom we received the doctrines. The papists require and delight in a sounding name; and are not content with the name and doctrine of Christ, but add thereto popish appellations. Let them, then, call themselves papists after his name who is their leader. I am not, nor will I be, any one's master. I hold, in common with the people, the law of Jesus Christ, who alone is our master."*

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* Luther's Werke, x. 405.

Thus did Luther endeavour to pacify the minds of the people. He foresaw, however, with much uneasiness, the many bloody contentions to which his efforts would give occasion. Henry the Eighth now appeared as the champion of the pope, and wrote an answer to his book on the Babylonish captivity, in the style and spirit of a Thomist. This obtained him the favour of the court of Rome, and the title of Defender of the Faith. What the nature of this monarch's faith was, the tenour of his life has sufficiently demonstrated. To his other vices he added that of hypocrisy, and its never-failing companion, intolerance. At the very time he published this book, he began to persecute with fire and sword those who professed evangelical truth. Luther's affair with this royal inquisitor, shewed clearly how unwise a thing it is to kick against the pricks. He treated him merely as a hired scribbler for the Romish court, without being the least dismayed by the high rank of his antagonist. "If a king of England dare thus shamelessly to publish such lies, I may also dare freely to lift up my arm against him." He was much hurt by the king's having asserted, in his first accusation against him, that he had contradicted himself in his own writings, and, consequently, that his doctrine must be false. He proved that in all things connected immediately with the Christian religion, and the holy scriptures, he was always consistent; "but," he adds, "if, when writing on subjects not immediately referring to the scriptures, such as the pope, indulgences, scholastic learning, &c. he sometimes delivered opinions differing from those already expressed, it yet did not deserve to be called a contradiction of himself; even St. Augustine frequently retracted what he had previously written." King Henry had also objected to him, that what he had written against the pope was suggested by envy and malice; that he was of a calumniating and quarrelsome disposition, fastidious and haughty, and desirous of being considered the only great man in the world. To these accusations Luther replies, "Royal author, what has that to do with the point in question?—Does it follow that popery is what it ought to be, allowing even your assertion of my being fastidious and haughty, to be a true one?—The king should have begun by proving that the pope had reason on his side, and that he had been too roughly handled. I should also like to be informed, by what means the king has been able to look into that heart which he taxes with pride and haughtiness. I thought God alone could read men's hearts:—my reproaches have never been so venomous as those of the King of England; and I have also refrained from lying, that I may never have to accuse myself of having calumniated any one so shamelessly as the King of Lies has slandered me."

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The third objection the king made was, that Luther's doctrines militated against the hitherto received faith. To this Luther replied, "I am unable, by any publication, to make the papists understand what they are discoursing of, or what is the disputed point between us. I do not inquire of them how *long*, or *by how many*, this belief has been held, but whether it has been *rightly* held. Yet they continually answer, 'it has been held for such a length of time and by so many.'"

With respect to mass, which the king defended, Luther thus writes:—"The good king urges, that if mass were not a good thing, the laity would not give their temporal possessions to the priests in exchange for it. That is right regally pleaded, and right roundly asserted! And we also acknowledge, that the papist's doctrine is, to do all for gold. Therefore, King Henry concludes that mass must be a good work, because the papists gain money by it." An honest reason. By such arguments was Luther to be vanquished, and by this unparalleled blow from the hand of King Henry, was he destined to be overthrown.

"On the other hand, then, it must be true, that if the laiety were not to give money, the thing would not then be a good work. That, too, is regally and roundly said." At length he proceeds to argue upon faith, his principal and favourite theme. The king had maintained that Luther preached faith alone, consequently he did not inculcate good works, but rather greater boldness in committing sin. To this Luther replied: "He who has faith will not commit adultery, or any other sin," as John says, "for the word of God, on which he depends, is all mighty; and is the power of God, which will not suffer him to fall nor sink. If he sin, however, faith is departed, and he is fallen from the word, and unbelief has arisen. Wheresoever unbelief is, its fruits, hatred and murder, soon follow. Since, therefore, faith alone is righteousness, &c., the unbeliever is guilty of all sin. Faith, however, in King Henry's church, as much resembles the true faith, as King Henry resembles a Defender of the Faith, or the pope's decretal the gospel. It is an error from which they will never awake."

He thus concludes his work:—"Should any one accuse me of not having reverenced the kingly majesty, or having attacked it too rudely, be it known that I have so acted, because he did not reverence himself. It is not customary for kings to lie like knaves, or, like women, to give way to passion. His censures are so bitterly venomous, and so unceasing, that it is clear no royal blood flows in his veins. I, also, have laid about me; but he cannot give me the lie in any thing. If, however, he has suffered the composition of another to be attributed to him, let the disgrace be upon him;—wherefore does he permit

it to pass under his name."* Luther caused this book to be printed both in Latin and German. By this act his enemies appeared to gain some advantage over him, and his friends much lamented it; but Luther gave himself little concern about the matter. He invariably answered, "I will not, neither dare I, desist. My affair is not an unimportant one, which may be laid down at will." Even the gentle Melancthon, whose disposition generally led him to a quiet investigation of matters, plainly saw that this overwhelming style was the needful course at that time to be pursued. On this account, he wrote in the following terms to Capito,—"I well know that Luther's zeal offends you. But, suppose he be selected by God to preach the gospel, I beseech you, consider the state of the times and circumstances. Paul forbids the spirit to be checked; have a care that you do not do so."

About this time, Luther wrote another little book upon *Human Learning*; in which he expresses his opinion that the doctrines of men should not be rejected, except when in opposition to the scriptures, which is the case with the papal doctrines. The scriptures grant liberty of conscience, the papal doctrine endeavours to fetter the conscience. Since, then, the scriptures and human learning contradict one another, one must necessarily be false, the other true.† In another work, he boldly, and with renewed energy, attacks the pope, together with the whole body of the clergy. According to his firm conviction, the ground of all the misery and evil existing at that period might be found in the degenerate tyranny and stubbornness of the bishops and ecclesiastics. He, therefore, declares, that for the future he will have no more to do with these hypocrites, nor belong to the papal hierarchy; to an hierarchy which sets itself in opposition to the ordinances of God. "Hear, then," says he, "my final resolution: if I live, I will never leave you in peace; if you slay me, your comfort will be diminished in a tenfold degree, and I shall be to you, as Hosea says, 'A bear in the path, and a lion in the streets.' While you thus conduct yourselves towards me, you shall never gain your ends, until your brazen fronts and implacable hatred be broken, either by fair or foul means." He then endeavours to prove, from the scriptures, that it is not only prudent, but even necessary, to chastise the principal heads of them; and concludes by reciting, at length, all the crimes committed by the bishops and clergy. He speaks also of monastic vows, especially that of celibacy, counselling all to enter into the marriage state, who were desirous so to do. In the course of the same year, Luther's most important work, the translation of the

* Luther's Werke, i. p. 295. † Ibid. xix. p. 718.

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Bible, was sent to the press. He had already, during his residence at Wartburg, translated the whole of the New Testament, and the Pentateuch. Immediately after his return, he, together with Melancthon, had revised and corrected the work. The great demand for them may be inferred from a passage in one of Luther's works, wherein he says, " that three presses were employed, which struck off daily ten thousand sheets." The New Testament was first printed. Single books of the Old Testament were afterwards slowly printed in succession, during the course of several years. This single work was sufficient of itself to establish Luther's fame for ever. It is a work unequalled in any other language. It is true, the Germans had ever acknowledged the importance of the scriptures, and the necessity of having them translated into the language of their country. The most ancient translation we possess is that of the Goths, and some very ancient paraphrases of the gospels, made by the Alemanni and Franks. The modern Germans, also, possessed some German bibles, printed in Nuremberg, in the year 1477, and in Augsburg, 1516; but they were in bad German, unfaithful to the text, and without spirit, most of them taken from the Vulgate. Luther may, with justice, be considered the creator of the German language, and especially of its literature. His translation flows, as it were, from one fount, and imitates, with the utmost ease, the variety of style in which the sacred books are written. It is composed with so much energy, zeal, and integrity, that not any of the succeeding translations, which were attempted during the latter half of the last century, at a period when the language had been so much enriched by the works of Klopstock, Lessing, Winklemann, Schiller, Goethe, and Herder, can be compared to it. There is an air of sanctity and dignity about it, which becomes more and more attractive the oftener it is read. His undertaking this translation was considered, by his enemies, as the grossest heresy. Cocleius and Emser loudly exclaimed that Luther had falsified the scriptures; and it was not without cause that they thus raved, for, by this work, Luther had raised a pillar to the reformation of the church, which was never to be overthrown.

Adrian VI., a native of Utrecht, assumed the tiara the 9th of January, 1522. This pope was quite sensible of the crimes and irregularities of the church, and was inclined to reform them, but possessed neither sufficient power or address to enable him to contend with, or overthrow, the many arts and tricks of the Romish clergy. He was, however, no less virulent than his predecessor, Alexander VI., against Luther, and sent a legate to Nuremberg, where the Diet was held, to demand, that the edict of Worms should be put in ex-

ecution; but the States set the complaints of the German nation against the papal jurisdiction, and demanded a free council in Strasburg, Maynz, Cologne, and Metz; they, however, promised to pass a censure upon the newly published works, and to deprive the married priests of their benefices and privileges. Luther was tolerably well satisfied with this resolution; the pope, however, far otherwise. Luther published it with explanatory observations; the pope, on the contrary, sent a very vehement brief to the Elector of Saxony, in which he threatened him with punishment in this world, and damnation and the flames of hell after death. Pope Adrian died shortly after he had canonized Berteo, bishop of Meissen, May 31, 1523; and Clement the Seventh was elected in his place, November 19, in the same year. In the same month, a Diet was held, once again, at Nuremberg. Here a council was again urged, and it was agreed, that the grievances of the German nation should be discussed at the next meeting of the Diet. The States, however, were desirous to comply, as nearly as was possible, with the edict of Worms, and to prevent any scurrilous publications, or pictures, from being published. The Diet took place, April 18, 1524. In the mean time, the imperial guard was established at Essling. But the emperor, who was at Burgos, wrote to the States, informing them of his great disapprobation of the resolution taken by the Diet, inasmuch as the States of the empire, in defiance of the rights of the church and empire, had urged a council, and desired to make the doctrines of the church the subject of their deliberation, at Spires. Several princes and bishops now openly entered into a league against the reformation. These were the arch-duke Ferdinand; Lewis and William, dukes of Bavaria; the archbishop of Salzburg; the bishops of Bamberg, Spires, Strasburg, Augsburg, Constant, Basel, Freisingen, Trent, Brixen, and Passau. The unity of the German empire was destroyed. Luther did not remain an idle spectator of these events. He caused the edict of Worms, which appeared in the same year at Nuremberg, to be printed, under the title of *Two Imperial, Discordant, and Contradictory Commands respecting Luther;** and added to them a preface and concluding discourse, besides marginal notes, in which he reproaches the German princes with their blindness, in thus suffering themselves to be fooled by the pope. Yet, notwithstanding the opposition which the new doctrine was destined to meet, it spread rapidly throughout Germany, Sweden, and the Netherlands, whilst the faggots of the inquisition were vainly kindled to impede its progress. At this period, Luther wrote

* Luther's Werke, xv. p. 2712.

general letters of encouragement and admonition to his adherents; the most remarkable of which is an epistle to the Christians in Holland and Brabant,* where, in the year 1523, the persecution raged with the greatest violence, under the direction of those blood-thirsty men, Nicolaus, Egmondanus, Jaccob, and Hochstraten. Two Augustine monks, Heinrich Voch and Johann Ersch, had been condemned by these men to the stake, June 1, of the same year, for refusing to renounce the new doctrine. As Voch had freely avowed on his trial, that he had found that truth in Luther's writings for which he was now about to sacrifice his life, it was said to him, "Then thou also hast been corrupted by Luther." To which he replied, "Yes, as the apostles were by Christ." Both met their death with heroism.

Luther has described their martyrdom in the above-named epistle, and celebrated it in a very fine hymn, which he added to it.

Luther was pre-eminently and singularly successful in the composition of sacred poetry. The depth and energy of thought, the heart-piercing words, the beauty and simplicity, displayed in his hymns, have been hitherto unequalled. The effect produced by the composition just alluded to, was astonishing. The Carmelite, Thomas a Jesu, thus expresses himself concerning it: "Many German songs have issued from Doctor Luther's work-shop. Some of them of a symbolical nature, others dogmatical, and several imitations of the holy Psalms. It is singular how greatly they contribute to the success of the Lutheran cause." Adam Conzen, the Jesuit, also adds, "Luther's hymns have led more souls to eternal perdition than all his other writings and sermons. What antidote will the head of all Christendom provide against such poison!" About this time, Luther published two little books, in which he recommended the Christian commonwealth to elect pious evangelical teachers, and to displace those who adhered to the papal doctrines, without troubling themselves about human laws, ancient traditions, bishops, institutions, or schools; "for the soul of man is immortal, beyond all temporal jurisdiction, and can only be comprehended and directed by the eternal word of God."† He adds, "Yet, though it should even appear that the work must perish, through dissensions and violence, and should the incredulous fear lest the heavens should fall, yet fear not, for our rock flinches not before the lightning, nor before the thunderbolt; neither doth it fear, though the heavens grow dark and cloudy; nor trembles when the winds rise, nor

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* Luther's Werke, xxi. p. 39. † Ibid. x. p. 1794-1809.

when the storm rages; but still preserves a firm conscience, and waits, in confidence, for the time when it shall be fair weather."

Luther entered the lists against those princes, who were leagued against the reformation, and caused them also to hear his voice of thunder, which was especially directed against those who had commanded that the New Testament should be delivered into the hands of the magistracy. This is the object of his work, entitled, *Upon Temporal Authority, and how far we are bound to obey the same.*† He dedicated it to George, Duke of Saxony. "No one," he says, "can be truly pious in the sight of God through any worldly form of government, unless the spiritual government be added thereto. Where human laws alone prevail, vain and empty hypocrisy is a necessary consequence. Temporal governments can only have jurisdiction over the persons and property of men, and that which is wholly appertaining to the earth. But the soul owns no government beside its own. Therefore, where temporal power endeavours to impose laws on the soul, it infringes the authority of God, and leads the soul into error and perdition." He defines, in the strongest language, the limits, both of spiritual and temporal power; and explains, with great perspicuity, the evil that results by confounding these two authorities. "Spiritual power has assumed temporal sway to the ruin of the nations; and temporal power has interfered with the consciences of men, to the infinite injury of Christianity." Hence, he asserts, that princes are not to be obeyed when they require any thing that is contrary to our faith, even though the disobeying them should cost us our property and life. "Suffer thou the fool to rage, he shall surely not escape his judge." He concludes, therefore, "those tyrants, who command the New Testament to be delivered into the hands of the magistracy, are not to be obeyed. Whoever complies with their command, delivers Christ into the hands of Herod, for they are the murderers of Christ, as Herod was." To this he adds, "Since the beginning of the world, a wise prince has ever been a scarce bird, but a pious one infinitely more rare. If a prince arise, who is wise, pious, and a Christian, it is the greatest of all miracles, and the most precious sign of God's mercy to the land; for, in general, the words of Isaiah are most applicable, 'I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them.' *Isaiah*, c. iii. v. 4. And of Hosea, 'I will give thee a king in my anger, and remove him in my displeasure.' The

* Luther's Werke, x. p. 427.

world is full of evil, and unworthy of possessing many wise and pious princes: frogs deserve to be ruled by storks."

In this work, also, Luther foretells inevitable commotions. His words are not inapplicable to the present times. "The people shall become enlightened, and these princely scourges shall fall before the people. I fear this doom is not to be avoided, unless the princes resolve to govern with greater moderation and justice. Your tyranny and violence is no longer to be endured. Beloved princes and sovereigns, you know now what course to pursue; God will no longer endure it. *You can now no longer hunt and drive the people like game, as in the infancy of the world.*" The doctrines which he here unfolds are gentle and sublime, and the portrait he draws of a Christian prince, is truly beautiful.

He describes also, admirably, the Jurists, and their old law books, which princes ought to avoid:

"People should so act," says he, "that love and natural right may ever predominate. For, if thy judgments be guided by love, then thou wilt be able to decide all causes, without the aid of law books. If, however, thou shouldest lose sight of love and natural justice, thou wilt never be able to pronounce a judgment that will be pleasing in the sight of God, even if thou wert acquainted with every book of law and jurisprudence, but they will only deceive thee the more in proportion as thou studiest them. A truly just judgment cannot be pronounced by the aid of any book, but should proceed directly from the mind, as though no book existed. Therefore, written laws should be under the government of reason, and reason should not be held prisoner by words."

Luther's works still continued to produce the greatest sensation amongst the German nation. Young preachers arose and preached the gospel; monks and nuns daily burst from the cloisters where they were imprisoned. Amongst others, during Passion week, in the year 1523, nine young women, all of illustrious birth, aided by Leonard Koppe, a lawyer, of the town of Torgau, made their escape from the convent of Nimpfchen, near Grimme. They came to Wittemberg, where Luther took them under his protection, and maintained that young women might, without impiety, quit the cloister. He recommended them to the Elector, requesting him to afford them his assistance, if it were even but in secret; which request was obtained. One of these young women was Catharine Von Boren, who afterwards became the wife of Luther; she was remarkable for her beauty and virtues. To marry her at that time, however, was a step the reformer ventured not to take. This frequent abandonment of the cloisters, and the necessity of abolishing them in those countries where the reformation had taken place, excited the question, as to what should

be done with the possessions belonging to the monasteries, and with the monks themselves. Luther solved this question, in a very practical and well-imagined work, entitled, *Plan for a general Bank, with a Discourse on the application of the Ecclesiastical Revenues.** In this work he observes,—

"The reformation will cause the downfall of all monastic institutions, and similar abominations, which, under the mask of godliness, have been only intent on accumulating wealth; it must be considered that these lands are the result of universal robbery. It could be wished that monasteries had never existed; but since they do exist, it is best to let them decay, or accelerate their fall. This may be done two ways. First, by granting free permission to all their inhabitants to quit them: secondly, by every magistracy forbidding any persons to enter, in future, into these establishments. Such as desire to remain in them should be permitted so to do, and should be allowed a maintenance, and even more than they previously enjoyed; but the lands should be placed in the hands of the magistracy. The revenues arising from these lands should be appropriated to the support of those monks and nuns who should choose to remain in their convents, and to furnish the necessaries of life to such as thought fit to quit them; the remainder should be deposited in the general funds for the relief of the poor. In order to place the true Christian doctrines on a permanent and profitable foundation, so that the inward, no less than the outward man, may feel the beneficial effects of liberty of conscience, it would be necessary to establish schools upon a rational plan."

For this purpose, Luther published, in the year 1524, an admonition to the magistrates of every German city, to establish and maintain a Christian school.†

He describes, with much precision, energy, and truth, the great importance that should be attached to the education and instruction of youth; and calls upon the magistrates to be careful that good instructors and instructresses should be appointed. "Beloved friends," says he, "shall there be so great an annual expenditure in ammunition, roads, bridges, dykes, and innumerable such works, for the temporal security and convenience of a city; and shall we hesitate to spend as much on the spiritual necessities of helpless youth?" He then describes the iniquity of the monastic life, the crimes perpetrated in it, and adds, "it is my most earnest wish, desire, and prayer, that all such stables for asses, and schools of the devil, may be cast into perdition, or converted into Christian schools." "Since," continues he, "the welfare, honour, and very life of the city is entrusted

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* Luther's Werke, x. p. 149. † Ibid x. p. 533.

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to the magistracy and council, they are not doing right in the sight of God and man, if they do not watch, both by day and by night, over its prosperity and improvement. Now the prosperity of a city does not consist only in amassing great wealth, in building strong walls or fine palaces, nor in the possession of military stores; these things, when in the hands of fools, contribute only to make the state of such a city worse: but the real prosperity of a city consists in the multitude of worthy, learned, rational, honourable, and well educated citizens it contains; and they may then collect treasures, and will make a right use of them. And the heathens," he adds further, "are a reproach to us, from the care and attention they bestowed on the education of their youth of both sexes." He then observes, "that the schools should attend no less to the education of the laity than of the clergy; that the men might be fitted to rule countries and people, and the women to manage their houses, children, and families. This would be the result of providing able and diligent teachers, who should instruct them in languages, and other necessary branches of education; and, by making them thoroughly acquainted with the history of individual states and kingdoms, they might learn to contemplate the world as in a mirror, and thus be prepared to direct their own passage through it, in a godly manner, and know what to desire and what to avoid in this life; and also to assist others by their counsel and direction." Finally, after giving excellent advice respecting the regulation of these schools, and recommending that they should be provided with masters for languages, history, and the fine arts, he concludes in these words:

"I beseech you therefore, sirs, not to suffer my sincere and diligent efforts to be all in vain. And should there be some among you, who hold me in such little estimation, that they do not think my advice worth following, or who despise me as one persecuted by tyrants, let them consider that I am not seeking my own profit or advantage, but that of the whole German empire; and were I a Turk or a Heathen, if they were convinced that the Christians only, and not I, would reap the benefit of my counsels, it would be their wisdom to follow them. I now commend you to the grace of God, and may He soften and warm your hearts, to extend your protection to helpless and forsaken youth; that, by divine aid, you may counsel and fit them to dedicate themselves, body and soul, with all diligence, to a blessed and Christian government of the German nation, to the praise and honour of God the Father, through Our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Thus, animated by trust in God, and the love of his country, did the sublime genius of Luther labour to promote the greatest blessing ever granted to the German nation. What Luther had prophecied, came to pass in the year 1525.

The peasants, unable any longer to endure the taxes and contributions exacted of them, and weary of the tyranny of the princes, bishops, and noblemen, encouraged by the light of the gospel, assembled in armed multitudes to assert the rights of men. Münzer, a man of the best intentions, but an enthusiast, was the chief exciter of these commotions. The claims of the peasants were of the most moderate and reasonable nature. Each community desired to possess the right to elect and depose their priests, and to select such as would preach the word of God, unalloyed by the doctrines of men. They refused to pay any longer the small tithes, but were willing to grant the larger, or the tenth part of the product of the land, for the maintenance of the priest. They desired to be free from slavery, but were ready to obey the government in all just cases. Game, fish, and wood, they required free and untaxed. Soccage, and similar oppressions, to be placed on an easier footing. The princes being resolved to yield nothing, bloody scenes of murder, conflagration, and pillage, ensued. Whilst the princes attacked with arms the rebellious peasants, Luther in his writings alternately besought the princes and bishops to grant the gospel to the people, and to desist from their oppression, and to turn the peasants from sedition and bloodshed.

In the mean time, the peasants were compelled to submit, Münzer taken, and punished with death. The fire would, however, have been suppressed but for a time, had not Luther appeased the minds of the people by his personal appearance.

He travelled to different places—Jena, Weimar—preached, instructed, and softened those whom he came among. He would have gone farther, had not the death of the Elector called him back suddenly to Wittemberg. This prince died 5th May, 1525. During the peasants' war, and soon after the funeral of the Elector, Luther entered into the holy ties of marriage. He was married on the 13th of June, by Dr. Pommer, in the presence of Lucas Kranach and Johann Apil, to the noble lady, Catharine Von Bore, formerly a professed nun. He was then forty; she, twenty-six. He resolved on this marriage suddenly, partly to please his father, partly to enjoy the pleasures of marriage. This marriage proved a very happy one, for his wife was fair, good, faithful, and affectionate. The papists, who preferred lust and unnatural crimes, to the married state, exclaimed loudly against this step of Luther's, and even arraigned the honour of his wife. Not long after, Luther became involved in a schism, which was the occasion of the unfortunate division between those who styled themselves Lutherans, and the others of the reformed religion.

Zwinglius, the Swiss reformer, had given a solemn interpretation of the words of Christ, "This is my body," which, in the eyes of Luther, appeared blasphemous. Many violent publications were issued by both parties,—the most vehement of which proceeded from Luther; the German theologians were divided into two parties. The Landgrave of Hesse endeavoured to reconcile these champions of faith, in a council held at Marburg, in the year 1529. They agreed in all points, except in the one article of the sacrament.

Luther had lately published a little book, containing a collection of wood-cuts and satirical songs against the papal state, with a preface and a very long discourse, entitled, "*Popery, and its Members, delineated and described.**" The whole was the production of a humorous imagination, and Luther observes in the discourse, that popery had not yet been nearly enough satirized, ridiculed, and caricatured.

Since the suppression of the insurrection of the peasants, the papal see had become more elated, and seemed to be disposed to greater harshness than ever. "We must, therefore, avoid supineness, but set forth this idolatrous race in its true colours," said Luther. Such is the purport of this book, which is no libel, but an open censure of that public and audacious impiety which God will assuredly punish. He, however, quickly abandoned this kind of warfare, and devoted himself wholly to the promotion of the evangelical worship of God. His first step in this affair, was the publication of a work† "*On the German Mass and Form of Worship.*" "Three kinds of worship," he says, "may be retained; for I would in no wise banish the Latin language from divine service; and did it lay in my power, supposing the Greek and Hebrew languages were as well understood amongst us as the Latin, and were as musical, I would cause them to be read and sung on alternate Sundays in the churches. But the third kind, which appertains to the real evangelical constitution, must not be so openly dispensed to the generality of people; but those who seriously desire to become Christians and acknowledge the gospel by word and deed, must sign their names and meet privately in some house for the purposes of prayer, reading, baptism, and receiving the sacrament, and performing other Christian duties." Luther thus inculcated a domestic, private, and internal religion, no less than public observance of outward forms of worship. The principal part of the German form of worship was to consist in hearing the word of God, and in a catechism, compiled with almost childish simplicity.

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* Luther's Werke, xix. p. 783. † Ibid, x. p. 266.

He has consecrated these and his other propositions throughout all ages, by the words in which he concludes them. "But this and every other ordinance should be so exercised, that, should any abuse ensue from it, it may be immediately abolished; as king Hezekiah broke and destroyed the brazen serpents, as soon as the children of Israel made an ill use of them. For all institutions should tend to the advancement of faith and love, and not to their prejudice. When they no longer do so, they should be instantly abolished. Ordinances are but exterior of things; however excellent they may be, they are still liable to abuse; therefore, no ordinance is of any importance in itself, but all virtue, excellence, dignity, &c. consist in the right use of it."

Luther also endeavoured, as far as he was able, to embody his ideas, and to adorn divine worship with holy songs. He, therefore, collected all the sacred poetry written by himself and others, adapting them for four voices. Some of the best melodies were his own composition. He did this with the view of leading the younger part of the community, whose education included music and the arts, from immoral songs, and turning their attention to more edifying subjects. Thus, the gospel was not designed to destroy the arts, but to employ them in the service of Him who formed and gave them to mankind. So far, therefore, from being an impediment to the advancement of the fine arts, the protestant religion was peculiarly favorable to their progress.

From this time, Luther devoted all his attention to the direction of the protestants, and to the support and encouragement of the princes and theologians. He had thrown down and built up, and all his thoughts were now turned to uphold and defend the edifice he had raised. The transactions and leagues, protestations and explanations, amongst the evangelical princes, at the diets of Spire, Ausburg, and Smalkald, have been therefore attributed to him. His principal works during this long period were, *An Essay on Soldiers, A Memorial on the Turkish War,* and his two *Catechisms,* which latter are of the utmost practical importance, on account of their perspicuity, mildness, and solidity. The bloody period was now approaching, so long foreseen and announced by Luther, when the torch of war was to be kindled in the German empire. He did not survive this epoch. Luther died the death of a Christian, the 18th of May, 1546, at Eisleben, whither he had been called by the family of Mannsfeld, to act the part of an arbitrator. His body was carried to Wittemberg with great pomp, and interred in the Cathedral. The following inscription was placed upon his tomb:

XUM

MARTINI LVTHERI, S. Theologiæ D. Corpvs
H. L. S. E.
Qui an. Christi MDXLVI. xii. Cal. Martii
Eyslebii in patria S. m. oc. V. ann. LXIII.
M. H. D. X.

An undeviating trust in God, a vivid feeling for all that is just, an eye fixed irrevocably on the hope of reward, a power of mind not to be fettered, and an unequalled decision of character, were the virtues of this great man. The qualities of his mind were great, his eloquence overwhelming. When we consider the time in which he lived, and the enemies to whom he was opposed, we shall be just even to his failings. Luther occupies a large space in history; he not only produced a revolution in spiritual matters, but gave, as it were, a new impulse to the general knowledge of mankind. His works have been often collected by friends and foes, and he has been no less the object of exaggerated praise than the victim of unqualified condemnation. The collection now published of his works, the title of which is prefixed to this article, is the best; it contains all his works in German, and also his Latin ones translated into German. Neither should his *Table Talk* (of which a notice will be found in our Xth. No.) be wanting in a complete edition; they consist of his sayings and opinions, collected by many of his friends during his life time; and are distinguished by wit, humour, originality, and for German pithiness. Many will not meet with general approbation, for nothing is so open to censure and misconception as desultory remarks, detached from the subjects to which they owe their birth; and it is hardly fair to present unreservedly, to the eyes of the world, that, which was uttered in bitterness or jest before a few confidential friends. It is to be wished that Jo. Aurifaber, who first published them, had acted with greater circumspection; but, since they are public property, Walch has done well in not rejecting them from his edition, where he has given a notice of them in the appendix. This edition is become very rare, but the celebrated theologian, D. de Wette, has promised to issue a new and more perfect one through the medium of the Riemerian press, at Berlin. The spirit of Luther still lives in Germany, and inspires and animates the German youth. The best testimony of the merit of this man was, that the noblest and worthiest of the German nation assembled themselves at Wartburg, after the successful struggle against Napoleon, to celebrate together the anniversary of the Reformation and their restoration to freedom. That which inspired the breast of Luther, burns in every uncorrupted German heart—Unity of Religion, of Country, and of Freedom!

ART. IV.—*Nathan the Wise, a Dramatic Poem; translated from the German of* Lessing. 8*vo. Norwich,* 1791.

Although we are compelled to tread closely on the heels of the present century, in reviewing the work before us, it is probable that it is at least as little known to the majority of our readers, as most of the productions of the last two hundred years, of equal or inferior merit. There seems but one way of accounting for its want of notoriety. It was written and published in the country. The connexions of the author with the literary circles of London seem to have been insufficient, at the time, to secure that notice for this, and his other works, which we think so eminently due to them; and it is not till of late years, that something like celebrity has attached to his translations, beyond the limits of the writer's province. It seems that literary reputation, which flies with the mail-coach in every direction from the capital, and carries down the fame of the last trashy novelist or poetaster, at the rate of eight miles an hour, to the remotest village in the island, travels backward at a different rate. A reputation, begun at Norwich, takes twenty years in reaching the metropolis; and that, when backed by merit which, in the hands of a London bookseller, would have secured the sale of a third or fourth edition. It is our firm opinion that the author of this translation, like his fellow-citizen, Dr. Sayers, has sacrificed a considerable reputation, merely by printing his book a hundred miles from London.

Our attention has been particularly drawn to the translation before us, at the present time, by the strong feeling which is gradually growing up in England in favour of German literature. Within the space of one year, we have been presented with elaborate versions from two of the most distinguished works of the greatest living, if not the greatest of all German authors. We allude to Lord Gower's *Faust,* and the recent translation of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.* We have seen Percy Shelley occupied in similar labours, and have read Dedications of Lord Byron to the "Illustrious Goëthe." This, then, is no casual whim. These are no paltry bookseller's translations at a shilling a page; no doing of mawkish novels from the original German, through the French, into the language of English chamber-maids, for the use of sentimental misses. This is a downright earnest undertaking to transplant into cultivated English the *chef d'œuvres* of a nascent literature; which, in spite of ridicule and abuse from French, English, and Italian, is beginning to overshadow Eu-

rope with at least "the gloom of its glory;" and, whatever be its merits or defects, to force its way into the circle of European intellect. We have laughed at German long enough; it is now time to learn it.

Amongst the earliest students of this rising literature, and amongst the first, if not the first, of its English translators, the author before us is entitled to peculiar distinction, for his services in this new department of letters. Both for the priority and excellence of his translations, he merits the first sprig of laurel which will hereafter be decreed to the pioneers of German literature. To a knowledge of the language, we believe unequalled amongst our German scholars, he unites an originality of English style, a philosophical spirit, and a refined, though occasionally a peculiar, taste, which well qualified him for the task of introducing the new poetry into England. Of this, however, the reader will be better able to judge when he has finished our critique.

Of the original author of these poems, nothing need be said. It will be sufficient occupation to point out the merits which the work has retained in the hands of the translator.

In the story, for it can hardly be called the plot, of the drama, there is nothing new. In the days of the Sultan Saladin, Nathan, the rich Jew,

> "of whom, 'twas said, he had found out the tombs
> of Solomon and David, knew the word
> that lifts their marble lids, and thence obtained
> the golden oil that fed his shining pomp;"—

Nathan, returning to Jerusalem, from a mercantile expedition to the East, found that his house had been burned down in his absence, and that his adopted daughter, Recha, had narrowly escaped from the flames, through the intrepidity of a young Christian captive. The girl had been adopted by the Jew under singular circumstances. Eighteen years before the opening of the play, in one of the brutal massacres which, for the greater glory of the true faith, were perpetrated, from time to time, on the defenceless remnant of Israel,

> "the christians murdered every jew in Gath,
> woman and child; and among these, his wife,
> with seven hopeful sons, were found; who all
> beneath his brother's roof, which they had fled to,
> were burnt alive."

After three nights spent in dust and ashes, and weeping before his God, and cursing himself and the world, and vowing

unrelenting hatred to Christianity, Nathan the Jew arose and was comforted. Just then, a knight's squire dismounted at his gate, and presented to him a female infant, a few weeks old, wrapt in a mantle. The knight was Nathan's friend—a German by name, and married to the sister of Conrade, of Stauffen, a German Templar. He was suddenly compelled to make off to Gaza, whither the helpless child could not accompany him; and the mother had died a short time before. In spite of his previous vow, and his cruel sufferings, the virtuous Jew relented at the sight of the innocent Christian babe:—

> "he took the child,
> and bore it to his couch, and kist it; flung
> himself upon his knees and sobbed—'my God,
> now have I one out of the seven again!'"

From that day he brought up the child as his own; and, as she grew up under his eye, he contracted for the little Recha the affection of a father.—Full of gratitude to the deliverer of his adopted daughter, Nathan, as generous as he was rich, eagerly inquired for the captive Christian. He, however, had no sooner rescued the Jewish girl from the flames, than he disappeared. All they knew of him was, that he daily wandered in a neighbouring palm-grove, and wore the white robe of a Templar. Here, in a favourite phrase of the translator, Nathan "found him up," and, in spite of his pride and moroseness, succeeded in conciliating him, and extracted the promise of a visit. The consequence of the visit it is scarcely necessary to mention. The Templar falls in love with the rich Jew's pretty daughter. In accordance with his headstrong temper, the knight immediately demands her in marriage. The Jew, however, hesitates, not on account of the difficulties which strike us at first sight—for Recha had been baptised—has all the time been brought up, if not a Christian, at least, not a Jewess; and even had it been otherwise, Nathan has no prejudices, and would as soon that his daughter had a Christian to her husband as another. The Templar's name was Conrade—Conrade of Stauffen. Why this should have given rise to Nathan's hesitation will appear hereafter.

The Templar grows furious at the refusal; which, it seems, is no less afflicting to a certain Christian lady's-maid of Recha, who has been all along in possession of the secret of her adoption by the Jew, and who looked to a marriage with the knight as the only means of saving her mistress's soul. Impelled by her zeal in this behalf, Daya resolves to betray her master and benefactor, by communicating to the Templar the real state of Recha's relationship to Nathan. After many twinges of con-

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science, in spite of her superstitious zeal, she at last imparts the news,

> " that Recha is no jewess, but a christian."

To this piece of confidence, the knight's reply is characteristic. In spite of the value of the intelligence, he cannot conceal his contempt for the motive which led his informant to break her trust:—

> " I congratulate you,
> 'twas a hard labour, but 'tis out at last;
> go on with undiminished zeal, and people
> heaven, when no longer fit to people earth."

In spite of this generous indignation, he does not fail to avail himself of the knowledge. Daya's communication seems to afford a clue to the Jew's behaviour. The knight imagines that Nathan was so wedded to his superstition—

> " was such a thoro' jew, that he sought out
> for christian children to bring up as jews,"—

and, therefore, to compel him to consent,

> " the project strikes him short and good,
> to hold the knife to his throat,"

till he gave up his stolen daughter to a husband of her own choice and religion. With this intention he applies to Athanasios, the patriarch of Palestine. He had had some previous communication with the holy father on a subject connected with church interests.

In the beginning of the story, we omitted to state the circumstance to which the captive Templar owed his life. It was the usual custom of the Mussulmen, to cut the throats of those redoubtable soldier-monks, whenever they succeeded in catching one; and such would have been our Templar's fate, had not Saladin seen him when the Mamaluke's sabre was ready to descend upon his neck, and, struck by his resemblance to Assad, a dearly-beloved, lost brother, saved him from the fatal blow. Since that time, the knight had been taken no further notice of; and though delivered from immediate death, was left to wander near Jerusalem, with nothing to subsist upon but wild dates, and no place of shelter but the palm-grove. In this condition the Patriarch had proposed to him, by means of brother Bonafides, to convey a letter to King Philip, containing

instructions as to the state of the fortifications of the town, and the details of a plot for assassinating Saladin. The Templar, however, could not be persuaded to view the interests of religion in the same light as the priest. He remembered that Saladin had saved his life, and refused to do the holy deed. The negociations, however, had brought him acquainted with the Patriarch, and he proposed to avail himself of the holy father in furthering his design, of compelling Nathan to give up his adopted daughter.

According to the terms of the capitulation of Jerusalem, Saladin had sworn to protect the Christian Church in all the privileges and doctrines which appertained to the faith. Now, amongst other useful ordinances, it had been decreed that if a Jew seduced a Christian to apostacy, he should die by fire. With the intention of ascertaining this, the Templar applies to the Patriarch, and puts the hypothetical case of a Jew educating a Christian child in any other than the Christian faith. The Patriarch declares it to come within the law. Although the knight had been cautious to put the case problematically, and not to endanger Nathan's safety, the Patriarch is struck by the singularity of the question, and sets himself diligently to work, to find out some Jew in Jerusalem to whom the Templar's case would apply; in the devout hope of finding 'another job for brother Bonafides.'

We must now turn for a moment to another part of the story. Saladin, the Sultan, is put to his wit's end for lack of funds to carry on the war, and means of indulging in a preposterous taste for charity; which, if common in kings, would beggar their subjects more rapidly than any of the more usual vices to which princes are apt to be addicted. Every beggar was *ex officio* of his household; every pilgrim received his alms; every impudent petitioner obtained his prayer; and the magnanimous Sultan carried his notions of generosity so far, as to repay the avant-couriers, who bring the earliest intelligence of news, with presents of a purse or two of gold. It never, of course, occurs to him, that to squander his resources in this manner (besides Malthus and the poor-laws) on the vilest and most prodigal of his subjects, was in fact nothing more

> "than to oppress mankind by hundred thousands,
> to squeeze, grind, plunder, butcher, and torment,
> *and act philanthropy to individuals:*"—

No; Saladin was of the high romantic breed, and thought money the vilest of things, money-makers the vilest of animals, and condemned all the most effective virtues as little more than

prudent vices; with him, poverty and wealth were convertible terms—

> "A cloak, a horse, a sabre, and a God!—
> What needs he else?"

In spite, however, of these maxims, and as a consequence of these proceedings, Saladin was constantly out at elbows; and at the time when our tale commences, he was peculiarly embarrassed by the failure of the seven years' tribute from Egypt. Al-Hafi, his treasurer, was a friend of Nathan's. He had frequently indulged in eulogiums on the wise and virtuous Jew, before Saladin and his sister. In this pressing moment, the latter reminds Al-Hafi of his friend; repeats the praises he had wont to bestow on him so lavishly—for instance, in recounting with enthusiasm

> "how nobly Nathan
> bestowed what he esteemed it not a meanness,
> by prudent industry t' have justly earned—
> how free from prejudice his lofty soul—
> his heart to every virtue how unlocked—
> with every lovely feeling how familiar—"

and concludes, by urging the treasurer to contract for an immediate loan with the Rothschild of Jerusalem. To cut the matter short, Nathan is introduced to the Sultan, who entertains him with a disquisition on the comparative merits of the three revelations—the Jewish, Christian, and Mahometan—and ends by appointing him his defterdar, or keeper of the privy purse. Saladin was too poor to give him a salary; and his real business was to supply money for the Sultan's necessities. Amongst the plate and jewels transferred from Nathan's house to the Sultan's palace for this purpose, Sittah, his sister, discovers a small portrait—the portrait of Leonard of Filnek, the Jew's friend and Recha's father. She shews it to Saladin, who recognizes in it the likeness of his brother Assad; but we will give it in his own words, which we think extremely beautiful:

> "Ha! What, my brother?
> 'Tis he, 'tis he, *was* he,—*was* he, alas!
> thou dear brave youth, and lost to me so early;
> what would I not with thee and at thy side
> have undertaken? Let me have the portrait,
> I recollect it now again; he gave it
> unto thy elder sister, to his Lilah,

that morning that she would not part with him,
but clasp'd him so in tears. It was the last
morning that he rode out; and I—I let him
ride unattended. Lilah died for grief,
and never could forgive me that I let him
then ride alone. He came not back."

The picture suggests the recollection of the young Templar, whose life he had spared, from his imagined resemblance to Assad. The Templar is sent for to the palace, and the Sultan is more than ever struck by the likeness of his person and the similarity of his voice and temper.

The plot now tends rapidly to its close. A friar, whom the Patriarch had commissioned to inquire into Nathan's connexion with Recha, in hopes of realizing in him the suspicions excited by the Templar's queries, turns out to be the very squire who had delivered Recha into his hands, eighteen years before. On inquiry, the friar remembers him of a certain Persian book, which he drew from his master's bosom, whilst assisting in his burial at Askalon—for there it was, that the supposed Leonard of Filnek lost his life. Nathan hastens to the palace with his prize; and finds the Templar and Recha already there. Nathan's aversion to their marriage is now explained: they are both children of Leonard of Filnek—and Leonard himself was Assad, the Sultan's brother.

The materials of a tragedy are undoubtedly contained in this story. But *Nathan the Wise* is no tragedy. The translator has called it an argumentative drama; and this seems the most appropriate name. Although it is said to have become, in a curtailed shape—a good office which it owes to Schiller—a favourite acting play in Germany, we confess we see but little partaking of the dramatic character in its present form. It is rather a poetical dialogue, than a play; and possesses not one of the qualities which belong to the legitimate drama.

It has not been written with a view to affect the passions. It consists of dissertation, and not dialogue; of description, and not action. Its principal object seems to be, to inculcate mutual indulgence between religious sects. This is, no doubt, a laudable design; and one of far greater moment than is usually contemplated by writers for the stage. It abounds with eloquent passages and ingenious disquisitions; but the reader who sits down to it in the expectation of the common objects of dramatic interest, will not fail to meet with disappointment.

The play opens with Nathan's return. The first scene contains the interview with his daughter, and the treasurer Al-

Hafi. In the next, the friar, Bonafides, communicates to the Templar the Patriarch's project for betraying the town, and assassinating Saladin. This, the reader will remember, was the subject of his letter to King Philip, which he proposes to send by the Templar's hand. The knight asks

" were that an office
more meritorious than to save from burning
a jewish maid?

Friar. So it should seem; must seem—
for, says the patriarch, to all Christendom
this letter is of import:—and to bear it
safe to its destination, says the patriarch,
God will reward with a peculiar crown
in heaven:—and of this crown, the patriarch says,
no one is worthier than you.

Templar. Than I?

Friar. For none so able, and so fit to earn
this crown, the patriarch says, as you.

Templar. As I?

Friar. The patriarch here is free, can look about him,
and knows, he says, how cities may be storm'd,
and how defended; knows, he says, the strengths
and weaknesses of Saladin's new bulwark,
and of the inner rampart last thrown up;
and to the warriors of the Lord, he says,
could clearly point them out;

Templar. And can I know
exactly the contents of this same letter?

Friar. Why that I don't pretend to vouch exactly—
'Tis to King Philip: and our patriarch—

Templar. Well—and your patriarch—

Friar. Knows, with great precision,
and from sure hands, how, when, and with what force,
and in which quarter, Saladin, in case
the war breaks out afresh, will take the field.

Templar. He knows that?

Friar. Yes; and would acquaint king Philip,
that he may better calculate, if really
the danger be so great as to require
him to renew at all events the truce
so bravely broken by your body.

Templar. So?
This is a patriarch indeed! He wants

no common messenger; he wants a spy.
Go tell your patriarch, brother, I am not,
as far as you can sift, the man to suit him.
Friar. That's much as I suppos'd, and, to speak plainly,
not to be blam'd. The best is yet behind.
The patriarch has made out the very fortress,
its name, and strength, and site on Libanon,
wherein the mighty sums are now conceal'd,
with which the prudent father of the sultan
provides the cost of war, and pays the army.
He knows that Saladin, from time to time,
goes to this fortress, thro' bye-ways and passes,
with few attendants.
Templar. Well—
Friar. How easy 'twere
to seize his person in these expeditions,
and make an end of all! You shudder, Sir—
Two Maronites, who fear the Lord, have offer'd
to share the danger of the enterprize,
under a proper leader.
Templar. And the patriarch
had cast his eye on me for this brave office?
Friar. He thinks King Philip might from Ptolemais
best second such a deed.
Templar. On me? on me?
Have you not heard then, just now heard, the favor,
which I receiv'd from Saladin?
Friar. O yes!
Templar. And yet?
Friar. The patriarch thinks—that's mighty well—
God, and the order's interest
Templar. Alter nothing,
command no villainies.
Friar. No, that indeed not;
but what is villainy in human eyes
may in the sight of God, the patriarch thinks,
not be."

The Templar, however, thinks differently, and after a little further discussion, sends off the friar, who

" withdraws
more gladly than he came."

The next passage we shall extract is from a scene in the second act. The Templar had been discovered rambling in the

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Place of Palms, close to Nathan's house; and Recha having urged her father not to omit the opportunity of conversing with him, the old Jew had been so long in putting on his gabardine, that the girl's patience was exhausted.

"*Recha.* You have been so very slow, my dearest father,
you now will hardly be in time to find him.
Nathan. Well, if not here beneath the palms; yet, surely,
elsewhere. My child, be satisfied. See, see,
is not that Daya making toward us?
Recha. She certainly has lost him then.
Nathan. Why so?
Recha. Else she'd walk quicker.
Nathan. She may not have seen us.
Recha. There, now she sees us.
Nathan. And her speed redoubles.
Be calm, my Recha.
Recha. Would you have your daughter
be cool and unconcern'd who 'twas that sav'd her,
heed not to whom is due the life she prizes
chiefly because she ow'd it first to thee?
Nathan. I would not wish thee other than thou art,
E'en if I knew that in thy secret soul
a very different emotion throbs.
Recha. Why—what my father?
Nathan. Dost thou ask of me,
so tremblingly of me, what passes in thee?
whatever 'tis, 'tis innocence and nature.
Be not alarm'd, it gives me no alarm;
But promise me that, when thy heart shall speak
A plainer language, thou wilt not conceal
A single of thy wishes from my fondness."

There is something dramatic in this passage; but the poet immediately relapses into his usual didactic style. We give an example of this in the two following extracts. They are taken from the scene in which Nathan first meets the Templar, who receives him with all the ill-bred haughtiness which then chiefly distinguished the Christian from the Jew.

"*Templar.* Well, Jew, what wouldst thou have?
Nathan. The liberty of speaking to you.
Templar. So—
Nathan. My name is Nathan, father to the maid
your generous courage snatch'd from circling flames;
and hasten

Templar. If with thanks, keep, keep them all.
Those little things I've had to suffer much from:
too much already, far. And, after all,
you owe me nothing. Was I ever told
she was your daughter? 'Tis a Templar's duty
to rush to the assistance of the first
poor wight that needs him; and my life just then
was quite a burden. I was mighty glad
to risk it for another; tho' it were
that of a jewess.
Nathan. Noble, and yet shocking!
The turn might be expected. Modest greatness
wears willingly the mask of what is shocking
to scare off admiration: but, altho'
she may disdain the tribute, admiration,
is there no other tribute she can bear with?
knight, were you here not foreign, not a captive,
I would not ask so freely. Speak, command,
in what can I be useful?
Templar. You—in nothing.
Nathan. I am rich.
Templar. To me the richer jew ne'er seem'd
the better jew."

This insolence excites nothing but pity in the breast of the generous Hebrew. His modest remonstrances at last bring the Templar to his senses. The tolerant views and benevolent sentiments of the Jew excite some feelings of shame in the crusader's bosom. Not that he seems to have been ignorant on these subjects before Nathan's lecture, as the reader will presently see; but he attempts to justify his party zeal by the common trick of retorting a similar accusation against Nathan's nation. The Jew intreats him to consider, that although people may differ in faith, they need not thirst after each others' blood.

"*Nathan.* Let one not scar and bruise the other;
let not the gnarl be angry with the stump;
let not the upper branch alone pretend
not to have started from the common earth.
Templar. Well said: and yet, I trust, you know the nation,
that first began to strike at fellow men,
that first baptiz'd itself the chosen people—
How now if I were—not to hate this people,
yet for its pride could not forbear to scorn it,
the pride which it to musulman and christian

bequeath'd, as were its god alone the true one.
You start, that I, a christian, and a templar,
talk thus. Where, when, has e'er the pious rage
to own the better God—on the whole world
to force this better, as the best of all—
shown itself more, and in a blacker form,
than here, than now? To him, whom, here and now,
the film is not removing from his eye—
But be he blind that wills! Forget my speeches
and leave me.

Nathan. Ah! indeed you do not know
how closer I shall cling to you henceforth.
We must, we will be friends. Despise my nation—
We did not choose a nation for ourselves.
Are we our nations? What's a nation then?
Were jews and christians such, e'er they were men?
And have I found in thee one more, to whom
it is enough to be a man.

Templar. That hast thou.
Nathan, by God, thou hast. Thy hand; I blush
to have mistaken thee a single instant.

Nathan. And I am proud of't. Only common souls
we seldom err in.

Templar. And uncommon ones
seldom forget. Yes, Nathan, yes we must,
we will be friends."

The following is a little too abstruse, in a dramatic point of view, for the conversation of a girl and her confidante, when the former is on the tip-toe of expectation of a first visit from her lover.

" *Recha.* What, Daya, did my father really say
I might expect him, every instant, here?
That meant—now did it not? he would come soon.
And yet how many instants have rolled by!—
But who would think of those that are elapsed?—
To the next moment only I am alive.—
At last the very one will come that brings him.

Daya. But for the Sultan's ill-tim'd message, Nathan
had brought him in.

Recha. And when this moment comes,
and when this warmest, inmost of my wishes
shall be fulfill'd, what then? what then?

Daya. What then!

why then I hope the warmest of my wishes
will have its turn, and happen.

Recha. 'Stead of this,
what wish shall take possession of my bosom,
which now without some ruling wish of wishes
knows not to heave? Shall nothing? ah, I shudder!

Daya. Yes: mine shall then supplant the one fulfill'd—
my wish to see thee plac'd one day in Europe
in hands well worthy of thee.

Recha. No, thou errest:
the very thing that makes thee form this wish
prevents its being mine. Thy country draws thee,
and shall not mine retain me? Shall an image,
a fond remembrance of thy home, thy kindred,
which years and distance have not yet effac'd,
be mightier o'er thy soul, than what I hear,
see, feel, and hold, of mine?

Daya. 'Tis vain to struggle—
the ways of heaven are the ways of heaven.
Is he the destin'd saviour by whose arm
his God, for whom he fights, intends to lead thee
into the land, which thou wast born for—

Recha. Daya,
what art thou prating of? My dearest Daya,
indeed thou hast some strange unseemly notions.
"*His* God—*for* whom he fights"—what is a God
belonging to a man—needing another
to fight his battles? And can we pronounce
for which among the scatter'd clods of earth
you, I was born, unless it be for that
on which we were produced. If Nathan heard thee—
what has my father done to thee, that thou
hast ever sought to paint my happiness
as lying far remote from him, and his?
What has he done to thee that thus, among
the seeds of reason, which he sow'd unmix'd,
pure in my soul, thou ever must be seeking
to plant the weeds, or flowers, of thy own land.
He wills not of these pranking gaudy blossoms
upon this soil. And I too must acknowledge
I feel as if they had a sour-sweet odor,
that makes me giddy—that half suffocates.
Thy head is wont to bear it. I don't blame
those stronger nerves, that can support it.—
When was I not all ear, if thou began'st

to talk about the heroes of thy faith?
Have I not freely on their deeds bestow'd
my admiration, to their sufferings yielded
the tribute of my tears? Their faith indeed
has never seem'd their most heroic side
to me: yet therefore have I only learnt
to find more consolation in the thought,
that our devotion to the God of all
depends not on our notions about God,
my father has so often told us so.—

The Templar's interview with Athanasios is peculiarly characteristic of the tone and style of the piece. The reader will thank us for extracting it entire.

Patriarch. So, sir knight, I'm truly happy
to meet the brave young man—so very young too—
something, God help him, may come of him.
Templar. More
than is already hardly will come of him,
but less, my reverend father, that may chance.
Patriarch. It is my prayer at least a knight so pious
may for the cause of christendom and God
long be preserved; nor can that fail, so be
young valour will lend ear to aged counsel.
With what can I be useful any way?
Templar. With that which my youth is without, with counsel.
Patriarch. Most willingly, but counsel should be follow'd.
Templar. Surely not blindly?
Patriarch. Who says that? Indeed
none should omit to make use of the reason
given him by God, in things where it belongs,
but it belongs not every where; for instance,
if God, by some one of his blessed angels,
or other holy minister of his word,
deign'd to make known a mean, by which the welfare
of Christendom or of his holy church
in some peculiar and especial manner
might be promoted or secured, who then
shall venture to rise up and try by reason
the will of him who has created reason,
measure th' eternal laws of heaven by
the little rules of a vain human honour?—
But, of all this, enough. What is it then
on which our counsel is desir'd?

Templar. Suppose,
my reverend father, that a jew possess'd
an only child, a girl we'll say, whom he
with fond attention forms to every virtue,
and loves more than his very soul; a child
who by her pious love requites his goodness.
And now, suppose it whisper'd—say to me—
this girl is not the daughter of the Jew,
he pick'd up, purchas'd, stole her in her childhood—
that she was born of christians and baptiz'd,
but that the jew hath rear'd her as a jewess,
allows her to remain a jewess, and
to think herself his daughter. Reverend father,
what then ought to be done?

Patriarch. I shudder! But
first will you please explain if such a case
be fact, or only an hypothesis?
That is to say, if you, of your own head,
invent the case, or if indeed it happen'd,
and still continues happening?

Templar. I had thought
that just to learn your reverence's opinion
this were all one.

Patriarch. All one—now see how apt
proud human reason is in spiritual things
to err: 'tis not all one; for, if the point
in question be a mere sport of the wit,
'twill not be worth our while to think it thro',
but I should recommend the curious person
to theatres, where oft, with loud applause,
such pro and contras have been agitated.
But if the object should be something more
than by a school-trick—by a sleight of logic
to get the better of me—if the case
be really extant, if it should have happen'd
within our diocese, or—or perhaps
here in our dear Jerusalem itself,
why then—

Templar. What then?

Patriarch. Then were it proper
to execute at once upon the jew
the penal laws in such a case provided
by papal and imperial right, against
so foul a crime—such dire abomination.

Templar. So

Patriarch. And the laws foremention'd have decreed,
that if a jew shall to apostacy
seduce a christian, he shall die by fire.
Templar. So.
Patriarch. How much more the jew, who forcibly
tears from the holy font a christian child,
and breaks the sacramental bond of baptism;
for all what's done to children is by force—
I mean except what the church does to children.
Templar. What if the child, but for this fostering jew,
must have expir'd in misery?
Patriarch. That's nothing;
the Jew has still deserv'd the faggot—for
'twere better it here died in misery
than for eternal woe to live. Besides,
why should the jew forestall the hand of God?
God, if he wills to save, can save without him.
Templar. And spite of him too save eternally.
Patriarch. That's nothing! still the jew is to be burnt.
Templar. That hurts me—more particularly as
'tis said, he has not so much taught the maid
his faith, as brought her up with the mere knowledge
of what our reason teaches about God.
Patriarch. That's nothing! still the jew is to be burnt—
and for this very reason would deserve
to be thrice burnt. How, let a child grow up
without a faith? Not even teach a child
the greatest of its duties, to believe?
'Tis heinous! I am quite astonish'd, knight,
That you yourself—
Templar. The rest, right reverend sir,
in the confessional, but not before."

The Sultan's second interview with the Templar is beautiful, and even affecting.

" *Templar.* I thy prisoner, Sultan.
Saladin. Thou my prisoner—
and shall I not to him whose life I gave
also give freedom?
Templar. What 'twere worthy thine
to do, it is my part to hear of thee,
and not to take for granted. But, O Sultan,
to lay loud protestations at thy feet,
of gratitude for a life spared, agrees

not with my station or my character.
At all times, 'tis once more, prince, at thy service.

Saladin. Only forbear to use it against me.
Not that I grudge my enemy one pair more
of hands—but such a heart, it goes against me
to yield him. I have been deceiv'd with thee,
thou brave young man, in nothing—Yes, thou art
in soul and body Assad. I could ask thee
where then hast thou been lurking all this time?
Or in what cavern slept? What Ginnistan
chose some kind Perie for thy hiding-place,
that she might ever keep the flower thus fresh?
Methinks, I could remind thee here and yonder
of what we did together—could abuse thee
for having had one secret, e'en to me—
cheat me of one adventure—yes, I could,
if I saw thee alone, and not myself.
Thanks that so much of this fond sweet illusion
at least is true, that in my sear of life
an Assad blossoms for me."

The following soliloquy of the Templar, in the Place of Palms, before Nathan's house, is striking:

"No, into this house I go not—sure at last
he'll shew himself—once, once they used to see me
so instantly, so gladly—time will come
when he'll send out most civilly to beg me
not to pace up and down before his door.
Psha—and yet I'am a little nettled too;
and what has thus embitter'd me against him?
He answered yes. He has refus'd me nothing
as yet. And Saladin has undertaken
to bring him round. And does the christian nestle
deeper in me than the jew lurks in him?
Who, who can justly estimate himself?
How comes it else that I should grudge him so
the little booty that he took such pains
to rob the christians of? A theft, no less
than such a creature tho'—but whose, whose creature?
Sure, not the slave's who floated the mere block
on to life's barren strand, and then ran off;
but his the artist's, whose fine fancy moulded
upon the unown'd block a godlike form,
whose chisel grav'd it there. Recha's true father,

spite of the christian who begot her, is,
must ever be, the jew. Alas, were I
to fancy her a simple christian wench,
and without all that which the jew has given,
which only such a jew could have bestow'd—
speak out my heart, what had she that would please thee?
No, nothing! Little! For her very smile
shrinks to a pretty twisting of the muscles—
be that, which makes her smile, suppos'd unworthy
of all the charms in ambush on her lips?
No, not her very smile—I've seen sweet smiles
spent on conceit, on foppery, on slander,
on flatterers, on wicked wooers spent,
and did they charm me then? Then wake the wish
to flutter out a life beneath their sunshine?
Indeed not—Yet I'am angry with the man
who alone gave this higher value to her."

The following is still more pathetic. It is Recha's account of Daya's communication to her, of her real birth and parentage:—

"Coming hitherward,
we past a fallen temple of the christians—
she all at once stood still, seem'd inly struggling,
turn'd her moist eyes to heaven, and then on me.
Come, says she finally, let's to the right
through this old fane—she leads the way, I follow.
My eyes with horror overran the dim
and tottering ruin—all at once she stops
by the sunk steps of a low moorish altar.
O how I felt, when there, with streaming tears
and writhing hands, prostrate before my feet
she fell. * * * * And by the holy virgin,
who there had hearkened many a prayer and wrought
many a wonder, she conjur'd, entreated,
with looks of heartfelt sympathy and love,
I would at length take pity of myself—
at least forgive, if she must now unfold
what claims her church had on me.—
That I am sprung of christian blood—baptiz'd—
not Nathan's daughter—and he not my father!
God, God, he not my father!"

We have only room for another extract. That, however, is the most beautiful in the piece. It is the old story of the

three rings, which has been so often told; but never, as far as we remember, with so much simplicity and pathos. It is at once characteristic of the style and sentiments of the author; and, although the moral of the tale may be pushed a little too far, it is impossible not to sympathise with the ardent benevolence, and the enlightened philanthropy, of the narrator. It is in the shape of a dialogue between Nathan and the Sultan, Saladin.

" *Nathan.* In days of yore, there dwelt in east a man,
who from a valued hand receiv'd a ring
of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,
that shot an ever-changing tint: moreover
it had the hidden virtue him to render
of God and man belov'd, who in this view,
and this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
the eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
and studiously provided to secure it
for ever to his house. Thus—He bequeathed it;
first, to the *most beloved* of his sons,
ordain'd that he again should leave the ring
to the *most dear* among his children—and
that without heeding birth, the *favourite* son,
in virtue of the ring alone, should always
remain the lord of the house—You hear me, Sultan?
Saladin. I understand thee—on.
Nathan. From son to son,
at length this ring descended to a father,
who had three sons, alike obedient to him;
whom therefore he could not but love alike.
At times seem'd this, now that, at times the third,
(accordingly as each apart receiv'd
the overflowings of his heart) most worthy
to heir the ring, which with good-natur'd weakness
he privately to each in turn had promis'd.
This went on for a while. But death approach'd,
and the good father grew embarrass'd. So,
to disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,
he cannot bear. What's to be done. He sends
in secret to a jeweller, of whom,
upon the model of the real ring,
he might bespeak two others, and commanded
to spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
quite like the true one. This the artist manag'd.
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
could not distinguish which had been the model.

Quite overjoy'd he summons all his sons,
takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
his blessing and his ring, and dies.
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
appears, and claims to be the lord o'th' house.
Comes question, strife, complaint—all to no end;
for the true ring could no more be distinguish'd
than now can—the true faith.—Each to the judge
swore from his father's hand immediately
to have receiv'd the ring, as was the case;
after he'had long obtain'd the father's promise,
one day to have the ring, as also was.
The father, each asserted, could to him
not have been false, rather than so suspect
of such a father, willing as he might be
with charity to judge his brethren, he
of treacherous forgery was bold to'accuse them.
The judge said, if ye summon not the father
before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
that the true ring should here unseal its lips?
But hold—you tell me that the real ring
enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
of God and man belov'd; let that decide.
Which of you do two brothers love the best?
You'are silent. Do these love-exciting rings
act inward only, not without? Does each
love but himself? Ye'are all deceiv'd deceivers,
none of your rings is true. The real ring
perhaps is gone. To hide or to supply
its loss, your father order'd three for one.

Saladin. O charming, charming!

Nathan. And (the judge continued)
if you will take advice in lieu of sentence
this is my counsel to you, to take up
the matter where it stands. If each of you
has had a ring presented by his father,
let each believe his own the real ring.
'Tis possible the father chose no longer
to tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
and certainly, as he much lov'd you all,
and lov'd you all alike, it could not please him
by favouring one, to be of two the oppresser.
let each feel honour'd by this free affection
unwarp'd of prejudice; let each endeavour

to vie with both his brothers in displaying
the virtue of his ring; *assist its might*
with gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
with inward resignation to the godhead;
and if the virtues of the ring continue
to show themselves among your children's children,
after a thousand thousand years, appear
before this judgment-seat—a greater one
than I shall sit upon it and decide.
So spake the modest judge."

When this article was sent to the press, we were not sufficiently sure of the publicity of the translator's name, to feel justified in mentioning it in our remarks. We have since met with a critique on *Nathan the Wise*, in an early volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, which informs us that the present translation " is from the pen of Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, whose admirable versions of *Lenore*, and of the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, have placed him at the head of all our translators from that (the German) language." *Edin. Review, April*, 1806. Vol. viii.

ART. V.—*A Voyage round the World, in the Years* 1740, 1, 2, 3, 4, *by* George Anson, *Esq., Commander in Chief of a Squadron of His Majesty's Ships, sent upon an Expedition to the South Sea. Compiled from Papers and other Materials of the Right Honourable George Lord Anson, and published under his direction, by Richard Walter, M. A. Chaplain of his Majesty's Ship the Centurion, in that Expedition. The Second Edition, with Charts of the Southern Part of South America, of Part of the Pacific Ocean, and of the Track of the Centurion round the World. London,* 1748.

The Narrative of the Honourable John Byron, *Commodore in a late Expedition round the World, containing an Account of the great Distresses suffered by himself and his Companions on the Coast of Patagonia, from the Year* 1740, *till their arrival in England,* 1746. *With a Description of St. Jago de Chili, and the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants; also a Relation of the Loss of the Wager, Man of War, one of Admiral Anson's Squadron. Written by himself. The Second Edition. London,* 1768.

Eminently conspicuous among those who have gained the palm of deserved celebrity, may be ranked the intrepid naviga-

tors, by whose persevering resolution, undaunted courage, and professional skill, the paths of discovery were laid open, and science was enriched with the choicest stores of nature, gleaned from realms that were before unknown. The gallant officer who upheld the honor of his native land, and the glory of her flag, was generally prompted by a desire of seeing his name enrolled among the deeds of the brave, and registered as the defender of his country's rights. But the enduring and indefatigable discoverer had a nobler aim in view—the extension of knowledge, and the civilization of mankind; and he has left to posterity a lasting fame, which can never pass away as long as the monuments of his research remain to perpetuate the remembrance of his enterprising spirit and patient investigation. Curiosity is strongly prevalent in our nature, from infancy to manhood—from maturity to old age, and hence arises the lively interest which is excited by the perusal of a book of voyages or travels—an interest which increases in proportion with the opportunities that are offered for its gratification. By means of these books we become acquainted with our fellow men who inhabit a different and distant region of the earth, and their manners, habits, and customs are rendered familiar to us. We exult in their prosperity, mourn their depravity, or commisserate their sufferings; and whether we visit the land of the luxurious Persian—sail round the coasts of New Holland, or wander through the wilds of Africa—indeed, wherever the traveller leads us, we follow with admiration and astonishment, deeply contemplating the wonderful works of creation, and the surprising ingenuity of man.

The accounts of the first voyagers are mingled with fabulous tales of giants and monsters, that could only have existed in the imagination of the writer; or, what is more probable, they were introduced by artful and designing men, for the purpose of deterring other adventurers from exploring the same spot, and enriching themselves with the supposed treasures it contained: but, on the whole, they convey much valuable information, and many curious remarks descriptive of manners of the times, when science began to arouse from its lethargy like a giant refreshed from sleep.

The inventive genius of foreigners first excited a spirit of maritime enterprize in England, and their efforts paved the way to that national importance and wealth for which she is so remarkably pre-eminent in the present day. The discovery of the valuable properties attached to the magnet, led to the invention of the mariner's compass (in 1302); and though it was at first imperfect in its construction, and rude in its form, it enabled ships to depart from their usual mode of coasting along shore, and by boldly launching on the trackless ocean,

eventually and materially contributed to the great discoveries which afterwards took place. In the first instance, it was supposed that the magnetic needle exactly coincided with the plane of the meridian; and, consequently, that all the points of the compass agreed with the correspondent points of the horizon. This must have occasioned considerable embarrassment to the early navigators, and have caused a very great confusion in their nautical accounts.—From hence, also, proceeded the numerous errors in the first hydrographers. Still no observation appears to have been made of that remarkable phenomenon, the variation of the compass from the true north and south points, till the voyage of Columbus to the Western World, a period of nearly two hundred years. It is, however, by no means improbable that it had been noticed before; and, indeed, it seems almost impossible that it could have been otherwise, for the variation in his previous voyage to Greenland was, upon the coast of England, 1¾ points easterly; but, in his western course, as he also approached nigher to the Equator, so it would lessen the altitude of the polar star, and by its appearance more upon the verge of the horizon, presented a favourable situation for remarking and calculating the difference, and which, for many years (to 1634), was supposed to be continually the same. It has since been found to be constantly varying at different parts of the world. The discovery of America, under the auspices of Spain, gave rise to mutual rivalship, jealousy, and contention, with the court of Portugal; and the *equitable* distribution by the papal crown—that all discoveries to the eastward were to be the property of Portugal, while those to the west were declared under the sovereignty of Spain, served (perhaps from motives of political peculation in Alexander) to heighten the discord. Still it produced its advantages for men of talent and ability, who, finding their application for employment rejected by one government, were immediately engaged by the other to forward its designs. This was the case with Ferdinand Magalhaens, or Magellan, a Portuguese of a good family, who had been brought up to the sea from his boyhood, and was well skilled in seamanship and navigation. Nature appeared to have moulded him for adventurous undertakings and great achievements; and in the accounts of this remarkable man, which have come down to posterity, a striking similarity is observable between his disposition and manners with those of the eminent and immortal Cook, and both met with nearly the same death. Magellan had served in India, under the justly celebrated Albuquerque, but finding his services were not valued, and his remonstrances treated with contempt, he retired with Falero, the astronomer, to the court of Spain. Men of their descrip-

tion could not remain long in obscurity, when once brought under the penetrating eye of Cardinal Ximenes, and notwithstanding the secret intrigues of their own countrymen, both were received into favour and exalted in rank.

The first expedition of the Spaniards across the newly discovered continent, opened to their view the Great South Sea, and hopes were entertained that a passage might be found, either through the Rio de la Plata, or some other opening into the Coast, whereby they would be enabled to enter it from the *westward*, and thus claim all discoveries under the grant of the pope's bull, as well as open a communication with the Molucca Islands. To execute this project, Magellan seemed eminently gifted, and accordingly he sailed from Seville, with five ships and about two hundred and fifty men, on the 11th August, 1519; and after encountering innumerable perils, from the want of experience and subordination in his crews, (some of whom he hanged for mutiny in Port St. Julian, on the coast of Patagonia,) he passed through the Straits, now bearing his name, and accomplished his object by entering into the Southern Ocean, giving it the appellation of Pacific, which it still retains. From thence, they pursued their course for nearly four months without once gaining sight of land, and during this time their numbers were greatly diminished, by being literally starved to death. After visiting the Ladrones, and many of the Islands in the South Seas, they repaired to one of the Phillipine Islands, where Magellan lost his life in an engagement with the natives. Leaving these, they continued for some months among the numerous islands, in the Eastern Archipelago; and out of two hundred and fifty men, not more than twenty returned to Spain,—the rest were either starved, killed, or taken prisoners. By this voyage, geography was greatly enriched, and the spherical form of the earth determined; beside, it opened a mart for European produce, and though the accounts were much exaggerated, yet experience has since convinced us of the value and importance of the Spice and other islands. The whole was performed in three years and twenty-seven days. Many attempts were made by other able commanders, but all without effect, till the time of Elizabeth (1577,) when Drake circumnavigated the globe, after having made many important discoveries, and plundered the Spaniards of immense wealth. From this hour, the prosperity of the British Navy may be dated; from that time its theoretical knowledge and practical ability have been constantly increasing.

The success of Drake stimulated others to follow his example; and Sir Thomas Candish, encouraged by Elizabeth, was the next who sailed round the world, quitting England in 1586, and returning in 1588. Three years afterwards he made

a second attempt, but this adventure terminated disastrously to his people and fatal to himself. About this period, the Hollanders, who had thrown off the yoke of Spain, were sadly distressed for means to carry on the war against their implacable foe, Philip the Second, and in defence of their national freedom. The treasures of the Spanish colonies, poured into the bosom of the mother country, wrought more powerfully against the United Provinces than could have been accomplished by the force of arms; till the Dutch, roused by a sense of the injuries which were heaped upon them, determined to draw their resources from the Spaniards themselves, and literally fight them with their own weapons. Encouraged by the successful enterprises of the English, they resolved to send an expedition in the same direction, for the purpose of making large drafts upon the Spanish funds, and endeavour to promote a commercial intercourse with the East and West Indies. In September, 1598, having completed the equipment of two stout ships, and two yachts, they sailed under the command of Oliver Van Noort, and, directed by the nautical skill of an English pilot, completed a circuit of the globe in something less than three years. Previous to their departure, a fleet had sailed with similar intentions, under De Weert, (the discoverer of the Falkland Isles, originally named after him) but after encountering severe hardships and appalling distresses in the Straits of Magellan, they were compelled to relinquish the design and return home. The cause of failure was principally attributed to their want of confidence, and to their rejecting the counsels of the English pilots.

The Dutch East India Company, still anxious to perform the voyage to India by the Straits of Magellan, fitted out another fleet in 1614, consisting of six ships, and George Spilbergen, a man of high reputation for experienced knowledge, took the supreme command, and arrived in the South Seas, May 6th, 1615. The Spaniards, alarmed at these unceremonious visits of the Hollanders, equipped an armament of eight ships of war, to give them a warm reception, according to the usual mode of a Spanish welcome; and though the admiral was warned of the superior ability and determined bravery of the Dutch, yet, with the characteristic haughtiness of the Don, he boastingly replied, that "two of his ships, independent of the rest, were sufficient to take all England, and much more the insignificant Hollanders, who must be spent with the fatigues of the voyage, and would certainly yield, with trembling alarm, without honouring him with a shot." In this, however, he was most wofully deceived, for, on the meeting of the adverse fleets, Mynheer singed the Don's whiskers in a deplorable manner, and then sunk his ships to cool his ears. In short, the whole

fleet was defeated, with an amazing loss, and three of the largest sent to the bottom. This brave man (Spilbergen) assisted in the reduction and conquest of the Moluccas, and by his prudence, gallantry, and skill, materially contributed to the grandeur and freedom of his country, where he arrived July 1st, 1617. The States General having granted a charter to the East India Company, by which they claimed the exclusive privilege of trading to the eastward, beyond the Cape of Good Hope, and to the westward, through the Straits of Magellan, it naturally gave great dissatisfaction to the other merchants, (as such fetters on the operations of commerce must at all times produce,) and they prepared, not only to find some hole to creep out at and evade the charter, but also some other opening to creep into the Southern Ocean. Men capable of the undertaking were readily embarked, and Schouten and Le Maire sailed on the enterprise, which led to the discovery of Cape Horn, and the Straits of Le Maire, (the usual tract of ships in the present day,) and by their intrepidity and perseverance, they sailed round the world in two years and eighteen days. In 1622, the Dutch dispatched another armament (called the Nassau fleet) of eleven sail, to harass the Spaniards in their wealthy colonies; and the western coast of America, as well as the Gulf of Mexico, soon began to swarm with desperate characters of all nations, who thought as little of circum-navigating the globe as if it had been a mere ordinary voyage. Such were the first discoverers, who "fetched a compass of the earth," and opened a communication with distant and hitherto unknown regions.

The great success of Columbus induced other nations to attempt similar enterprises. Cabot sailed from England to the northward: Cabral was appointed by the King of Portugal to the command of a fleet, and directed to follow the course of De Gama in the east, round the Cape of Good Hope, (then recently discovered,) but meeting with adverse winds, he was driven so far to the westward, as to make the coast of Brazil, and took possession of the country, in the name and for the crown of Portugal, although it had been previously visited by Pinçon, (a companion of Columbus,) and claimed for the court of Spain. Cabral immediately dispatched intelligence to Lisbon, announcing the discovery, and then continued his course to India. When the information arrived in Europe, it was hailed with considerable gratification by Emanuel, who immediately invited Americus Vespucius from Seville, and dispatched him, with three ships, to explore the new additions to his power. After encountering many and severe hardships, he sailed as far south as 52 deg., without effecting any thing of very great importance, and then returned home; but though his discoveries were few, he had the honour of naming the New World, to the

great prejudice and injustice of the first discoverers. The following year he sailed again, and made a settlement on the coast, and thus laid the foundation of the Portuguese possessions in Brazil, now erected into an empire. There is, perhaps, no harbour in the world more beautiful in its appearance, or more commodious in its anchorage, than Rio Janeiro; the original inhabitants of whose shores were cannibals, and of whom scarcely a trace is left. Cruel was the work of devastation. Every method which infernal malice could suggest was put in practice to exterminate the natives. The engines of war were not considered sufficient for the purpose. Disease, in almost every shape, was spread amongst them; and that pest, the small-pox, destroyed more than the sword. It was the practice to distribute clothes and toys infected with the matter where the Indians were most likely to find them; and the plan succeeded but too well. Solis was the first discoverer of this fertile spot, but he quitted it, and proceeded to the river Plata, where he was murdered by the natives, and most probably devoured. Many attempts were made to settle a colony, for nearly fifty years, without effect; and when it was accomplished, the Portuguese suffered very severely from the repeated attacks of the Spaniards, French, and Dutch, to drive them from Brazil. With the Spaniards a treaty was concluded, and an agreement made, that the Portuguese should possess all the country between the two great rivers Amazon and Plata. The French and Dutch were defeated, and compelled to abandon their designs, though the latter continued to harass the Portuguese commerce by sea; but, in 1661, the Dutch accepted *eight tons of gold*, as an equivalent for yielding up all interest in Brazil. Previous to this, in 1580, Don Sebastian, the King of Portugal, was killed in an expedition against the Moors, in Africa, and the kingdom and its dependencies became annexed to the crown of Spain; but on the Portuguese asserting their independence, and gaining their freedom, the boundaries of Brazil were restored, from the Amazon to the Rio Grande. In the first instance, the colonies offered but little emolument, except from the fertility of the soil and the valuable timber; but the discovery of mines, containing the precious metal most coveted by all nations, and likewise diamonds, soon produced an opulence among the colonists; and, for some time afterward, the produce of the country was impoverished, through the neglect of the inhabitants, who rather sought for artificial wealth than permanent advantage. To remedy this evil, and relieve the Portuguese from a toil they were unable to support, the poor descendants of Ham were dragged from their African home, and at once immured within the mines for the residue of their lives, to dig for that treasure they were not permitted to en-

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joy. Dreadfully revolting even to the obdurate heart have been the cruelties and oppressions practised on the unoffending negro; and in no part of the globe was it carried to a greater extent, than in the vicinity of the mines. The slave who was purchased to cultivate the ground, to fish, or other laborious duty, still enjoyed the light of the sun, and was indulged, occasionally, with a cessation from toil; but humanity sickens when it contemplates the fate of a fellow creature, whose only crime was a difference of colour, doomed to drag on a short and miserable existence; shut up in the bowels of the earth, without a beam of day to cheer his gloomy prison; and resting solely on the hope, that when his spirit quitted its abode he should return to his native land—to the spot where the days of his childhood passed in tranquillity and joy. In the dark ages, when ignorance fostered cruelty, and the inordinate thirst for gold stifled every feeling of compassion, the poor African could not expect to find an advocate or friend; but when the light of knowledge spread its influence over the nations of the earth, and man became more civilized, the unfriended negro derived no benefit from its operations, his sufferings and degradation continued the same. We have seen the slave ship, with its hundreds, anchor in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, before the palace and under the eye of royalty, and the victims have been immediately transported to the mines, where a few months have terminated their mortal career. We have visited those mines, and witnessed the wretched state of their inhabitants. The first sight that greeted our arrival was a sufferer in the agonies of death, which shortly relieved him from his oppressors; and the appearance of the living spectres that remained behind promised an early release from tyranny and wrong. In the course of time the mines became a receptacle for criminals and state prisoners, worse than the Inquisition or Bastile. The fate of one individual is still fresh in our memory: A French officer, contrary to the faith pledged him by a British admiral, was condemned to end his days in one of these miserable abodes. We can recollect his last look at quitting the protection of the English flag, when anguish, despair, and heroism, struggled for the mastery. He went, and we heard of him no more.

But to return to our subject. Upon the discovery of the mines of Brazil, the seat of government was fixed at Rio Janeiro, and the city of San Sebastian began to display the marks of wealth, as far as the outward show of gold, silver, and jewels, in their pompous processions and fêtes, are indications of it; but the arts and sciences remained in total obscurity. Literature was no where cultivated, except in the depths of monastic solitude; and even among the ecclesi-

astics the grossest ignorance prevailed. When Captain Cook arrived here, on his passage to observe the transit of Venus across the disc of the sun, he endeavoured to explain the object of his voyage to the viceroy and court, but without effect. All they could understand was, that Cook expected the north star to pass through the South Pole, and was going to look for it. The emigration of the court of Portugal materially altered the face of affairs. The people began to feel their own importance, in proportion with the instruction that was spread amongst them; and while England was fighting their battles on the continent, they had ample leisure to devote their attention to the improvement of the colonies. A spirit of inquiry, and a desire for information, prevailed. The intercourse with Great Britain contributed to their wishes. Science awoke from its slumber, the arts were cherished, and learning was partially patronized; although still labouring against the bias of superstitious bigotry. Commensurate with the diffusion of knowledge, arose the feelings of independence, and the hopes of freedom. The spark was kindled, nor could all the efforts of power extinguish it; and at this moment we see the empire of Brazil bidding fair to flourish in estimation and glory. Foreign enemies she has none to fear, while all parties are just to themselves and faithful to their prince.

In 1515, the Spaniards sailed up the river Plata, and founded the city of Buenos Ayres. What enticement they could have met with on their first landing, we are at a loss to conjecture. An arid soil, without a tree to be seen, and the coast, near the shore, a loose deep sand, are poor temptations to form a settlement. The only motive for fixing on this spot must have been, a prospect of the great river communicating with the Southern Ocean. But when the Spanish conquests extended to Chili and Peru, the returns became very valuable, consisting chiefly of the gold and silver of those provinces, with hides and tallow. The difficulty of the navigation, the distance of Buenos Ayres from the ocean, and the shoalness of the water approaching the town, long operated to its disadvantage; but eventually these difficulties, though they could not be removed, were in some measure overcome. The aborigines lived in populous towns, and were governed by caciques, who were hereditary and independent of each other. These would, no doubt, have soon driven the Spaniards from their shores, had it not been for the remarkable conduct of the Jesuits, who quitted all civilized society, and penetrating the interior, associated with the Indians, forming them into commonwealths; and, by their address and policy, made a complete conquest over the minds and persons of a people, otherwise savage and barbarous. The immense impost they

paid to the government procured them both encouragement and protection; and the capitation tax was gathered without difficulty from upwards of three hundred thousand families, that had yielded to the subjection of the Jesuits, and looked up to them with an attachment and awe bordering on adoration.

In 1733 the town of Monte Video was built in an advantageous position, on the opposite banks of the river; and, excepting the disputes between the Spaniards and Portuguese, on account of the border settlements, these colonies enjoyed a peaceful tranquillity. A degrading submission and a blind obedience to the ecclesiastical power, appear to have been the leading features of the colonists; and they long continued to be sunk in ignorance and superstition. When the mother country was overrun by the troops of Napoleon, and Spain was leagued with France, the people of Buenos Ayres suddenly aroused themselves from their lethargy, and displayed symptoms of dissatisfaction. In Monte Video, as the inhabitants were chiefly Old-Spainers, they adhered to the cause of their country, but condemned its subjugation. At this moment, a wise policy on the part of England might have led to incalculable advantages. As friends, the English would have been hailed with joy; but the habitual jealousy and pride of the Spaniards was excited when England held out the hand of peace, cased in the iron gauntlet of war. They could place but little confidence in the promises of men whose bayonets were brought to the charge. Resistance ensued, and Monte Video was stormed. The scene of slaughter and plunder was horrible, and those who witnessed it will never have that day erased from memory. Buenos Ayres was next subdued, but the exertions of the Spaniards had taught them that some reliance might be placed upon their own strength; and the British were compelled to abandon it. Still, prompt decision in war, or conciliatory measures of peace, might have brought about the desired purpose. The Spaniards entertained a high sense of English bravery and honour; they would have esteemed us as allies, but never as conquerors; and the struggles for emancipation became hourly more strong. At this period the appointment of a cowardly poltroon, as commander-in-chief, disgusted the army and distracted its councils. Buenos Ayres was again attacked; the brave troops fulfilled their duty, and sustained the high character of Englishmen in the field, to the admiration of the enemy;* but the ill-advised plan, and its

* It is but little known, that a female bore a conspicuous share in the events of the 5th July, 1807. This lady was the wife of Captain O'Gorman, who married her at the Mauritius, and brought the

consequent result, was disgraceful to the British flag, and terminated in withdrawing our troops from the country. The shame of defeat, added to the fascinating manners of the females, induced several hundred of our men to abandon their colours, and enrol themselves in the Spanish cause. Whole companies of artillery, cavalry, and grenadiers, were formed of English deserters; and these materially assisted, among the troops, in hastening the event which afterwards took place.

When the French army was defeated by the English, and Spain shook off the fetters of Napoleon, the colonies once more entered into an amicable treaty with Great Britain, and a commercial intercourse was speedily opened, but the spirit of freedom had gone abroad. The period arrived for action—the Viceroy and Cabilda were deposed, and a change effected without a single casualty, which is the more remarkable from the sanguinary murders that had so recently and repeatedly taken place. The Junta were assembled, and a deputy dispatched to the British court, in the Mutine English sloop of war. From that time civil discord has ravaged Buenos Ayres, but we look forward with expectation, when animosity shall cease, and this province will become a free and powerful state.

The conquest of Mexico by Cortez, and the reduction of Peru and Chili by Pizarro and Almagro, placed nearly the whole of South America under the dominion of the Spaniards; and the immense treasures which these places yielded, offered too powerful a temptation to be resisted by adventurers who had nothing to lose, and every thing to gain. The resistance of the natives was long and arduous; and the history of the wars presents a series of wonderful achievements, and personal bravery, almost surpassing credibility: but European science prevailed, and the Spaniards were fixed in their possessions.

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family, consisting of her mother, sister, and brothers, to Buenos Ayres. A previous acquaintance with General Liniers (she was French) was renewed, and scandal was busy in propagating rumours. Few women possessed a more unbounded knowledge of state intrigue, or were better calculated to meet the emergency of the moment. With a masculine mind, her manners were elegant and fascinating, but when provoked, the flash of her eye was terrible, and the thunder of her oratory confounding. Her brothers served on the day of battle, and one of them received the surrender of General Crawford. She herself, habited in the superb dress of an hussar, rode by the side of Liniers, during the contest, animating the Spaniards, and occasionally directing the operations. On the suspension of hostilities, this Amazon galloped through the scene of carnage, put a stop to the work of destruction, and provided for the wounded soldiers of the British army.

After the Spaniards had established themselves at Lima, and along the coast, an intercourse was kept up with the Philippine islands; and a ship, laden with treasure, sailed regularly to and from the port of Acapulco, in Mexico, to Manilla, in the China Sea. These treasure-ships proved too irresistible to pass unnoticed by adverse nations. The Buccaneers were the first who considered themselves entitled to the office of Tellers of the Exchequer for the southern ocean, and the galleon (as she was called) frequently fell into their hands. On the suppression of the Buccaneers, however, the Spaniards enjoyed their traffic unmolested, unless, sometimes, a British vessel hove in sight; and, unable to stand the temptation, borrowed a few of their pieces of eight, without signing a bond for the repayment.

At the close of the summer 1739, a war between England and Spain appeared inevitable; and the British government, with a similar system of policy to that of a more recent date, (the capture of the Spanish frigates by a squadron under Graham Moore,) prepared to be beforehand with the enemy, and cut off the resources by which he would alone be enabled to support the war. The most eligible plan appeared to be the immediate embarkation of a land force, to co-operate with the naval power, and to attack the crown of Spain in her distant settlements. In pursuance of these sentiments it was determined that Captain George Anson should be appointed commander in chief of an expedition of this nature. Two squadrons were to be fitted out, one for Anson, and the other for the brave Captain Cornewall, (who afterwards fell in the service of his country, while nobly seconding Admiral Matthews, in Lestock's disgraceful action). The squadron under Anson was to receive on board a regiment of foot, and three independent companies of one hundred men each, and then proceed, without loss of time, to attack the Spanish settlements in the East Indies; while that under Cornewall, of equal force, was to sail round Cape Horn into the South Seas, and cruize against the enemy both by sea and land. It was afterwards to join the first at Manilla, and they were to unite their powers for further conquest. The scheme was admirably projected, and had it been carried into execution, must have succeeded in every point. The Spaniards were totally unprepared and devoid of protection, the guns at their forts were honey-combed and dismounted; indeed, their defenceless condition afforded expectation that a surrender would be made without a struggle at the first appearance of danger. The beneficial commerce carried on at Manilla with the East Indies and China, and its exclusive trade to Acapulco (the returns for which, at the lowest calculation, were estimated at upwards of three mil-

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lions of dollars per annum, in silver) rendered it an object of peculiar regard and devotion to our gallant tars, who readily exerted themselves to further the design; but great indeed was the disappointment when the orders for equipment were countermanded, and Anson was directed to proceed with his squadron round Cape Horn; and instead of the troops that were first designed to be embarked, they received only two hundred and fifty-nine invalids from the hospitals, and new-raised marines. The crews, moreover, principally consisted of aged and ordinary seamen, unfit for the service on which they were to be engaged. The delays occasioned by these vexatious difficulties, not only retarded the sailing of the expedition, but discovered to the Spaniards its probable destination, and gave them sufficient time to equip a fleet to counteract its designs, and dispatch information to America to put the colonies in a state of defence. Another impolitic measure was the appointment of agent-victuallers in the squadron, who were to carry out merchandise to the amount of £15,000, to speculate on an enemy's coast, and exchange for provisions.

On the 18th September, 1740, Captain Anson, in the Centurion, of sixty guns, and having under his orders the Gloucester and Severn, of fifty guns each; the Pearl, of forty guns; the Wager, twenty-eight guns; and the Tryal sloop, with two victuallers, sailed from St. Helens. Never was there a squadron worse manned, or sent to sea under greater disadvantages; but this did not deter the active and vigorous spirit of Anson, who hoisted his broad pendant, as Commodore, on their arrival at Madeira, and then continued his course, narrowly escaping from the Spanish fleet under Don Joseph Pizarro, which had been cruizing to intercept his farther progress. On the 18th December, the ships anchored at St. Catherine's, on the coast of Brazil, and landed their sick to the amount of some hundreds; but through the insolence and treachery of the Governor, they were very poorly accommodated: and after burying great numbers, the sickness rather increased than diminished. Disappointed in their expectations of refreshment, and deprived of the humane and friendly offices of the inhabitants, they were again compelled to embark, with a dreary navigation before them, and in their way to hostile shores, where they could not hope to meet with friendly aid or commiseration. Quitting St. Catharine's, they sailed to Port St. Julian, in Patagonia, where the Tryal was refitted, and the people somewhat refreshed; and here they gained intelligence that the fleet under Pizarro was in the same seas, and closely in pursuit of them.

On the 7th March, 1741, they passed the Straits of Le Maire, full of eager hope and expectation; the wind was favourable, the weather fine, and they began to fancy their golden

prospects would soon be realized :—but short and delusive was the gleam of sunshine—the stormy season came on—the squadron were separated, and encountered appalling difficulties and unparalleled distress. Disease again raged amongst them,—the Centurion alone lost above two hundred men, nor were there sufficient hands left to navigate the ship. It was no uncommon thing for those who were able to walk the deck, and to do some kind of duty, to drop down dead in an instant, on any occasion of endeavouring to act with their utmost vigour ; and many of the people perished in this manner during the voyage. Alone, in the most turbulent part of the ocean, with death constantly preying upon his victims, the survivors shrunk with apprehension and terror, while viewing in their dying messmates the probable termination of their own sufferings. Language would fail to pourtray in adequate colours the dreadful condition to which they were reduced. A scene like this can never be fully described—it must be witnessed—it must be felt, to enter into all its horrors ; and some portion it has been our lot to endure. With scarcely a ray of hope they stood for that lovely spot, (immortalized as the sovereignty of Robinson Crusoe), Juan Fernandez ; and Providence assisting their efforts, they happily arrived, on the 9th July, when a few days more at sea must have completed their destruction. On their approach, the mountainous and rugged appearance of the island cast a gloom upon their spirits, yet it was land—the land they eagerly desired, and every nerve was strained to gain it. Three months before had seen them with a crew of between four hundred and five hundred men, but now not more than two hundred remained alive ; and out of these, including officers, seamen, and boys, not more than twenty were capable of doing duty. On the 10th, in the afternoon, they got close under the lee of the island, and found that the broken craggy precipices which had appeared so unpromising at a distance, were covered with lofty woods ; and that between them were every where interspersed the most beautiful valleys, clothed with the richest verdure, and watered with numerous streams and cascades. Only those who have experienced similar sensations can tell the eagerness and transport which such a view must have excited. The despairing seamen, who had stretched themselves for death, used every effort to crawl upon deck and feast their longing sight with its refreshing beauties. Those only whose lips have been long parched with feverish thirst, and who can recal the desire and agitation, which the ideas alone of streams and brooks have at that time raised in their breasts, can judge of the emotion with which these poor suffering creatures gazed on a cascade of the most transparent water, which poured from the summit of a rock near a hundred feet high, at a short distance from the

ship. We can, in some measure, enter into their feelings. The agonies which arise from thirst, are, perhaps, the most excruciating that can be endured; and what is remarkable, that when the weary spirit has been overpowered with slumber, the wretched sufferer generally dreams of wandering through delightful meadows, moistened with dew, or drinking from the delicious rivulet that meanders through the green pasture. It may be easily conceived that the torture of awaking from such a sleep doubly aggravates the burning anguish that rages through every pore. We can remember when the dying and dead were mingled together, and scorching fever committed its daily ravages, hearing the shrieks—the groans—the entreaties for a draught of water. The last cask had been served out when we made the land, and saw the cool stream as it rushed down from the mountains. With the last remnant of strength all crowded on the deck; the withered hands were extended towards the shore—the shrivelled tongue was thrust forth, as if to catch one drop (though at so great a distance) to cool the burning heat that ran through the veins—the glazed eye fixed upon the banquet till the limbs stiffened in the pangs of death: others, unable to bear the tantalizing view, had swallowed large draughts of salt water, and died raving with insanity. But we turn from this distressing scene to land with the debilitated crew of the Centurion, on the island of Juan Fernandez. Soon after the ship had come to an anchor, the Tryal sloop appeared in the offing, and shortly after anchored within them. She, too, had undergone great distress, and distemper had considerably thinned her crew. The first attention of the commodore (whose health was much injured by anxiety and labour,) was to land the sick and afflicted; and for this purpose tents were erected on shore, but it was the 16th before it was fully accomplished: and then one hundred and sixty-seven persons were received in them, exclusive of several who died in the boats on being exposed to the fresh air. The greatest part of the invalids were so infirm, that they were obliged to be conveyed from the ship in their hammocks, and carried afterwards, in the same manner, from the beach to the tents. This was a work of great fatigue to the few who were yet able to exert themselves; and therefore the Commodore, with his accustomed humanity, not only assisted with his own labour, but obliged his officers, without distinction, to give their helping hand. It was hoped that change of air and diet would have counteracted the effects of disease; but so virulently had it become fixed, that it was nearly twenty days after landing before the mortality had ceased to operate: and for the first ten or twelve days, they buried seldom less than six each day. The seeds which had been sown by Dam-

pier, and cultivated by Selkirk, proved a valuable treasure; and many of the goats, conjectured to have been marked in the ear by De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, thirty years before, were caught or shot. The Commodore having with him garden seeds of various descriptions, and the stones of different sorts of fruits, sowed them for the benefit of future visitors. No place could excel in beauty the spot where Anson took up his abode; and a recent voyager thus describes it.

"After dinner I walked with Lord Cochrane to the valley called Lord Anson's Park. On our way we found numbers of European shrubs and herbs,

——— "Where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild."

And in the half-ruined hedges, which denote the boundaries of former fields, we found apple, pear, and quince trees, with cherries, almost ripe. The ascent is steep and rapid from the beech, even in the valleys; and the long grass was dry and slippery, so that it rendered the walk rather fatiguing: and we were glad to sit down under a large quince tree, on a carpet of balm, bordered with roses, and rest, and feast our eyes with the lovely view before us. Lord Anson has not exaggerated the beauty of the place, or the delights of the climate: we were rather early for its fruits, but even at this time we have gathered delicious figs and cherries, and pears that a few days' sun would have perfected. I was quite sorry to leave our station, in the park, and return to the landing-place, to embark for the dark close ship."

We can recall to memory the enthusiastic feelings which glowed in our breasts when De Foe's narrative first attracted our boyish attention. We can remember in our childish amusements, imitating the solitary wanderer, and following him in his lonely path; but to stand actually on the same ground, and lose yourself in the solemn stillness of the umbrageous forest, there is an enchantment in it that baffles all description; and never was there spot where romantic feelings might be carried to a higher tone.

The fresh fish and vegetables produced the most salutary effects, and disease began to disappear. The sea lion, under the denomination of beef, afforded many a hearty meal, and kid pie became a great delicacy: but amidst their joy and gratitude for deliverance, was mingled a strong feeling of anxiety and sympathy for their consorts. The Tryal having joined them, buoyed up the hope that the rest might shortly make their appearance; yet when they reflected on their own sufferings and danger, that hope decreased, as each hour added to

the desponding suggestions that all had perished. On the 21st June, a ship was discovered to leeward, under her courses and main-top sail, evidently endeavouring to make for the land; but the weather becoming thick and hazy, she was again lost sight of till the 26th, when, about noon, she had approached sufficiently near to be distinguished as the Gloucester. The boats, with suitable refreshments, were immediately dispatched; and they found them in the most deplorable situation. "Two thirds of the crew had already been thrown overboard; and of those that remained alive, scarcely any were capable of doing duty, except the officers and their servants. They had been a considerable time at the small allowance of a pint of fresh water to each man for twenty-four hours; and yet they had so little left, that had it not been for the supply we sent them, they must soon have died of thirst." For upwards of a month was this vessel driven about, sometimes within a few miles of port, and then blown away, out of sight of land, till expectation began to perish; and the remainder of the crew, wasted by disease and famine, rapidly decreased: she was at last delivered from her distressing condition, by being enabled to reach her destined haven. About the middle of August, the victualler arrived, and recruited their stock of European provision. This vessel was the last that joined them, and had suffered but little in the voyage, having been forced, during a gale of wind, into a commodious harbour on the coast of Chili, where she lay for two months: of the others we shall speak hereafter. The Tryal had sailed to Massa Fuero, conjecturing that some of the squadron might have found shelter there, but she returned without discovering any vestige of them; and, to add to their mortification, on unlading the victualler, they found a great portion of the provision spoiled. The vessel was afterwards broken up, and her stores and men sent on board the other ships. The three men-of-war departed from England with nine hundred and sixty-one men on board, of whom six hundred and twenty-six were dead before this time; and the number that were left, were barely sufficient to man the Centurion: an appalling circumstance, when they every day expected to fall in with the fleet under Pizarro.

At the commencement of September, the men were tolerably well recovered; and, a sail appearing in the offing, the Centurion got all her hands on board, and went in chace; on the third day, they captured her, and she proved to be a large Spanish merchant ship. From the passengers, they obtained the knowledge of the force and destination of Pizarro's squadron; and they had the satisfaction to find, that, after his utmost endeavours to gain his passage into the South Seas, he had been forced back again into the river Plata, with the loss

of two of his largest ships; but advice of the British had been sent over land, and an embargo laid upon all shipping by the viceroy of Peru. Eight months, however, having elapsed, without any intelligence of the Commodore, the Spaniards were induced to believe, that they had perished; and, consequently, the embargo had lately been taken off.

From this time, the ships continued to cruize, with success, against the trade, making several rich captures; but they were compelled to destroy the Tryal sloop, as her frame-work was totally decayed. In one of their prizes, they found an Irishman, who gave them some particular intelligence, which induced the Commodore to steer for the town of Paita, on the coast of America. Here they landed a detachment from the ships, and took possession of the town, (the inhabitants making their escape in the darkness of the night,) and obtained a very rich booty in plate and merchandise. After the sacking and destruction of Paita, they proceeded towards Acapulco, (touching at Quito in their passage,) to look out for the galleon from Manilla; but, on their arrival off the port, they learned, that the ship had already reached her destination, and was preparing again for sea. Full of expectation, that the harvest of their fortunes was now ripe, and only required a little skill in the reaping, they continued to watch with diligent attention for their prize; but, unfortunately, the Spaniards had received notice of their close neighbourhood, and the galleon was detained until the following year. Disappointed and dispirited, they made for Chequetan, to wood and water; which, having completed, they bade farewell to the coast of America, May 6th, 1742, to cross the Pacific Ocean for China. In August, the Gloucester was found to be in so shattered a state, that it was deemed requisite, for the preservation of her crew, to remove them into the Centurion; and the former was set on fire and destroyed. On the 23d, they fell in with two islands, that offered no shelter or relief; and, as sickness and debility had again spread its baneful influence amongst them, the want of refreshment, in sight of land, greatly added to their miseries. On the 27th, they discovered, and stood for, the island of Tinian, with but faint hopes of obtaining the necessary supplies. The boat was sent in shore to survey the place, and shortly returned with a captured *proa*, containing a Spaniard and four Indians, who had mistaken the Centurion for the Manilla galleon. From the prisoners, they gained information, that the island was uninhabited, and abounded with all sorts of cattle, and produced a great variety of fruits: indeed, by this time, they were enabled to observe from the ship, numerous herds grazing in different parts of the island; and the whole prospect of the country afforded a delightful view, having more the appearance

of a well-cultivated place than one without inhabitants. The Spaniard was a serjeant, commanding a party of Indians, belonging to Guam, that had been employed in jerking beef for the garrison of that island, and a small bark lay ready to receive it, which the Commodore detained. Death had, by this time, so diminished the people of the Centurion (composed of the united crews of that ship, the Gloucester, Tryal, and the victualler, which, when they departed from England, consisted all together of near a thousand hands,) that they were unable to muster more than seventy-one, capable of standing to a gun, and among these were included several negro and Indian prisoners. As soon as they had anchored, the same kind attention was manifested toward the sick as at Juan Fernandez, and the constant supply of beef, pork, and poultry, with vegetables, fruits, (and particularly the bread fruit,) recruited the almost exhausted strength of the invalids. This island had formerly been inhabited, and still retained marks of having been very populous; but the Spaniards had ravaged it, with their usual barbarity, and then removed the survivors to Guam. The description given of Tinian surpasses the accounts of Juan Fernandez, especially in the fertility of the soil and salubrity of the air; but there was a disadvantage in the former, on account of the rocky anchorage on which the Centurion lay, rendering it extremely unsafe, which they afterwards experienced, by being driven to sea, during a heavy gale, leaving the Commodore, with many of his officers, and a great part of the crew, behind. This distressing event happened in the night, and great was the dismay to those on land, when the first break of day presented a clear roadsted, without any traces of the ship, which they conjectured must have been wrecked, or sunk, and their companions have perished in the deep. In the midst of these gloomy reflections, the Commodore had, doubtless, his share of disquietude, but he always maintained his usual composure and steadiness. The bark of fifteen tons, that brought the Indians from Guam, it was resolved, should be lengthened, to convey them to Macao, and every one cheerfully commenced his laborious occupation; but the many difficulties which presented themselves retarded the progress of the work, and dispirited the people. On the 19th day after being left on shore, they were relieved from their distressing apprehensions, by the appearance of the ship; and a boat, laden with provisions and men, was sent on board to assist in bringing her in, which was accomplished the following afternoon. The condition of the ship, when blown from the land, had been truly deplorable. Her leaks, which before were bad, had much increased, and the masts and yards were unrigged; and, in addition to this, three cables were in the hawse holes, to one of

which the sheet anchor was bent. After the most painful exertion and incessant toil, they contrived to master their difficulties, and returned to the island. The Commodore immediately repaired on board, and, on the third day, they were again driven from the anchorage, leaving nearly seventy men on shore; but, as the weather was more favourable, and the ship in a better state of preparation, they returned again, after an absence of five days, to the great joy of their companions on the island, which they quitted, for the third and last time, on the evening of the 21st October, and reached Macao 12th November.—Here they encountered innumerable obstacles, from the shuffling and dishonest propensities of the Chinese, who endeavoured, by every artifice, to prevent the refitting of the ship; but the firmness and fortitude of the Commodore counteracted their designs, and the Centurion was again ready for sea by the beginning of April, 1743. At Macao, they had the gratification of hearing, that the Pearl and Severn had put back to Rio Janeiro, but in a very deplorable condition. On the 19th April, the Centurion sailed with the expressed intention of returning to England; but, in reality, designing to cruize for the galleon. Day after day passed away in hope and doubt, till the 20th June, when a general burst of joy proclaimed the approach of the expected treasure. The galleon bore down to them bravely; for, being well manned, and knowing the weak emaciated state of the Centurion's crew, they expected to make them surrender without any very great difficulty. "The galleon was much larger than the Centurion, had 550 men, and thirty-six guns mounted for action, besides twenty-eight pidreroes in her gunwale quarters and tops, each of which carried a four-pound ball." But, after a smart action, British valour prevailed, the Spanish colours were hauled down, and our gallant tars were amply rewarded for their bravery, and the sufferings they had undergone. Having secured their prisoners, (no very easy matter, when nearly treble the number of the conquerors,) and removed the riches into their own ship, the Commodore returned to Macao, where he anchored 11th July. From thence he run into Canton river with his prize, and asserted the independence of his nation, by resisting the extortionable practices of the Chinese, and materially assisted the British merchants, by going to Canton, and visiting the Viceroy. For some time, all efforts to gain an interview were unavailing, through the craft and deception of the mandarines; but a dreadful fire, which destroyed eleven streets full of warehouses, and a hundred shops having been extinguished by the Centurion's people, at the request of the Viceroy, the latter granted an audience to the Commodore, and all grievances were redressed. On the 15th December, the prize was sold for 6,000 dollars, and the

same day the anchor of the Centurion was weighed for England. After an excellent passage, (touching at Prince's Island, in the Straits of Sunda, and the Cape of Good Hope, by the way,) they happily reached Spithead, June 15, 1774, and found they had escaped from the peril of capture, by passing through the French fleet in the Chops of the Channel, during a thick fog.

Thus was this expedition finished, when it had lasted three years and nine months; and there is, perhaps, no history of events and transactions that approach nigher to romantic fiction, yet are the real and unvarnished occurrences of naval life. The voyage of Commodore Anson round the globe presents a remarkable series of patient endurance and heroic fortitude, united to clear judgment and sound skill; and proves, beyond a doubt, that Teucer's maxim—"*Nil desperandum*," (which he afterwards assumed as his motto,) was deeply engraven on his heart, and bore him up in the hour of danger.

In the Manilla ship, they had found 1,313,843 pieces of eight, and 35,682 ounces of virgin silver, beside some articles of merchandize. "The whole treasure taken by the Centurion was not much short of 400,000*l*., independent of the ships and merchandize which she either burnt or destroyed, and which, by the most reasonable estimation, could not amount to so little as 600,000*l*. more; so that the loss of the enemy by our squadron did, doubtless, exceed a million sterling. To which, if there be added the great expense of the Court of Spain, in fitting out Pizarro, and in paying the additional charges in America, incurred on our account, together with the loss of their men of war; the total of all these articles will be a most exorbitant sum, and is the strongest conviction of the utility of this expedition, which, with all its numerous disadvantages, did yet prove so extremely prejudicial to the enemy."

Although we have concluded the voyage of Commodore Anson, yet we cannot take leave of the subject, without briefly sketching the future career of a man who had so long eminently performed such a remarkable and conspicuous character in support of our national glory. The treasure he had accumulated was conveyed in waggons, adorned with the colours taken from the enemy, through the streets of London, and deposited in the Tower, amidst the acclamations and rejoicings of thousands of spectators. Anson now rapidly rose to the highest rank in his profession, and was honoured with the friendship and esteem of his sovereign. The handsome compliment paid him by Mons. de la Jonquierre, the French admiral, when six ships of war and four Indiamen were captured, is worthy of being recorded:—on presenting his sword to the victor, the admiral exclaimed, pointing successively to two of his fleet,

"Monsieur, vous avez vaincu *L'Invincible*, et *La Gloire* vous suit." For his repeated services he was created a baron; and, in 1751, received an appointment as first lord of the Admiralty. In 1758, he was made commander in chief of his Majesty's fleet, and had the honour of conducting the Queen of George the Third to England. His natural disposition was calm, cool, and steady; and, though the execution of Admiral Byng has cast a stain upon his name, yet he was justly esteemed for generosity and humanity. Anson, like Nelson, had his weak side, which rendered him the dupe of the artful and designing. Both were eminently gifted, and highly distinguished themselves as brave intrepid men; and both have left a tarnish on their fame, for sanctioning a transaction little short of murder. Their actions were the births of many heroes, who are now neglected or forgotten. Anson died on the 6th June, 1762, in the 65th year of his age.

The two greatest evils most dreaded by seamen, are shipwreck and fire. As long as the hardy mariner can keep his bark afloat, and under some command, he entertains a hope of weathering out the gale. Every nerve is strained, every exertion is made, to combat with the elements, and preserve the ship. With what anguish does his sigh respond to the groaning of her timbers, as she rolls her heavy lacerated sides between the hollow of the wave! There is, perhaps, no scene more awfully grand, more sublimely terrible, than when the tall ship (which, but a few hours before the gale, had stretched her canvas wings and proudly stemmed the billow, while every heart exulted in her speed) is laying like a huge log upon the waters, that rise like mountains to overwhelm her. None but the seaman can tell the hopes and fears, the expectation and despair, that alternately struggle for the mastery in his soul. The gallant vessel, lately the pride of his honest heart, and whose every part bears ample marks of his skilful hand, either for utility or ornament, is writhing, like a giant in the agonies of death; while the roaring breakers dash with impetuous force, and the yawning grave opens to receive its prey. Home, with all its joys, becomes a thousand times more dear. The parent, the husband, the relative, or friend, calls to remembrance the last endearments of those he is about to quit for ever, and his struggling spirit clings more firmly to existence. Wave after wave breaks over him as he clings to the shattered remnant of the wreck, and views the messmate who had shared his toil and joined in his distress, torn from his side by the raging billow and plunged into the dark abyss. He hears the piercing shriek that bursts from the drowning victim, in the last stage of frail mortality; and gazes with indescribable anguish on his dying sufferings, deeming them a prelude to his own. But

should he be enabled to reach the shore, still, unless it is on some hospitable and friendly coast, most probably a horrid and lingering death awaits him. Yet, after all, if he should escape those perils, they are soon forgotten, and he once more launches on the deep to tempt its hidden dangers.

Among the vessels that composed the squadron of Commodore Anson, was the Wager, store ship, mounting twenty-eight guns, and carrying one hundred and sixty men. This ship had been an old Indiaman, purchased into the service on this occasion, for the purpose of receiving the necessary stores for refitting the rest, and the merchandise which the agent victuallers were to dispose of for provisions. A ship thus deeply laden, and manned with a crew, consisting of men pressed from long voyages to be sent against their inclination upon a distant and hazardous service; while the land forces were nothing more than a poor detachment of infirm and decrepid invalids from Chelsea hospital, desponding under the apprehension of the dangers of the undertaking; was ill calculated for the difficulties of so perilous a navigation, and strongly displays the recklessness of government in fitting out the expedition. The Wager was wrecked upon the coast of Patagonia, and many of her crew perished. Some who were disabled by the scurvy died in their hammocks; the rest crowded to the deck.

"In this terrifying and critical juncture to have observed all the various modes of horror, operating according to the several characters and complexions amongst us, it was necessary that the observer himself should have been free from all impressions of danger. Instances there were, however, of behaviour so very remarkable, they could not escape the notice of any one who was not entirely bereaved of his senses; for some were in this condition to all intents and purposes, particularly one, in the ravings of despair brought upon him, was seen stalking about the deck, flourishing a cutlass over his head, and calling himself the king of the country, and striking every body he came near, till his companions, seeing no other security against his tyranny, knocked him down."

Another, with heroic coolness, displayed an astonishing presence of mind.

"The man at the helm, though both rudder and tiller were gone, kept his station; and being asked by one of the officers, if the ship would steer or not, first took his time to make trial by the wheel, and then answered, with as much respect and coolness as if the ship had been in the greatest safety; and then immediately after applied himself, with his usual serenity, to his duty, persuaded it did not become him to desert it as long as the ship kept together."

When the ship struck, Captain Cheap, the commander,

was confined below, having dislocated his shoulder the day before; but no entreaty could induce him to attempt his own safety, till, finding that many of the people had flown to that last desperate resource, inebriation, and all prospect of saving them was at an end, he suffered himself to be helped out of his bed, put into the boat, and carried on shore. To enumerate the privations and dangers to which they were now exposed, would be a detail of the most aggravated distress and unparalleled hardships. Their deliverance from immediate destruction, by getting on land, was wonderful, and to men on the point of perishing, was, for the time, the highest attainment of their wishes; but, on looking round, a scene of horror every where presented itself. On one side, lay the wreck beating to pieces, (and which contained all they had to subsist on,) while the sea came rolling in with the most appalling fury. The land did not wear a more favourable appearance; desolate and barren, without sign of culture, or any means of affording a temporary supply to the cravings of hunger. The night was stormy, the rain poured down in torrents, and not the smallest shelter, except the remains of an Indian hut, presented itself; into which they huddled together without distinction, and waited for the light of day. Some of the people had preferred remaining on board to indulge in intoxication, and numbers perished from this cause. Indeed, it appears that the crew of the Wager was principally composed of lawless and desperate characters, who considered their captain's authority at an end with the loss of the ship; nor was the captain himself exempt from blame, in his endeavours to govern with harsh severity, rather than conciliate by condescending kindness; and to this may, in a great degree, be imputed the miseries they afterward endured. It is lamentable to reflect on the numerous instances where valuable lives have been sacrificed, through the haughty demeanor, or rash impetuosity, of men who would best study their own interest by promoting the welfare of those whom circumstances have placed under their command. How noble was the conduct of Anson! his humanity, fortitude, and temper, never forsook him, even on the most trying occasions; nor did he ever exert his power unmercifully, or with wanton cruelty. He was obeyed with alacrity, and reverenced through attachment. What a striking contrast to the man who first, by an unwarrantable stretch of his power, alienates his seamen; and then, with unpardonable rashness, destroys the life of a fellow creature, from a jealousy of his prerogative. This was the case with Captain Cheap. The survivors from the wreck considered (erroneously, we grant) that the change in their circumstances levelled the great distinction which had been maintained on board; and the captain, by his distant pride and unfeeling conduct on several occasions, inflamed them to mu-

tiny; the officers came in for their share of his insolence, and, being separated from their commander, began to mingle with the men, and consulted for their mutual safety. On one occasion, Mr. Cozens, a midshipman, quarrelled with the purser, and some words arising, the latter told him he was come to mutiny, and instantly fired a pistol at his head, which narrowly missed him.

"The captain hearing the report of the pistol, and, perhaps, the purser's words, that Cozens was come to mutiny, ran out of his hut, with a cocked pistol in his hand, and without asking any questions immediately shot him through the head. I was, at this time, (says Mr. Byron) in my hut, as the weather was extremely bad, but running out on the alarm of this firing, the first thing I saw was Mr. Cozens on the ground, weltering in his blood; he was sensible, and took me by the hand, as he did several others, shaking his head, as if he meant to take leave of us."

Such a sight, and at such a time, naturally irritated the people, and though they disguised their sentiments for the present, it was very evident this action had much exasperated them, and the effect would shortly shew itself in some desperate enterprise. Whatever excuse can be made for Captain Cheap, for thus wantonly putting to death one of his officers, humanity shudders while concluding the account.

"The unhappy victim, who lay weltering in his blood on the ground before them, (the seamen,) seemed to absorb their whole attention; the eyes of all were fixed upon him, and visible marks of the deepest concern appeared in the countenances of the spectators. The persuasion the captain was under at the time he shot Mr. Cozens, that his intentions were mutinous, together with a jealousy of the diminution of his authority, occasioned also his behaving with less compassion and tenderness towards him afterwards, than was consistent with the unhappy condition of the poor sufferer; for, when it was begged as a favour by his messmates, that Mr. Cozens might be removed to their tent, though a necessary thing in his dangerous situation, yet it was not permitted; but the poor wretch was suffered to languish on the ground some days, with no other covering than a bit of canvass thrown over some bushes, where he died."

The long-boat had been saved from the wreck, and they prepared to enlarge her sufficiently to convey them all from these inhospitable shores, where death continually stared them in the face. Hunger, with all its attendant horrors, frequently compelled them to feed on rotten putrid substances; and some were suspected of eating parts of the bodies of their dead companions that were constantly washing up on the rocks. When

the long-boat was finished, the captain proposed sailing to the northward, and capturing the first vessel they should fall in with, and proceed to join the commodore; but the majority of the officers and men determined on returning to the southward, through the Straits of Magellan, to endeavour to reach the coast of Brazil. Had Captain Cheap even now consulted with his officers, and not have been so tenacious of his superior authority, matters might, in all probability, have been amicably adjusted, and many lives saved; but with the same unbending stubbornness, he refused all interference, and the affair of Cozens was adopted as a plea to deprive him of his command. Finding, however, he was resolute in his determination of not accompanying them, they were about to employ force, when the persuasions of the leader urged them to leave him, with nineteen others, behind. Their number at first landing amounted to one hundred and forty-five, but famine and disease had reduced them to one hundred. Of these, eighty-one embarked in the long boat, cutter, and barge; fifty-nine on board the first, twelve in the second, and ten in the last. The provision and ammunition they had been enabled to save from the wreck, offered but a very scanty pittance, and was all in the launch. The barge, with her crew, among whom was the author (Byron), returned to Captain Cheap; but, as their portion of victuals was left in the other boats, they were reduced to the most urgent necessity; nor would the party, who had at first remained behind, supply their wants with the smallest aid. Many attempts were made to quit the island, but they were obliged to return. The agonizing distresses they endured are too many to be enumerated here; some were put on shore at different places, and there left to perish, while others fell away through toil and famine. They had been several times visited by Indians; and, at last, a Cacique, from the neighbourhood of Chiloe, undertook to conduct them from this dreadful place; and, accordingly, they attempted once more.

"I had hitherto steered the boat, but one of our men, sinking under fatigue, expired soon after, which obliged me to take the oar in his room, and row against this heart-breaking stream. Whilst I was thus employed, one of our men, whose name was John Bosman, though hitherto the stoutest man among us, fell from his seat under the thwarts, complaining that his strength was quite exhausted for want of food, and that he should die very shortly. As he lay in this condition, he would every now and then break out in the most pathetic wishes for some little sustenance, that two or three mouthfuls might be the means of saving his life. The captain, at this time, had a large piece of boiled seal by him, and was the only one that was provided with any thing like a meal; but we were become so hardened against the impressions of others' sufferings by our own, so familiarized to scenes of

this and every other kind of misery, that the poor man's dying entreaties were vain. I sat next to him when he dropped, and, having a few dried shell-fish (about five or six) in my pocket, from time to time put one in his mouth, which served only to prolong his pains, from which, however, soon after my little supply failed, he was released by death."

Mr. Byron, after censuring the captain's barbarity, in a feeling manner, adds—

"The captain had better opportunities of recruiting his stock than any of us, for his rank was considered by the Indian as a reason for supplying him when he would not find a bit for us. Upon the evening of the day in which these disasters happened, the captain, producing a large piece of boiled seal, suffered no one to partake with him but the surgeon, who was the only man in favour at this time. We did not expect, indeed, any relief from him in our present condition, for we had a few small muscles and herbs to eat; but the men could not help expressing the greatest indignation at his neglect of the deceased, saying, that he deserved to be deserted by the rest for his savage behaviour."

Having landed one day, and made an ineffectual search for food, six of the men, on their return, advanced before the officers, jumped into the boat, and pushed off from the shore, leaving the captain, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Campbell, and the author, to bewail this unwarrantable treachery. Every thing they possessed was in the barge, and they were at once deprived of every hope; but the Indian again returned, and took two of them off in his canoe, landing occasionally for rest and food. On one occasion,

"About two hours after the close of the day, we put ashore, where we discovered six or seven wigwams. For my part, my strength was so exhausted with fatigue and hunger, that it would have been impossible for me to have held out another day at this toilsome work. As soon as we landed, the Indian conducted Captain Cheap with him into a wigwam; but I was left to shift for myself."

Mr. Byron, in a starving condition, thrust himself into another wigwam, almost desperate. In it, he found two women, who were struck with astonishment, at seeing such a figure. Having stared at him for some time, they quitted the hut; but shortly returned. Mr. B. sat down by the fire to dry his rags, not without apprehensions of seeing two or three men enter, and thrust him out, at the least.

"One of these women appeared young and handsome for an In-

dian; the other old, and as frightful s it is possible to conceive any thing in human shape to be."

"Soon after, the two women came in again, having, as I supposed, conferred with the Indian, our conductor, and appearing to be in great good humour, began to chatter and laugh immoderately. Perceiving the wet and cold condition I was in, they seemed to have compassion on me; and the old woman went out and brought some wood, with which she made a good fire."

Hunger, however, was the most poignant trouble, and these poor creatures dressed their only fish to satisfy him. They then strewed some boughs, and the weary sailor laid himself down to sleep; but awaking three or four hours afterwards,

"I found myself covered with a bit of blanket, made of the down of birds, which the women usually wear about their waist. The young woman, who had carefully covered me, whilst sleeping, with her own blanket, was lying close by me; the old woman lay on the other side of her."

The cravings of appetite, which had been sharpened by the previous meal, made him again implore for more victuals, when these poor Indians quitted the hut, and,

"After an hour's absence, they came in trembling with cold, and their hair streaming with water, and brought me two fish, which having broiled, they gave me the largest share, and then we all laid down as before."

Who will not call to mind Lediard's beautiful description of the invariable hospitality, and ready and kind assistance, which he ever found, in his various wanderings, women delighted to supply.

From this time, Mr. Byron was chiefly indebted to these women for support; for though their husbands returned soon after, yet they constantly endeavoured to devote, by stealth, some portion of their own provision, to administer to the wants of the stranger.

About the middle of March, they again embarked with the Indians, and, shortly after, Mr. Elliot, the surgeon, died, being literally starved to death; and, indeed, from the state of misery to which the survivors were reduced, they all bid fair to follow: and, to add to their distress, they were so swarming with vermin, that it was impossible to rest.

"But we were clean in comparison to Captain Cheap, for I could compare his body to nothing but an ant-hill, with thousands of

those insects crawling over it, for he was now past attempting to rid himself in the least from this torment, as he had quite lost himself, not recollecting our names that were about him, or even his own. His beard was as long as a hermit's, that and his face being covered with train-oil and dirt, from having long accustomed himself to sleep upon a bag, by the way of pillow, in which he kept the stinking seal. This prudent method he took to prevent our getting at it whilst he slept: his legs were as big as mill-posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone."

Mr. Hamilton separated from them, and the others proceeded till they arrived at the island of Chiloe, where the compassionate Indians supplied their necessities with every thing their hearts could desire. They were now delivered as prisoners of war into the hands of the Spaniards. Mr. Byron adds—

"It is amazing, that our eating to that excess we had done, from the time we first got amongst these Indians, had not killed us; we were never satisfied, and used to take all opportunities, for months after, of filling our pockets, when we were not seen, that we might get up two or three times in the night to cram ourselves."

Among the Spaniards, they received the most humane and kind attention; and Mr. Byron captivated a young lady to that degree, that a proposal of marriage was made by the uncle, who, to enhance the value of the bride, displayed his wealth by way of inducement.

"Amongst other things, he produced a piece of linen, which he said, should immediately be made up into shirts for me. I own this last article was a great temptation to me; however, I had the resolution to withstand it, and made the best excuses I could for not accepting of the honour they intended me."

The author, after escaping this and a variety of other perils, was sent with his companions to Valparaiso, from whence they sailed in the Lys, belonging to St. Maloes, and reached St. Domingo; but pursued their route after a few days, and arrived at Brest. Hence, they were permitted to take their passage to England in a Dutchman, and happily reached their native land in safety, after a series of extraordinary scenes and unfortunate adventures, in which they had suffered every degree of privation and distress for upwards of five years. Of the men who went away in the long-boat, some got to England, others were left on shore at different places, and many perished by the way.

Morris, a midshipman, and with him two or three others,

passed over land, across the continent, to Buenos Ayres, conducted by the Indians who had taken them prisoners; but they were redeemed by the Spaniards, and treated with generous kindness.

The fleet which had been dispatched under Pizarro, to defeat Commodore Anson, consisted of four ships of the line, a frigate, and a vessel of twenty guns; and though Anson's squadron suffered severely from disasters, yet Pizarro's were still more fatal on account of his improvidence respecting stores and provisions. On board the Asia, (the Admiral's ship) rats, when they could be caught, were sold for four dollars a piece; and a sailor, who died on board, had his death concealed some days by his brother, who, during that time, lay in the same hammock with the corpse, only to receive the dead man's allowance of provision. Of all the fleet, only this ship returned to Europe; and a circumstance occurred on the passage worthy of recording, as it strongly marks the undaunted spirit of the Indians. Eleven of these, with a chief named Orellana, were forced on board at Monte Video, against their will, to navigate the ship, but the cruel treatment they met with from the officers, instigated them to revenge their wrongs. On a given signal, these desperate men rushed on the quarter-deck, brandishing their knives, killing all who came in their way, and gained possession of a vessel mounting sixty-six guns, with a crew of five hundred men. After the panic had a little subsided, one of the officers who had retreated to the cabin, was fortunate enough to shoot Orellana dead on the spot; on which, his faithful companions, abandoning all thoughts of further resistance, instantly leaped into the sea, where every man perished. Thus terminated these expeditions, in which human life was sacrificed without a cause. The descriptions of them are calculated to excite astonishment and pride in the mariners of the present day, who navigate their ships through the same dangers, and sail round the Globe frequently without losing a man. For the great improvement in cleanliness and ventilation, so necessary to health, we are principally indebted to Captain Cook, whose name will ever stand on the highest rolls of fame for skill, courage, and humanity.

ART. VI.—*Poesie Toscane di* Vincenzo da Filicaia, *&c.*—*Venice*, 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1747.

Vincenzo da Filicaja, a native of Florence, who was born in 1642, and died in 1707, was a poet whom the universal es-

teem of his contemporaries, and the echoes of their admiration, during the first half century that succeeded his death, raised to such distinguished reputation, that he has become famous throughout Europe, and is idolized in his own country, as an absolute prodigy of genius. In proof of his celebrity we might cite the literary opinions of his princely contemporaries, the Emperor Leopold, Duke Charles of Lorraine, John III., King of Poland, and that strange compound of royalty, literature, magnanimity, imbecility, and above all, ferocity, the assassin of the Marquis Monaldeschi, Christina, Queen of Sweden. But the gracious criticism of kings and princes is not the test of merit; an easy, cheap, and unsubstantial return for the incense of adulation, which poets, wonderfully prone to admire, or gifted with accommodating consciences, lavish on these illustrious personages with unbounded liberality. There is a tolerable specimen of the taste and accuracy of royal criticism, in a letter of Christina's to Filicaja, in which she says,—" Were Alexander the Great now living, he might, with more reason, envy modern princes on your account, than he formerly envied Achilles for his Homer.—In you I behold the incomparable Petrarch restored to life; but raised with a glorious body, exempt from his defects.—You have excelled all," &c. &c.—*Letters, August* 12, *and October* 2, 1684.

This fulsome praise in the mouth of princes is nothing very surprising; the wonder is, that the poetical competitors of Filicaja greeted him with applauses equally flattering; and that the *genus irritabile vatum*, suppressing every rising emotion of constitutional envy, evinced towards him only admiration and good-will. The letters of Francesco Redi afford an instance of this phenomenon. He was a contemporary and countryman of Filicaja; and although, in his poetical criticisms, he sometimes appears to have been too easily pleased, he was one of the most learned men of his time, and then held the first rank amongst the poets. Unpresuming on his own reputation, and incapable of jealousy towards other writers of celebrity, he laboured incessantly to direct the attention and awaken the taste of the public to the works of Filicaja. When he mentions our poet's verses, he constantly runs into the extreme of admiration; and in one of his letters, sent to Filicaja, on the 26th of September, 1683, on occasion of the Canzone written by the latter on the siege of Vienna by the Turks that year, he goes so far as to say,—" Had one of the greatest prophets of the Old Testament been called upon to speak to the Almighty on such an affair as the siege of Vienna, he could not have expressed himself in a more masterly style, or with a more decorous and holy humility, than you have done

in your poem. Return thanks to God for this production; it could only have been dictated by his divine spirit."—And, in another letter of the same year—"It may be said, without flattery, that, in this work," (the Canzone on the victory of Vienna,) "you have touched the very harp of David himself." —In a third letter, dated October 4th, 1687, he says, "From the days of Frà Guittone to the present time, (the reader will observe, that this is a tolerable stride, and passes over a heap of Redi's own verses,) I had found no poetry which pleased me more than that" (of Filicaja). Fortunate Signor Redi! to find, at last, in the rhymes of Filicaja, that delicious repast with which neither Dante nor Petrarch could regale his refined poetical palate.

But, independently of all these extravagant encomiums, whoever has but just looked into the literary history of Filicaja's times, and of those which have since elapsed, must know how highly his poems were esteemed in Italy, and throughout Europe. To the shame, however, of that excessive admiration, of which he was the living object—to the shame of those flatterers who offered their incense to him on every side, let us see what he himself prophecied, with respect to his own fame, in his hundred and ninety-fifth sonnet.

" ———la mia, benche selvaggia e oscura
Musa—il perche non so—rispettan gli anni,
E più d'un l'idolatra, e fé gli giura.
Ma degli altrui troppo amorosi inganni
Fatta giudice un dì l'Età futura,
Fia che si folle idolatria condanni."

Awhile the fleeting years adore
My muse's wild unconscious beauty,
And in her artless ear they pour
Their flatt'ring vows of love and duty.
But thou, my muse, their tales distrust,
Credulity may bring repentance;
And future times, severely just,
May pass a more impartial sentence."

Our author's prophecy has been but too exactly fulfilled. The "*future times,*" predicted by him, have arrrived; and, with the exception of a few insignificant Italian pedants, obstinately tenacious of the only respect they could ever command, that of the boys in their own worthless school, there is no longer a reader who does not lower, by a hundred degrees, the elevation to which the applause of the last century had exalted the

throne of Filicaja. His name is now seldom mentioned, even in Italy, unless by way of tradition; and few people take the trouble of reading his verses. The sonnet on the slavery of Italy, alone, is still repeated by every pretender to learning; but, beyond those fourteen lines,* no one feels sufficiently interested to examine.

The indifference of the modern Italians towards the works of a poet so lately celebrated as incomparable, deserves some consideration. It cannot be regarded as a mere caprice of fashion; for many of the Italians, whilst they neglect this poet, profess a more passionate study, a more profound veneration, a more lively enthusiasm than ever existed in former times, for two ancient illustrious lyric poets of Italy, Dante and Pe-

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* " Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la Sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, onde hui
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte:
Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte
One assai piu ti paventasse, o assai
T'amasse men chi del tuo bello aï rai
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte!
Che or giù d'all 'Alpi non vedreì torrenti
Scender d'Armati, nè di sangue tinta
Bever l'Onda del Po Gallici armenti;
Nè te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugno col braccio di straniere genti
Per servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta."

As we have already several English translations of this sonnet, we think it needless to increase the number. Many of our readers will thank us for rather citing the Latin translation, made by the Abbé Regnier Desmarais.

" Italia, infausto Cæli quæ munere pulchra,
Huic referenda vides uni infortunia doti,
Quæ te cumque premunt, et fronti inscripta leguntur:
Oh utinam vel pulchra minus, vel fortior esses,
Ut vel amare minus, vel te magis ille timere
Disceret, exitium qui victus amore minatur!
Non ego nunc ruere Alpinis effusa viderem
Castra jugis, non Eridanum nunc sanguine fœdum
Strage recens biberet Gallus; nec milite cincta
Non proprio, externa tentares prælia dextra,
Ut victrix, seu victa, jugo des colla superbo."

XUM

trarch; and we also find them scrupulously proud of all the other real beauties of their national literature; for, in spite of the opposition of the governments to the progress of knowledge, there is, undoubtedly, a hundred times more thinking and reading going on in Italy, at this time, than at any former period—thanks to the aid of foreign publications, which in some measure compensate for the involuntary silence of the native authors; and, in point of literary criticism, every Englishman who has visited Italy can testify to the daily progress which is made in that country, in spite of the monopoly of literature by the governments, which strenuously endeavour, by means of their journals and professors, to crush every rising tendency to ratiocination of any kind, in the Italians; and to keep them strangers to every species of intellectual culture.

Without supposing the last age to have been quite devoid of understanding, or considering the present as fastidious, we need only cast a transitory glance at the moral and literary history of Italy, to discover the causes of the vicissitudes we have noticed in the poetical reputation of Filicaja. Indeed, this examination is but an act of justice; as it will prevent our degrading him below his proper rank, or denying him that portion of our esteem to which he is fairly entitled.

When Filicaja produced his verses, the literature of Italy, like her political situation, was at the lowest ebb of degradation. Not only was freedom lost, but the restless turbulence of the republics and the energies of the civil wars were almost forgotten. The Italian states had languished for many years under feeble princes, who, to purchase the safety of their despicable thrones, were obliged to propitiate the favour of Spain and of the pope, the two powers which then preponderated in Italy; and the readiest way of securing this protection was to debase the genius of their subjects, lulling them in the lap of ignorance, and debarring them, with the most jealous vigilance, from all moral, political, and philosophical improvement. Literature could not fail to be affected by this systematic debasement; and two races of poets, different, indeed, but equally senseless, had, for a century and a half, engrossed the public attention in Italy. The first consisted of those vile sonnetteers, imitators of the inimitable Petrarch; priests, friars, cardinals,—who, totally unacquainted with the passion of love, without having ever felt one of those palpitations which agitated the true lover of Laura, without a single spark of the inspiration which comes from the heart, abandoned themselves to the rage of rhyming in whining sonnets, on the imaginary charms of the imaginary eyes, hair, &c., of imaginary ladies, whose fancied indifference and rigours they affected to lament. Such was the sacrilege committed by these impostors against

the most tender, the most ardent of human sentiments, which they distorted in their ignorance and bad taste, and degraded by associating it with their grovelling thoughts and listless imaginations. In the second class were ranged all those insane inventors of timid conceits, strange metaphors, smart antitheses, and outrageous hyperboles, who, headed by Marini and Achillini, and known by the name of the *Secentisti*, rendered the seventeenth century famous in the annals of poetry, by their absurd vagaries.

At length, Italy grew tired of the monstrous languor of the *Petrarchisti;* they had now hashed up the cold ideas of other writers as far as their stock would go; and their dull, perpetual affectation of amorous sentiments had now so completely exhausted all common-place thoughts, that they could no longer present their verses to the public, without the risk of exciting general indignation. On the other hand, the ravings of the *Secentisti* no longer satisfied that corrupt taste into which the Italians had suffered themselves to be hurried headlong. Their daring flights had lost the novelty which at first tickled the fancies of the readers; and as it generally happens in cases of exaggeration, the ridiculous began to succeed to the marvellous.

The human intellect is subject, like the moral conscience, to fits of remorse; nature has endowed it with a secret tendency to truth, which, in all its operations, actuates it more or less. With respect to poetry, Italy was, at the period of which we are speaking, in that mental state of indefinite dissatisfaction which is the first step of those who have erred towards reflection and amendment. It was, therefore, very natural, that a man like Filicaja, suddenly arising, in that sphere of general ennui and increasing longing after truth, with a stock of more correct ideas, and more natural and generous sentiments, derived partly from the political vicissitudes of his own times, and partly from the real internal phenomena of his own mind, should acquire not only the approbation of the learned, but the lively and spontaneous admiration of the multitude. And it must be confessed, that as far as regards his phraseology and the general complexion of his style, although far enough removed from the dignified and elegant simplicity of the ancient Italian poets, and falling short of that type of perfection which exists in the minds of the learned critics of the present age, Filicaja is more vigorous and splendid than the Petrarchisti, more natural and consistent with rational propriety than the Secentisti.

Filicaja, therefore, is to be considered as one of the first who rescued Italian poetry from the turgid bombast of the *seicento;* as one of the first who raised it from the abject ser-

vice of mere amorous imbecility, to the noble office of proclaiming the more virtuous and masculine sentiments of the mind; as one of the first, who, by the charms of his writings, allured his contemporaries back to the path of good taste: and thus we have a standard which ascertains the degree of esteem which modern criticism ought to allow this poet.

Were we, however, to compare his verses with those of the Italian poets, whose names occur at a subsequent period, when an improved taste had been generally established, we certainly could not conscientiously recommend him to the perusal of those who delight in the beautiful. Nor can we censure the modern Italians for being much better entertained with the works of some of their living poets, than with those of our author, and neglecting him accordingly. But when his poetry is considered with reference to those verses which, previously to his appearance, stunned the ears of the Italians, wherever they went, in every part of the Peninsula, we must acknowledge our obligations to him, and feel, at least, a sort of *historical* respect for his attempts to deliver the Italian muse from her disgraceful bondage to a set of triflers. As a regard for the history of the arts induces us to preserve in our cabinets, by the side of the masterpieces of Raffaello and Guido, the first essays of painting attempted by the hands of Cimabue and Giotto; so if we place in our libraries the two volumes of Filicaja's poems, it is only because they serve to mark a certain period of literary history.

The applause which Filicaja obtained from his contemporaries, was proportioned to the pleasure they derived from the comparison of his thoughts, with those of the insipid writers who preceded him; it was elicited from the improvement of a taste which was still far short of perfection, and not yet entirely free from an inclination to rhetorical amplification, to forced antitheses, startling metaphors, and hyperbolical conceits; in short, to all those fantastical subtleties which were long distinguished in Italy by the name of the *aura poetica*—the breath of inspiration which wafted poetic thoughts over the sensitive constitution of the bard.

One of the Canzoni which have been most admired by the pedants of the present day, is that which Filicaja addressed to the Emperor Leopold I., on the defeat of the Turks by the Austrians, under the walls of Vienna. Let us examine the first two strophes:

I.

"O grande, o saggio, o glorioso Augusto,
Del Cristian Mondo fortunato Atlante,
Che 'l sagro Imperio sulle spalle altere

Porti, e non cedi al peso: O fulminante
Giove terren, che sulle Tracie schiere
Tuoni, e'l tremendo scocchi arco robusto:
O d'all Orse all 'adusto
Sirio, e da Battro ai termini d'Alcide
Riverito e temuto: Or che ogni speco
Risuona, e applaude a tue vittorie ogni Eco,
Quai l'Età prisca o nuova unqua non vide,
Non disdegnar che anch' io
Palustre augel dell 'Arno alle tue lodi
L'audace lingua snodi,
Non tu indarno pregasti: Udì il gran Dio
Udì 'l gran Dio degli Alti tuoi devoti
Sospir la voce, e le preghiere, e i voti."

II.

" Ei fu, Signor, che di sue frondi scossa
L'Austriaca planta renverdir più bella
Fe in un instante, e cangiò 'l pianto in riso:
Ei fu che oppressa l'infedel rubella
Oste, a portarne al Negro Mar l'avviso
Correr fe l' onda d'uman sangue rossa.
Qual braccio mai, qual possa
Tant 'armi a un tempo strinse, e tanto gravi
Avventò colpi a un tempo? Aprian giá 'l muro
I ferrati Montoni; e mal sicuro
Giacea sotterra il cenere degli Avi.
Fatta ludibrio Altrui
Cadea già in seno alla fatal ruina
L'alta cittá Reina
Ei la sostenne, e cosa era da lui:
Ei la sostenne, e al folgorar d'un fiero
Sguardo l'offese, e gli offensor cadero."

I.

" Augustus, glorious, great, and wise,
Majestic Atlas of the Christian state,
Whose potent shoulders poise it in the skies,
Nor bend beneath the sacred weight.
O earthly Jove, whose thunders hurl'd
On Thracian legions shake the world;
From Sirius to the Bear, whose law commands,
And from Alcides' bounds to *Baltic* sands;
Let echoing caves resound with joyful lays,

For triumphs passing all victorious deeds;
Nor spurn the lowly bird, that sings thy praise
With timid voice, in flowing Arno's reeds.
Thy pray'rs, thy vows, were not in vain preferr'd,
The Lord—the mighty Lord—thy voice has heard!

II.

"'Twas he, the Austrian tree restor'd
From leafless blight to fresh reviving bloom;
He chang'd our grief to smiles—His vengeful sword
Wreak'd on the foe a dreadful doom.
To Euxine seas the crimson'd flood
The tidings bore, in streams of blood.
Was ever host thus suddenly o'erthrown?
Were ever triumphs thus momentous known?
The batt'ring engines shook the parting wall;
Scarce lay the dead secure in earth's repose;
The royal city trembled;—must she fall,
The sport and victim of her barb'rous foes?
The great preserver comes!—his wrathful eye
Flashes destruction—and the Pagans die!"

It is needless to point out the incongruous imagery in these verses; such as calling the emperor *the Atlas of the Christian World;* or the puerile conceit of his *bearing the sacred empire on his shoulders—without sinking under so great a weight;* or the hyperbolical extension of the Austrian sway from the *Bear to burning Sirius,* and *from the Baltic to the pillars of Hercules;* or, finally, the verbiage which pervades the whole. Every judicious reader must instantly perceive that this, if not mere bombast, is, at least, a compound of rhodomontade and littleness. We will, therefore, endeavour to relieve our readers, after the fatigue they must have endured in toiling through these lines; and pass, at once, to the 8th strophe, in which the poet invokes for Leopold a complete triumph over the infidels, and seems to have been a little more favoured by his muse:

"Deh venga il dì, che l'Araba fortuna,
Al regio trionfal tuo carro avvinta,
Calchi con servo piè 'Austriaco suolo!
Allor dirò dell 'abbattuta, e vinta
Tracia, i propoli oppressi a stuolo a stuolo;
Dirò l'ampie conquista ad una ad una;
E del Odrisia Luna
L'orrenda Eclissi, e'l Regnator d'Abide

Preso e tratto in trionfo, e le cattivi
Misere turbe, in voci alte e festive
Canterò sì che al ciel n'andrà lo strido,
Se fia, Signor, ch'io veggia
Ber l'Eufrate e l'Oronte i tuoi cavalli,
E per l'Egizie valli,
Pascolando vagar l'Ungara greggia:
Questa mia, ch'or si poco arpa rimbomba,
Saprà crescer di suono e farsi tromba."

"May proud Arabia yield to thee,
And, dragg'd by thy triumphal car along,
May Austrian crowds in chains the captive see;
Whilst, in loud strains, the joyful throng
Thy glorious conquests celebrate;
Tell of Abydos' chief the fate,
And of Odrysia's moon eclipsed sing,
Till, with the noise, the skies resounding ring.
May I, great Lord, behold the happy day,
When, from Euphrates' and Orontes' waves
Thy horses shall their parching thirst allay;
And where the Nile Egyptian valleys laves,
Hungarian flocks shall feed.—A louder tone
My harp shall then afford, a trumpet grown."

This appears to us the best piece in the ode; and yet, to our taste, it discovers more of the rhetorician than of the poet. This observation may apply to the whole strophe; for it is scarcely worth while to enter into the detail of its imperfections—such as the *noise* of (*strido*) the songs; the harp which, increasing the loudness of its notes, was to *become a trumpet*, &c. &c.

In taking the political events of his time for the arguments of his poems, Filicaja discovered a correct and sublime notion of the genius of true poetry. At a period when the whole poetical tribe in Italy was engaged in quibbling about *Cupid and his darts*, it is consoling to behold a youth, sprung from the wretched school of the Jesuits, discovering, by his own internal powers, that there exists a more noble scope for poetical ambition. A spark of that patriotic enthusiasm which had kindled the thoughts of Dante and Petrarch, appeared to revive in him, and through him, in his readers. Besides the sonnet already quoted, he wrote five others on the debasement and servitude of Italy, and one canzone on the same subject. Unfortunately, however, our poet, impoverished in circumstances, un-

XUM

easy and apprehensive with regard to the future, fearful of offending either the princes of his own country or foreign governments, did not venture, in these patriotic poems, to give unlimited scope to all that patriotic ardour which he ought to have developed in so dear a cause. Instead of making vain lamentations over the subjection of Italy, why not point out the means of raising her once more from her debasement? Why not call on the Italians to take up arms against foreign usurpation? The sonnet above cited is become, in Italy, the refuge of the indolent, the apologetic text of the fearful. We do not believe that it was written by Filicaja with any such intention; but he has certainly in this instance brought forward a fatal axiom, "*Italy is destined to perpetual servitude.*" An axiom not very likely to rouse the energies of a nation; an axiom against which the majority of the Italians are now indignant; and which, amongst the existing agitations of Europe, and through her predominant tendency to re-organization on better principles, will eventually be wholly falsified. But since one of Filicaja's six sonnets, on Italy, was destined to escape the wreck, in which all the rest of his poetry has been overwhelmed, it is to be regretted, for his honor, and for the sake of the cause of Italian independence, that the lot of surviving did not fall to the following, which, is at least, more energetic.

SONETTO LXXXVIII.

"Dov' è Italia il tuo braccio? e a che ti servi
Tu dell' altrui? Non è, s'io scorgo il vero,
Di chi t'offende il defensor men fero.
Ambo nemici sono, ambo fur servi.

Così. dunque l'onor, così conservi
Gli avanzi tu del glorïoso impero?
Così al valor, così al valor primiero
Che a te fede giurò, la fede osservi?

Or va, repudia il valor prisco, e sposa
L'ozio, e fra il sangue, i gemiti e lestrida
Nel periglio maggior dormi e riposa.

Dormi, adultera vil, fin che omicida
Spada ultrice ti svegli, e sonnachiosa
E nuda in braccio al tuo fedel t'uccida."

The style of this sonnet is, upon the whole, pretty equal to that of the former; indeed, it seems to us less disfigured by

poor antitheses and far-fetched conceits, than the other. Not only the cause of patriotism, but that of good taste, would have gained by the exchange, not, however, to any great amount; as the reader who suffers his thoughts to stray from Filicaja's Sonnet to Petrarch's Ode, addressed to Cola di Rienzo, (or, as some insist, to Cardinal Colonna,) will agree. On this same argument of the apathy and indolence of his country, with almost the very same ideas, how different were the verses that flowed from the harmonious lips of the first of Italian poets.

" Che s'aspetti non so, nè che s'agogni
Italia, che ì suoi guaì non par che senta;
Vecchia, oziosa, e lenta,
Dormirà sempre, e non fia chi la svegli?
Le man l'avess'io avvolte entro e'capegli!" &c. &c.
Canz. vi. *Spirto gentil.*

Respecting the life of our poet, there is little to be said. His journey through this sublunary world was undistinguished by any of those strange accidents, or original eccentricities, which are the usual sources of interest in the biography of a son of the Muses. And if he had never excited notice as a poet, all remembrance of him, as a Florentine senator, would, perhaps, have died away with the sound of the bell which announced his funeral. He was born in Florence, of a noble but not very opulent family; and was sent to the public school, where, according to the quaint expression of Angelo Fabroni, who wrote Filicaja's life in Latin, " ab jesuitis didicit quæ disci tum poterant:"* and from his earliest years he evinced a great disposition to religious piety, which distinguished his character throughout his life. He was still very young when he fell violently in love with a young lady, who lived next door to his father's; and he has described this amour in a Latin Ode, which breathes genuine passion throughout. He says,

" Roscido acerbior
Pomo, et pulchra nimis virgo, nigerrimis,
Heu! me perdite amans, cepit ocellulis;
Gaudebamque capi, vinclaque erant mihi
Libertate magis dulcia. Sic ego,
Sic illa æque avidis luminibus diu
Arsuram penitis visceribus facem

* He learned, from the Jesuits, what was at that time to be learned. See *Vitæ Italorum doctrina excellentium, qui seculis* xvii. & xviii. *floruerunt, Autore Angelo Fabronio, Academiæ Pisanæ Curatore.*

Portabamus. Erant contiguæ domus :
Hinc nullo unanimes obice identidem
Nativis animæ sedibus exules
Errabant; dubiumqne alter, an altera
Arderet gravius." &c. &c.

Carm. xix.

Three years after, this young lady married another admirer; and shortly after her nuptials died. We will not attempt to describe the profound affliction of Filicaja, at each of these disasters. His heart never more admitted the tender passion. Collecting all the amatory verses he had written, he committed them to the flames; and such was his ontrition for having devoted his genius to these compositions, that, as Fabroni states, he bound himself by oath never more to write any but sacred and heroic poetry; to which vow he strictly adhered.

Urged, however, by the solicitations of his father, Filicaja, at the age of thirty-one, married; though not prompted by romantic feelings. He proved a very good husband, and the best of fathers. He was made a senator by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and appointed governor of the city of Volterra. The gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his heart, the modesty of his conversation, and the invariable equity of his conduct, made him the idol of the people over whom he presided; and the peace-maker constantly applied to by every family of the district. Three or four times, the Grand Duke wished to promote him to another government; and the people of Volterra as often petitioned to be allowed to retain him with them, and obtained their request. A rare, but an infallible proof of the integrity of a magistrate. At length Filicaja left Volterra for the more important government of Pisa, where the same amiable manners equally endeared him to the inhabitants. Being afterwards recalled to the court of Florence, he filled other magisterial offices of difficulty and importance in that city; and continued to acquire additional claims to the title of best of citizens, until he died there, at the age of sixty-five. His manners were always of exemplary propriety—pure as his heart. His mind was divided between the thoughts of God, and of his earthly vocation—the care of his fellow citizens. On the whole, every part of Filicaja's character, as a man, is calculated to awaken our most agreeable sympathies; and we declare these sentiments with the more pleasure, as our regard for truth has constrained us to speak less favourably of him as a poet.

With the exception of some petty domestic afflictions—the ordinary inheritance of humanity—the life of our author might be envied as truly happy. He was not oppressed by any

of those cruel vexations which often fall heavily on men of genius in Italy; and at the present period more than ever. He was neither persecuted by governments, nor harassed by spies. Once only, after he had slept peacefully in the tomb for upwards of a century, he was menaced with imprisonment. The anecdote is curious:—At the time of the second invasion of Italy by the French, some *plaisant* took the trouble to place on the table of Murat, the general-in-chief of the army, a manuscript copy of the sonnet, *Italia, Italia, tu cui feo la sorte*, &c., subscribed with the name of VINCENZO FILICAJA. Murat having read it, called one of his adjutants, and gave orders that *Citizen Vincenzo Filicaja* should immediately be arrested; nor was it without great difficulty that he could be persuaded that the man he was resolved to punish had died a century before. The Italian pedants, with whom the joke thus played off on Murat originated, raised a great outcry about his ignorance. To us their own conduct seems far more ridiculous, in expecting a foreigner, a Frenchman, and a soldier, to be acquainted with all the minutiæ of Italian litarature. *Chacun a son gibier*, says Montaigne; and if Murat had retaliated, by talking to these arrogant gentry about Vauban and his military science, they would very probably have imagined Vauban to have been one of Murat's adjutants. "But we are *literary* men," they would, perhaps, have exclaimed. "And I," Murat might fairly have replied, "am a *military* man." We cannot, however, so easily pardon his indignation against Filijaca; the only way to palliate it, is to place it amongst the numerous unavoidable atrocities of conquerors—of whom we heartily detest the whole tribe.

Our author's poetry was much read and esteemed in England; particularly his Latin poems, which, as they successively appeared, were regularly sent over by Sir Henry Newton, then our ambassador at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo III. Amongst these latter are two Odes in praise of Lord Somers, which (as Fabroni, the keen satyrist already quoted, observes) could not fail to be particularly acceptable to the English people—*a people so vain-glorious, and so much addicted to praising themselves.**

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* Non poterant non esse acceptissima populo, propriorum meritorum laudatore superbo.

ART. VII.—*The Rehearsal Transpos'd; or Animadversions upon a late Book, intitled, A Preface shewing what Grounds there are of Fears and Jealousies of Popery. The second Impression, with Additions and Amendments.—London: Printed by J. D. for the Assigns of John Calvin and Theodore Beza, at the sign of the King's Indulgence, on the South Side of Lake-Lemane; and sold by N. Ponder, in Chancery Lane,* 1672.

The Rehearsal Transpos'd; the second Part: occasioned by Two Letters:—the first, printed by a nameless Author, intituled A Reproof, &c. The second Letter left for me at a Friend's House, dated November 3, 1673, *subscribed J. G., and concluding with these words—"If thou darest to print or publish any Lie or Libel against Doctor Parker, by the Eternal God I will cut thy throat!"—Answered by* Andrew Marvell. *London: Printed for Nathaniel Ponder, at the Peacock, in Chancery Lane, near Fleet Street,* 1673.

Miscellaneous Poems. By Andrew Marvell, *Esq. late Member of the House of Commons. London: Printed for Robert Boulter, at the Turk's Head, in Cornhill,* 1681.—*Folio, pp.* 139.

A Short Historical Essay, touching General Councils, Creeds, and Impositions, in Matters of Religion. Very seasonable at this time. Written by Andrew Marvell, *Esq. London: printed for R. Baldwin,* 1687.

A Collection of Poems, on Affairs of State, &c. By A——— M———l, *Esq.; and other eminent Wits. Most whereof never before printed. London: Printed in the year* 1689, 4*to. pp.* 36.

The Works of Andrew Marvell, *Esq. London: Printed by E. Curl, over against Catherine Street, in the Strand,* 1626. 2 *vols. duo.*

The Works of Andrew Marvell, *Esq.; Poetical, Controversial, and Political; containing many original Letters, Poems, and Tracts, never before printed, with a new Life of the Author, by Capt. Edward Thompson, in Three Volumes. London: Printed for the Editor, by Henry Baldwin,* 1776. 4*to.*

It cannot be a matter of surprise, when the literary character of Milton was so long in struggling into public admiration, from beneath the mass of political and polemical prejudice,* that the poetical fame of Andrew Marvell (his

* The following remarkable proof, earlier than Johnson's day, may not be known to all of our readers—"JOHN MILTON was one

assistant Latin secretary to the Protector) should experience a similar fate, and his works a temporary neglect. If the humiliating and sturdy prejudices of Johnson were so far overcome or overawed, as charitably to admit the biography (and such a biography!) of Milton among "*The Lives of the most eminent English Poets,*" he could, however, hardly be expected to chronicle the stern patriotism or fugitive poetry of Marvell; nor, indeed, could it be very desirable, for the memory of our poet, that Johnson should have shewn him such a distinction, if the price of it had been injustice, proportionate to that so liberally lavished on Marvell's illustrious friend and co-adjutor in office. Dr. Johnson could not but have known of the merit and beauties of Marvell's poems; probably he did not wish to assist in perpetuating the *fame* of the author, and perhaps the absence of his commemoration will assist it in now assuming its deserved rank in the estimation of those who do not consider our great moralist and lexicographer the absolute dictator of English poetry.

It is the province of time, and the grateful duty of posterity, to smelt the mixed ore of former ages, and to separate the gold dust of literature from the dross and incrustations of party and ephemeral writing: as the stream of time rolls rapidly from former to present ages, desultory writing is lost in the ocean of oblivion; the personal failings of the individual are "buried deep in the obscurity of time," and mankind are only anxious to preserve the valuable intellectual legacies left them by their ancestors.

These remarks are not intended to extenuate aught in the *private* character of Marvell: the "British Aristides" has been long the great exemplar of public and private integrity; and the mildew of defamation has singularly avoided his irreproachable reputation. Nor can we justly say that the works of Andrew Marvell have been altogether neglected: the long list of publications, at different periods, which front this article, is a proof of the contrary; but, in this reading and reprinting age his *poems*, little read, are by no means so generally known or so critically admired as they richly deserve to be. The enquiry

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whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English poets, having written two heroic poems and a tragedy,—viz. *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Sampson Angonista*; but his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honourable repute, had not he been a notorious traitor, and most impiously and villainously belied that blessed martyr, King Charles the First!"—*The Lives of the most famous English Poets, &c.* 1687, *by William Winstanley. Licensed, June* 16, 1686. *Robert Midgley.*

naturally arises, why? He left behind him no epic or poem of any considerable length; and although his satirical poetry is fraught with sparkling and poignant wit, yet the subjects were chiefly personal and temporary, and not like the more elaborate work of Butler, identified with the national history, manners, and opinions.

We shall give some short biographical account of this accomplished man and English senator, but we shall be as brief as possible—the most impartial and honourable history of his mind will be best perused in his own works, from which we shall make as copious extracts as our limits will allow.

He who has left behind so perfect a mirror of his own mind in his admirable writings, and so irreproachable a character, cannot be further illustrated by the dull pages of pedigree. Poetical genius is not hereditary, it is no heir-loom in family property. The reverend Andrew Marvell, the father of our poet, was a respectable clergyman of the church of England, a native of Cambridgeshire, educated in that University in which he took the degree of Master of Arts, in the year 1608. He was afterwards elected master of the Public German School, in Kingston upon Hull; and was made lecturer of the Trinity Church, 1624. He greatly distinguished himself during the plague in 1637, by the fearless performance of his clerical duties in visiting the sick and burying the dead amid all the grim horrors of that devastating period; and his funeral sermons are said to have been most eloquent specimens of pathetic oratory. By Echard, he is styled "the *facetious* Calvinistical minister of Hull." The unhappy accident which terminated his life, when crossing the river Humber with a beautiful young couple he was going to marry, the boat upsetting in a sudden storm, is well known and has been the subject of many a touching and heart-rending story, "founded on fact." From the character and opinions of the father, it is evident that the son received many early and lasting impressions which subsequently developed themselves in the most eventful period of British History. Marvell gives this character of his father, in the second part of the "*Rehearsal Transposed.*"—"He died before the war broke out, having lived with some reputation both for piety and learning, and was moreover a conformist to the established rites of the church of England, though I confess, none of the most over-running, or eager in them."

Marvell was born at Kingston upon Hull, 15th November, 1620, and probably received the first rudiments of education under his father, and was early distinguished for remarkable proficiency and quickness of mind. Indeed, at 15 years of age, his father sent him to Cambridge, where he was admitted, in 1635, as a student of Trinity College: Mr. Cooke, the editor of

the edition of his works in 1726, erroneously states this as on the 14th of December, 1633; but the admission book of Trinity College has the following entry,—p. 266, 13th April, 1638, *Andrew Marvell juratus et admissus*, which is the record of his election to a scholarship on the foundation. We have no evidence of his attaining any academical honours, or towards what profession he directed his studies.

The Jesuits, who were then seeking converts with industrious proselytism, among the young men of distinguished abilities, inveigled Marvell from college to London, where his father followed and rescued him from their fangs; and it appears, that, like every youthful mind of ardent and undisciplined feeling, he went through the usual course of rapidly succeeding extremes and inconsistent opinions. So powerful and vigorous an intellect, however, could not but subside into rational and wise views of the principles of human conduct and the civil government of man; and in proportion to the difficulty of discovering truth, is the usual estimation of its value.

From the time of his admission on the foundation at Trinity College, in 1638, to the year 1640, in which he lost his father, he appears to have pursued his studies with indefatigable application; that event seems to have given some new character to his views and prospects, which, at this distance of time, and with the scanty information on his early life, cannot now be discovered. It is certain, however, that he gave up his residence at college; and, with other students, absented himself so long from his *exercises*, that the masters and seniors came to a resolution, on the 24th September, 1641, to refuse them the benefits of the college, and gave them three months to make the *amende honorable*. Marvell does not appear to have manifested any penitence, but was publicly expelled for non-residence. This story, however, probably means nothing more than that Marvell, as a scholar, did not take his degree at the regular time, which, by the rules of Trinity College, *now* vacates a scholarship, and which probably did, at the time and in the instance in question. Captain Thompson, his last biographer, supposes, that this intermission of his studies and residence was caused by new snares of the Jesuits; but this is improbable,—a burnt child dreads the fire. It is much more probable, that the political turmoils which preceded the breaking out of the civil wars engaged his attention; and that a small independency, on the death of his father, relieved him from the necessity of earning his bread in the dry and uninteresting study of technical law. But however this may be, he appears to have extended the plan of his education, in travelling abroad some considerable time, "through most of the polite parts of Europe."

XUM

His poem of *Flecknoe*, a humourous satire on an English priest at Rome, Richard Flecknoe, an incorrigible poetaster, is the first recorded instance of his satirical writing; when, or whether at all, published, at the period of its composition, is unknown. It is not worth extracting, to the exclusion of other superior poems; and, though possessing considerable humour, is composed in slovenly metre. It has, however, the merit of originating one of the best satirical poems in the language, *Dryden's M^c Flecknoe, against the "lambent dulness" of Thomas Shadwell.*

It has been supposed, that Marvell, at this time, made his first acquaintance with Milton, who was then in Italy; and who, though twelve years older than Marvell, had only left Christ's College four years before the date of the latter's admission.

In Paris, he wrote a severe poem on one Lancelot Joseph de Maniban, a whimsical abbot, who pretended to prognosticate the fortunes of people from the character of their handwriting. From this circumstance, we hear no more of Marvell for the space of twelve years. Some of his biographers, determined to fill up the chasm, have sent him as secretary to a Turkey embassy; but, unluckily, it does not appear, that Cromwell had any minister at the Ottoman court. This long blank in the biography of such a man, at such an era, is unaccountable; though it cannot be doubted, from subsequent circumstances, that he must have been the warm and bold friend of the popular party. In 1653, by the transcript of a curious letter from him to Oliver Cromwell, (see *Biographia Britannica, art. Marvell*), but the original of which is unknown, the latter, it appears, had appointed him tutor to a Mr. Dutton. This letter is extremely interesting, and, in some degree, unfolds Marvell's opinion on education; he writes, that his pupil was of "a gentle and waxen disposition," that "he hath in him two things, which make youth most easy to be managed,—modesty, which is the bridle to vice,—and emulation, which is the spur to virtue." There is more wisdom in the simplicity and tenderness of these sentences than first meets the eye.

In the second part of the *Rehearsal Transposed*, he says, in reply to some reproaches of Dr. Parker, "I never had any, not the remotest relation to public matters, nor correspondence with the persons then predominant, till the year 1657; when, indeed, I entered into an employment, for which I was not altogether improper, and which I consider to be the most innocent and inoffensive towards his majesty's affairs, of any in that usurped and irregular government, to which all men were then exposed." This office was that of assistant Latin secretary to the Commonwealth with Milton; which sufficiently proves, he

was an accomplished scholar, and of tried integrity. It is true, that the sentence above quoted betrays a great dissatisfaction at the issue of the struggle for liberty in Cromwell's usurpation; and it is more than probable, that Marvell, with Fairfax, and many other of the great characters of the times, in the choice of evils, longed for the restoration.

From the death of Cromwell, till the Parliament of the 25th of April, 1660, we have no account of Marvell, although he was elected, in 1658, member for the town of Hull. His parliamentary career was remarkable for patriotism and genius; he was the bold advocate of the people, with assassination staring him in the face; "when truth and chastity were crimes in the lewd circle of Charles's siren court;" and when a general prostitution of public integrity made patriotism singular and vulgar. He corresponded, every post, with his constituents, which is said to be the last instance of that valuable relation between representatives and their suffragans. This correspondence still exists in the corporation's records of Hull; and Captain Thompson published a considerable portion, in his edition of Marvell's works. The letters are highly curious for their historical and parliamentary information. In one of them we find him thanking the corporation conjunctively with his colleague, for a barrel of ale: "we must give you thanks for the kind present you were pleased to send us, which will occasion us to remember you often; but the quantity is so great that it might make sober men forgetful." He is reported to have spoken but seldom in the House, but to have possessed very great personal influence over the members of the Commons, and also with the Peers. His exertions in favour of religious liberty, and against the *excise*, were particularly noted. In 1663, he retired from his parliamentary duties, and accompanied Lord Carlisle, as secretary, to Russia; but appears to have accepted the appointment rather from private friendship, than on public grounds. He continued there, and in Sweden and Denmark, nearly two years. On the 15th October, 1665, we find him attending the Parliament at Oxford. From this period to October, 1674, Marvell's correspondence gives a regular account of the proceedings of the two Houses; and the prorogation of Parliament, in November, 1675, terminated his parliamentary labours.

We have no room here to particularise, or quote the various prose works in which he boldly advocated the public cause. He was proof against every assault on his invincible public integrity. The personal compliment of the king himself, who delighted in the wit of his society; the golden offers of Charles's treasurer, Danby, who with difficulty found him in his "elevated retreat, in the second floor of a court in the Strand," the

XUM

very day he borrowed a guinea; nothing could daunt his courage, or stay his opposition to the government, much less tempt him to prostitute his pen in its behalf. His personal satire against the king himself, his tracts against popery and the ministry, his desperate literary battles with Parker and others, repeatedly endangered his life: it was all to no purpose on the part of his enemies; he was a rock amidst the foaming ocean; his Roman virtue was incorruptible. He, at last, died *suddenly*, on the 29th of July, 1678, while attending a public meeting in the town-hall of Hull, it is supposed by poison, as his health had been remarkable good, previous to his seizure. Thus probably was the threat actually fulfilled,—"if thou darest to print or publish any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God I will cut thy throat!"

"But whether fate or art untwin'd thy thread
Remains in doubt; Fame's lasting register
Shall leave his name enroll'd as great as those
Who at Philippi for their country fell."

We shall now give a brief account of his works, with as much extract from his poetry as our limits will allow. The first edition of his poems in folio, 1681, was surreptitious, and contains the following impudent preface:

"To the Reader:

"These are to certify every ingenious reader, that all these Poems, as also the other things in this book contained, are printed according to the exact copies of my late dear husband, under his own hand writing, being found, since his death, among his other papers. Witness my hand, this 15th day of October, 1680.

"MARY MARVELL."

Marvell was never married; but the bookseller bought the manuscripts from a woman in whose house he lodged. As few other poems, besides those contained in this edition, exist, it is to be feared that what this person *thought* unsaleable she destroyed.

The most interesting poetical piece in the whole miscellaneous collection, is his address to

"*The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn.*

"The wanton troopers riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle-men! They cannot thrive
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst alive

Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps registers of every thing;
And nothing may we use in vain,
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their *deodands.*
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their stain
Is dy'd in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.
  Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, (I remember well,)
Ty'd in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then; I'm sure I do.
Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a *fawn* to hunt his *dear.*'
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his *fawn*, but took his heart.
  Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away,
With this: and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport; and light
Of foot, and heart; and did invite
Me to its game: it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? O, I cannot be
Unkind t'a beast that loveth me.
  Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so

As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
But I am sure, for ought that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.
With sweetest milk and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say than *my* hand!
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds;
And trod, as if on the Four Winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes.
For in the flaxen lily's shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint;
And die as calmly as a saint.
See how it weeps! The tears do come,
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow.
The brotherless *Heliades*
Melt in such amber tears as these.
I in a golden phial will
Keep these two crystal tears; and fill
It, till it doth overflow with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.
Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermins pure.
O do not run too fast; for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.
First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep though I be stone;
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee."

The following address of the "Lover to the Gow-worms" is pretty and fanciful, and more in the taste of the times than Marvell's verses in general.

"Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer-night,
Her matchless songs does meditate:

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall:

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wand'ring mowers shows the way,

That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray:

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displac'd,
That I shall never find my home."

Among Marvell's miscellaneous poems, there are several Latin ones. We select some very beautiful verses on a "Dew Drop," which are as beautifully translated.

Cernis, ut Eoi descendat gemmula roris,
Inque rosas roseo transfluat orta sinu.
Sollicitâ flores stant ambitione supini,
Et certant foliis pellicuisse suis.
Illa tamen patriæ lustrans fastigia sphæræ,
Negligit hospitii limina picta novi.
Inque sui nitido conclusa voluminis orbe,
Exprimit ætherei, quà licet, orbis aquas.
En, ut odoratum spernat generosior stratum,
Vixque premat casto mollia strata pede;
Suspicit at longis distantem obtutibus axem,
Inde et languenti lumine pendet amans,
Tristis, et in liquidum mutata dolore dolorem,
Marcet, uti roseis lachryma fusa genis.
Ut pavet, et motum tremit irrequieta cubile,
Et, quoties Zephyri fluctuat aura, fugit.
Qualis inexpertam subeat formido puellam,
Sicubi Nocte redit incomitata domum;
Sic et in horridulas agitatur gutta procellas,
Dum pro virgineo cuncta pudore timet;
Donec oberrantem radio clemente vaporet,
Inque jubar reducem sol genitale trahat.
Talis, in humano si possit flore videri,
Exul ubi longas mens agit usque moras;
Hæc quoque natalis meditans convivia cœli,
Evertit calices, purpureosque toros;
Fontis stilla sacri, lucis scintilla perennis,
Non capitur Tyriâ veste, vapore Sabæ;
Tota sed in proprii secedens luminis arcem,
Colligit in gyros se sinuosa breves;
Magnorumque sequens animo convexa Deorum,
Sydereum parvo fingit in orbe globum.
Quam bene in aversæ modulum contracta figuræ
Oppositum mundo claudit ubique latus;

Sed bibit in speculum radios ornata rotundum,
Et circumfuso splendet aperta die.
Quà Superos spectat rutilans, obscurior infra,
Cætera dedignans, ardet amore poli.
Subsilit, hinc agili poscens discedere motu,
Undique cœlesti cincta soluta viæ.
Totaque in aëreos extenditur orbita cursus;
Hinc punctim carpens, mobile stringit iter.
Haud aliter mensis exundans manna beatis
Deserto jacuit stilla gelata solo;
Stilla gelata solo, sed solibus hausta benignis,
Ad sua, quà cecidit, purior Astra radit.

Translation.

A DROP OF DEW.

" See how the orient dew
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself incloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flow'r does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grows impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flow'r be seen,
Rememb'ring still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green;
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away:
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day.

Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, there in love,
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend:
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upward bend.
Such did the Manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congeal'd and chill;
Congeal'd on earth; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of th' almighty sun."

The following is a very pleasing little poem on the Bermudas, supposed to be sung by the English exiles who had taken refuge there:

"Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In th' ocean's bosom unespy'd,
From a small boat, that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.
'What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits thro' the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close,
Jewels more rich than *Ormus* shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land.
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the Ambergrace on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast.

And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.'
Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way to guide the chime,
With falling oars they kept the time."

The Poem on *Paradise Lost*, which, though it is frequently prefixed to the editions of Milton, still must not be omitted here.

"When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin, (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song;
So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spite,
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.
Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;
Thro' that wide field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he'd perplex the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.
Or if a work so infinite he span'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel,)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which thro' thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft;
The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?
Just heav'n thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
Well might thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells,
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy points appear,
The poets tag them; we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And while I meant to praise thee, must commend.
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme."

EPITAPH.

"Near this Place
Lyeth the Body of Andrew Marvell, Esq.
A man so endowed by nature
So improved by Education, Study, and Travel.
So consummated by Experience,
That joining the peculiar Graces of Wit and
Learning, with a singular Penetration and
Strength of Judgment, and exercising all
these in the whole course of his Life, with
an unalterable steadyness in the ways of Virtue,
He became the Ornament and
Example of his Age; Beloved by
good Men, feared by bad, admired by all:
Tho' imitated, alas! by few,
And scarce paralleled by any.
But a Tombstone can neither contain his
Character, nor is marble necessary to
transmit it to Posterity; it is engraved

in the Minds of this Generation and will be
always legible in his inimitable Writings,
nevertheless. He having served near
20 years successively in Parliament, and
that with such wisdom, dexterity, integrity,
and courage, as becomes a true Patriot,
The Town of Kingston upon Hull
From whence he was constantly deputed to that
Assembly, lamenting in his Death the Public
Loss, have erected this Monument of
their Grief and Gratitude 1688.
He died in the 58th year of his age,
on the 16th day of August 1678.

Heu fragile humanum Genus. Heu terrestria Vana!
Heu quem spectatum confinet Urna Virum!"

We regret that our limits in this number prevent us from doing justice to the remains of Marvel in this article. We, however, propose, in some future number, to resume the consideration of his poetry, and enter upon that of his prose works.

ART. VIII.— *Resolves; Divine, Moral, and Political. The Eighth Impression, with new and several other Additions, both in Prose and Verse, not extant in the former Impressions. By* Owen Felltham, *Esq. London: Printed for Peter Dring, and are to be sold at the Sun, in the Poultry, next door to the Rose Tavern.* 1661.

In a note by the late M. Gilchrist, upon some verses, written by Felltham, to the memory of Ben Jonson, we find the following observation: — "It seems something remarkable, that nothing should be known of a book so popular as *Felltham's Resolves* has always been, beyond the bare circumstances related by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine, of his father, Thomas Felltham, being a Suffolkman, and that Owen was one of three children." It is, indeed, remarkable, and yet so literally the case, that Mr. Cumming, the latest editor of the *Resolves*, who, we believe, during the fourteen years that elapsed between the first and second editions of his reprint, sought, with unwearied diligence, for further particulars of Felltham, was not able to add a single fact of importance to this brief record of

his author's private history. But the assertion, that the "*Resolves* have *always* been popular," is only partially correct. It is true, they had passed through twelve editions previous to 1709,* but another century had nearly elapsed ere an attempt was made to awaken public attention in their favour, by a small compilation, entitled "*The Beauties of Owen Felltham,*" containing a selection from twenty or thirty of the *Essays*. The work itself was then fast gliding into oblivion, when accident threw into the way of Mr. James Cumming, a gentleman connected with Indian affairs, who had the taste to discover the merit of Felltham's lucubrations, and the spirit to rescue them from the neglect to which they had well-nigh fallen a prey.—He published an edition of the *Resolves*, (with some account of the author and his writings) in 1806, and a subsequent one in 1820, with the addition of a selection from the poetry of Felltham.

As two impressions of this re-publication have appeared, we are bound to assume, that it has met with fair encouragement; but we have seldom seen it ourselves in the hands of general readers, and we cannot help suspecting that our review will introduce it to the notice of many who never even heard of the name of Owen Felltham.

The *Resolves*, in all the editions, we believe, except the first, consist of two parts, styled *Centuries:* but the first edition contains the latter part only, composed by the author when in his eighteenth year, and revised by him afterwards. Both parts comprise a series of Essays, on subjects connected with religion, morality, and the conduct of life; and they appear to have been termed *Resolves*,—because, at the conclusion of each Essay, the author generally forms resolutions founded on his own precepts, having, as he states in his early Preface, written and published his *Reflections*, "not so much to please others as profit himself." In this direct personal application, they differ from the "*Essays, Civil and Moral,*" of Lord Bacon, to which they otherwise bear a frequent resemblance in manner, and still more in matter, the subjects of a great many of the *Resolves* being the same as those treated on by the illustrious writer

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* The following is the list of editions given by Mr. Cumming, of which we have only seen the 7th and 8th:—

1st edition, date uncertain,	12mo		8th edition	1661	fol.
2d and 3rd	1628	4to.	9th	1670	fol.
4th	1631	4to.	10th	1677	fol.
5th	1634	4to.	11th	1696	fol.
6th	1636	4to.	12th	1799	8vo.
7th	1647	4to.			

alluded to. The style of Owen Felltham is not always equal. He is occasionally prolix; his illustrations are two multipled; and his language is sometimes loose and familiar. He likewise participates in the antithetical and punning propensity of Arthur Warwick, as in the passage—"It is from where there is no judgement, that the heaviest judgment comes." But his general style is nervous and appropriate; rather close and pointed than diffusive, though at times really eloquent. His phrases are such as, to use his own words, "are expressively pertinent, which lead the mind to something beside the naked truth."—He is prodigal of metaphor and quotation, and has, perhaps, on that account, been accused of pedantry; but, surely, if to quote at all from ancient writers be allowable, such allusions as the following add both force and interest to the maxims they are intended to support.

"I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he bids him think, how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing,—how many are, and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all, were endless. The best way is, to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

"Silence was a full answer in that philosopher; that being asked what he thought of human life,—said nothing, turned him round, and vanished."

How delicate and how appropriate is the Scriptural metaphor of St. Bernard, in the succeeding extract.

"Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if be were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those States are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements; so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive, and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy, and doing; nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet, that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life; and that is, my thinking. Surely, God made so many varieties in his creatures, as well for the inward soul, as for the outward senses; though he made them primarily for his own free-will and glory. He was a monk of an honester age, that being asked how he could endure that life, without the pleasure of books, answered—The nature of the

creatures was his library; wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles."

Owen Felltham's resemblance to Lord Bacon, to which we have before alluded, is very apparent in passages like these.

"Science by much is short of wisdom. Nay, so far, as I think, you shall scarce find a more fool than sometimes a mere scholar. He will speak Greek to an ostler, and Latin familiarly to women that understand it not. Knowledge is the treasure of the mind, but discretion is the key; without which it lies dead, in the dulness of a fruitless rest. The practic part of wisdom is the best. A native ingenuity is beyond the watchings of industrious study. Wisdom is no inheritance; no, not to the greatest clerks. Men write commonly more formally than they practise; and they, conversing only among books, are put into affectation, and pedantism. He that is built of the press, and the pen, shall be sure to make himself ridiculous.

"Every age both confutes old errors, and begets new. Yet still are we more entangled; and the further we go, the nearer we approach a sun that blinds us. He that went furthest in these things, we find ending with a censure of their vanity, their vexation. 'Tis questionable, whether the progress of learning hath done more hurt or good, whether the schools have not made more questions than they have decided."

Like the great Chancellor, too, he often brings the imagination of the poet to aid the wisdom of the philosopher. Bacon has been much extolled for the splendour of his imagery: we doubt whether many metaphors could be produced from his works, surpassing the beauty of those which we shall quote from the *Resolves*.

"Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed: but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank; not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore,—no end of that liquid fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power, and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But, when we come to metaphysics, to long buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.

"What is that man good for, that cannot be trusted in his own voluntary relations? One would break that dial into atoms, whose

false lines only serve to mislead—whose every stealing minute attempts to shame the sun. Speech is the commerce of the world, and words are the cement of society. What have we to rest upon in this world, but the professions and declarations that men seriously and solemnly offer? When any of these fail, a ligament of the world is broke; and whatever this upheld as a foundation, falls. Truth is the good man's mistress, whose beauty he dares justify against all the furious tiltings of her wandering enemies; 'tis the buckler under which he lies securely covered from all the strokes of adversaries. It is indeed a deity; for God himself is truth, and never meant to make the heart and tongue disjunctives.

"He that lives long, does many times outlive his happiness. As evening tempests are more frequent, so they carry a blacker terror along: youth, like the sun, oft rises clear and dancing; when the afternoon is cloudy, thick, and turbulent. * * * * * * * * * * * * * Age, like a long travailed horse, rides dull toward his journey's end; while every new setter out gallops away, and leaves him to his melancholic trot. In youth, untamed blood does goad us into folly; and, till experience reins us, we ride unbitted, wild; and, in a wanton fling, disturb ourselves, and all that come but near us. In age, ourselves are with ourselves displeased. We are looked upon by others as things to be endured, not courted or applied to. Who is it will be fond of gathering fading flowers? Fruits past maturity grow less to be esteemed. Beauty itself, once autumned, does not tempt."

Proceeding from style to sentiment, we are every where, in the *Resolves*, impressed with a high opinion of our author's excellent good sense and knowledge of mankind. He has (as he says of the wise man) "a knowing, and a practical judgement of his own, that can direct him in the maze of life—in the bustle of the world—in the twitches and the twirls of fate." We could cite a great many passages that exemplify this quality in a high degree: let a few suffice.

"All that affect things over-violently, do over-violently grieve in the disappointment; which is yet occasioned, by that, the too much earnestness. Whatsoever I wish for, I will pursue easily, though I do it assiduously: and if I can, the hand's diligence shall go without the leaping bounds of the heart: so, if it should happen well, I shall have more content, as coming less expected.

"That mind which cannot keep its own determinations private, is not to be trusted either with his own or other's business. He lets in so much light as will not suffer his designs to sleep; so they come to be disturbed, while they should gather strength by repose. If the business be of what is yet to come, 'tis vanity to boast of it; 'tis all one with the almanack, to rove at what weather will happen. We boast of that, which, not being in our power, is none of our own. The bird that flies, I may as well call mine. He digs in sand, and lays his

beams in water, that builds upon events, which no man can be master of.

"Irresolution is a worser vice than rashness: he that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark; but he that shoots not at all, shall be sure never to hit it. A rash act may be mended by the activeness of the penitent, when he sees and finds his error. But irresolution loosens all the joints of state: like an ague, it shakes not this or that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit.

"Servants are usually our best friends, or our worst enemies: neuters seldom. For, being known to be privy to our retired actions, and our more continual conversation, they have the advantage of being believed before a removed friend. Friends have more of the tongue, but servants of the hand: and actions, for the most part, speak a man more truly than words. Attendants are like to the locks that belong to a house; while they are strong and close, they preserve us in safety; but weak, or open, we are left a prey to thieves. If they be such as a stranger may pick, or another open with a false key, it is very fit to change them instantly. But if they be well warded, they are then good guards of our fame and welfare. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

All families are but diminutives of a court, where most men respect more their own advancement, than the honour of their throned king. The same thing that makes a lying chambermaid tell a foul lady that she looks lovely, makes a base lord sooth up his ill king in mischief. They both counsel, rather to insinuate themselves by floating with a light, loved humour, than to profit the advised, and imbetter his fame.

"Few converse so much with persons abroad, as to shew their humours and inclinations in public. To their superiors, they put on obsequiousness, and pageant out their virtues, but strongly they conceal their vices. To their equals, they strive to shew the gratefulness of a condition; to their inferiors, courtesy and beneficence; to all, there is a disguise. Men in this, like ladies that are careful of their beauty, admit not to be visited, till they be dressed and trimmed to the advantage of their faces. Only in a man's retirement, and among his domestics, he opens himself with more freedom, and with less care; he walks there as nature framed him: he there may be seen not as he seems, but as he is; without either the deceiving properties of art, or the varnish of belied virtue: so, as indeed, no man is able to pass a true judgement upon another, but he that familiarly and inwardly knows him, and has viewed him by the light of time. When Tiberius had a noble fame among strangers, he that read him rhetoric, stuck not to pronounce him *luto et sanguine maceratum.*

"I like not those that disdain what the world says of them. I shall suspect that woman's modesty, that values not to be accounted modest.

"He that is careless of his fame, I doubt, is not fond of his integrity."

Another of Felltham's merits is his liberal allowance for

the failings of others, and the kindly feeling with which the sternest of his reproofs is tempered. Thus, on the theme "that no man can be good to all," he writes,—

"I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest, and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgement; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humours; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies, which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamental acts of the two Houses, reason, and the common sense. As if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this, not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how."

Again, "of apprehension in wrongs:"

"We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and, after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness."

"Of truth and bitterness in jests:"

"Laughter should dimple the cheek, not furrow the brow into ruggedness. The birth is then prodigious, when mischief is the child

of mirth. All should have liberty to laugh at a jest; but if it throws disgrace upon one, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the music. Flouts, we may see, proceeds from an inward contempt; and there is nothing cuts deeper, in a generous mind, than scorn. Nature, at first, makes us all equal; we are differenced but by accident, and outwards; and I think it is a jealousy that she hath infused in man, for the maintaining of her own honour against external causes. And though all have not wit to reject the arrow, yet most have memory to retain the offence; which they will be content to owe awhile, that they may repay it both with advantage and ease. It is but an unhappy wit that stirs up enemies against the owner. A man may spit out his friend from his tongue, or laugh him into an enemy. Gall in mirth is an ill-mixture, and sometimes truth is bitterness. I would wish any man to be pleasingly merry; but let him beware that he bring not truth on the stage, like a wanton with an edged weapon."

Lastly, " of reprehension :"

" When thou chidest thy wandering friend, do it secretly; in season, in love; not in the ear of a popular convention. For, in many times, the presence of a multitude makes a man take up an unjust defence, rather than fall into a just shame. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked sun; nor does the wound but rankle more which is fanned by the public air. Nor can I much blame a man, though he shuns to make the vulgar his confessor; for they are the most uncharitable tell-tales that the burthened earth doth suffer. They understand nothing but the dregs of actions; and with spattering those abroad, they besmear a deserving fame. A man had better be convinced in private than be made guilty by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for magistrates, and courts of justice; for stalled chambers, and for scarlets, in the thronged hall. Private, are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes, are blind, and deaf, and dumb. We should do by them as Joseph thought to have done by Mary, seek to cover blemishes with secrecy. Public reproof is like striking of a deer in the herd; it not only wounds him, to the loss of enabling blood, but betrays him to the hound, his enemy; and makes him, by his fellows, be pushed out of company. Even concealment of a fault argues some charity to the delinquent; and when we tell him of it in secret, it shews we wish he should amend, before the world comes to know his amiss."

But the highest excellency of the *Resolves*—an excellency, before which every merit of composition sinks into insignificance—is the purity of the religious and moral principles they exhibit. We can only, in this place, refer the reader to the Essays, entitled, *Of Prayer—The Danger of once admitting a Sin—Of Faith and Good Works—Of preparing against Death,* &c. which are too long to extract entire, and we would not mar their effect by imperfect quotation; but we cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of instancing the clear and distinct

notions they evince of the mutual relation between religion and morality.

"Religion more properly respects the service of God; yet takes care of man too. Morality looks most to our conversation with men; yet leaves us not when we come to God and religion. I confess, I understand not why some of our divines have so much cried down morality. A moral man with some is but another word for a reprobate; whereas, truly, charity and probability would induce us to think, that whosoever is morally honest, is so out of conscience, in obedience to the commands of God, and the instinctments of nature, so framed and qualified by God himself, rather than out of sinister, lower, or less noble ends; and, therefore, I hold it to be most true, that as true religion cannot be without morality, no more can morality that is right be without religion. I look upon it as the primitive and everlasting law and religion of man; which, instamped in his soul at his creation, is a ray arising from the image of God. Till the law was given, what religion had he but his own morality, for almost two thousand years? It was the world's religion. What was it else that taught man to pray and humble himself to a Deity; when he had done amiss, to make offertories to appease an angered Godhead; and to think of ways of expiation? And when the law was promulgated in tables of stone, to shew the perpetuity of it, was it not the same reduced to literal precepts, which, even in the world's infancy, was written in the hearts of man? The judicial and ceremonial law of the Jews we see abolished at our Saviour's coming; but the Decalogue, because it is moral, holds."

Yet, even Felltham, though a righteous man, was not "righteous over much." He extols innocent diversions—is a friend to dancing, poetry, and music—and by no means averse to the moderate enjoyment of the pleasures of the table. He had examples enough, in his time, of pretenders to superior sanctity, and they neither escaped his acute observation, nor his vigorous reprehension. "I find many," he remarks, "that are called Puritans, yet few, or none, that will own the name. Whereof the reason sure is this, that it is for the most part held a name of infamy; and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtained a definition: nor is it an appellation derived from one man's name, whose tenets we may find digested into a volume; whereby we do much err in the application. It imports a kind of excellency above another, which man (being conscious of his own frail bendings) is ashamed to assume to himself. So that I believe there are men which would be Puritans, but, indeed, not any that are." And he comes to this conclusion:

"As there be many, that in their life assume too great a liberty, so I believe there are some that abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use. Ignorance is an ill steward, to provide for either soul

or body. A man that submits to reverent order, that sometimes unbends himself in a moderate relaxation; and in all, labours to approve himself, in the sereneness of a healthful conscience: such a puritan I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but ceremonial, shall spurn at the grave authority of the church, and out of a needless nicety, be a thief to himself of those benefits which God hath allowed him; or out of a blind and uncharitable pride, censure and scorn others, as reprobates; or out of obstinacy, fill the world with brawls, about undeterminable tenets: I shall think him one of those, whose opinion hath severed his zeal to madness and distraction. I have more faith in one Solomon, than in a thousand Dutch parlours of such opinionists. Behold then, what I have seen good! That it is comely to eat, and to drink, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he travaileth under the sun, the whole number of the days of his life, which God giveth him. For, this is his portion, nay, *there is no profit to man, but that he eat and drink, and delight his soul with the profit of his labour.* For, he that saw other things but vanity, saw this also, that it was the hand of God. Methinks the reading of Ecclesiastes should make a puritan undress his brain, and lay off those fanatic toys that jingle about his understanding. For my own part, I think the world hath not better men, than some that suffer under that name: nor withall, more scelistique villaines. For when they are once elated with that pride, they so contemn others, that they infringe the laws of all human society."

We have devoted so much space to the most important production of Owen Felltham, that we must be very brief in our notice of the other matter contained in the folio edition of his works now before us, which comprises, beside the "*Resolves,*" "*A brief Character of the Low Countries under the States, written long since, being three weeks' Observation of the Vices and Virtues of the Inhabitants.*" "*Lusoria: or occasional Pieces; with a taste of some Letters.*" "*The brief Character*" is written in a strain of exaggerated humour, which we do not much admire, and shall not therefore exemplify by quotation; but we must extract a few of the serious reflections at the conclusion, for the sake of the noble sentiments they inculcate:

"They (the Batavians) have struggled long with Spain's Pharaoh, and they have at length inforced him to let them go. They are a Gideon's army upon the march again. They are the Indian rat, gnawing the bowels of the Spanish crocodile, to which they got when he gaped to swallow them. They are a serpent wreathed about the legs of that elephant. They are the little swordfish, pricking the belly of the whale. They are the wane of that empire, which increased in Isabella; and in Charles the fifth, was at full.

"They are a glass, wherein kings may see, that though they be sovereign over lives and goods, yet when they usurp upon God's part, and will be kings over conscience too, they are sometimes

punished with loss of that which lawfully is their own. That religion, too fiercely urged, is to stretch a string, till it not only jars but cracks, and in the breaking, whips (perhaps) the strainer's eye out.

"That an extreme taxation is to take away the honey while the bees keep the hive; whereas, he that would take that, should first either burn them or drive them out. That tyrants in their government are the greatest traitors to their own estates. That a desire of being too absolute, is to walk upon pinnacles and the tops of pyramids, where not only the footing is full of hazard, but even the sharpness of that they tread on, may run into their foot and wound them. That too much to regrate on the patience of but tickle subjects, is to press a thorn till it pricks your finger. That nothing makes a more desperate rebel, than a prerogative inforced too far. That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, not to be put off, but together with life. That they which will command more than they ought, shall not at last command so much as is fit.

"That moderate princes sit faster in their regalities, than such as being but men, would yet have their power over their subjects, as the gods, unlimited. That oppression is an iron heat till it burns the hand. That to debar some states of ancient privileges, is for a falcon to undertake to beat a flock of wild geese out of the fens. That to go about to compel a sullen reason to submit to a wilful peremptoriness, is so long to beat a chained mastiff into his kennel, till at last, he turns and flies at your throat. That unjust policy, is to shoot as they did at Ostend, into the mouth of a charged cannon, to have two bullets returned for one. * * * * * * * * * That admonitions from a dying man, are too serious to be neglected. That there is nothing certain, that is not impossible. That a cobler of Vlushing was one of the greatest enemies that the King of Spain ever had."

Owen Felltham was a poet too; but we cannot, generally speaking, say much in favor of his *Lusoria*. His lines "*On a Gentlewoman whose nose was pitted with the small pox,*" are any thing but attractive. His "*Epitaph on Charles the First*" is very prosaic, and, which is seldom the case with Owen Felltham's writings, very irreverent. But, we like his notion of "*The Sympathy*" of souls:

"Two lutes are strung,
And on a table tun'd alike for song;
Strike one, and that which none did touch
Shall sympathizing sound as much,
As that which touch'd you see.
Think then this world, which heaven inroules,
Is but a table round, and souls
More apprehensive be."

And we think that the following copy of verses might have

found a place in some of the collections, specimens, &c. which contain much worn poetry:

"When, dearest, I but think on thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted;
For beauties that from worth arise,
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day,
With all his spreading lights, away,
'Till night's black wings do overtake me:
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleeping men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can consist with loves,
That do partake of fair perfection:
Since in the darkest night they may
By their quick motion find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with such flood,
Bathe some high palace that hath stood
Far from the main up in the river:
Oh, think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an ocean too
That flows not every day, but ever."

One piece deserves a more particular notice, since it relates to that much abused and now neglected poet—"Rare Ben Jonson." Our readers may have it in remembrance, that, after the condemnation of his "*New Inn*," Jonson wrote a peevish ode, beginning thus:

"Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age,
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the place of wit."

Randolph and Carew wrote friendly parodies upon this ode, and others (among the rest Felltham) published replies to it. Felltham's reply commences with,

"Come, leave this saucy way
Of baiting those that pay
Dear for the sight of your declining wit, &c."

Mr. Gifford, the able and zealous defender of Jonson, remarks with great candour of this reply: "it appears to me to have a considerable degree of merit, and its good sense and pertinacity cannot be denied." Randolph, Jonson's adopted son, whom we meet with on another occasion, as the encomiast of the author of the "*Resolves*," was in this instance one of those injudicious advocates that old Ben himself disclaims. "I will have no man addict himself to me; but if I have any thing right, defend it as Truth's, not mine. It profits not me to have any man fence or fight for me, to flourish or take my side: stand for truth and 'tis enough." Felltham, as it appears, wrote what he thought, but without the slightest tincture of ill-will towards Jonson, of whose great talents he appears to have been a sincere admirer, since he is to be found among the warmest of his eulogists, in the collection of poems on his death, entitled "*Jonsonus Verbius*."

We lay aside the *Resolves*, as we part from our dearest friends, in the hope of frequently returning to them. We recommend the whole of them to our readers' perusal. They will find therein more solid maxims, as much piety, and far better writing, than in most of the pulpit lectures now current among us.

We can also recommend the edition by Mr. Cumming, who has well performed his duty as an editor. It is but right, however, to mention, that he has given a selection only (though a very extensive one) of the chapters,—that he has curtailed, as he says in his preface, "a few impurities;" and, which we like least of all, "for such obsolete words and quaint phrases as might not be intelligible, except to those conversant with the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or might not carry with them a ready signification to the minds of readers at large, he has substituted others which appeared to him better adapted to convey the author's meaning; and he (has) ventured, occasionally, somewhat to modernize the dress in which the writer had clothed his thoughts; a freedom which he (has) sparingly, and, he trusts, cautiously exercised." All this may, perhaps, be necessary, in order to render the book generally useful. For our parts, however, we confess, that we cannot so easily consent to part with the little quaintnesses of style, which, to our minds, convey a greater charm than more polished diction; and believing, as we do, in the soundness of Hume's celebrated distinction between ancient liberty and modern licentiousness, we are content to pardon all the pruriencies we have yet discovered in Owen Felltham's *Resolves*.

END OF VOL. X.

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